April 25.1942

THE NEW YORKER

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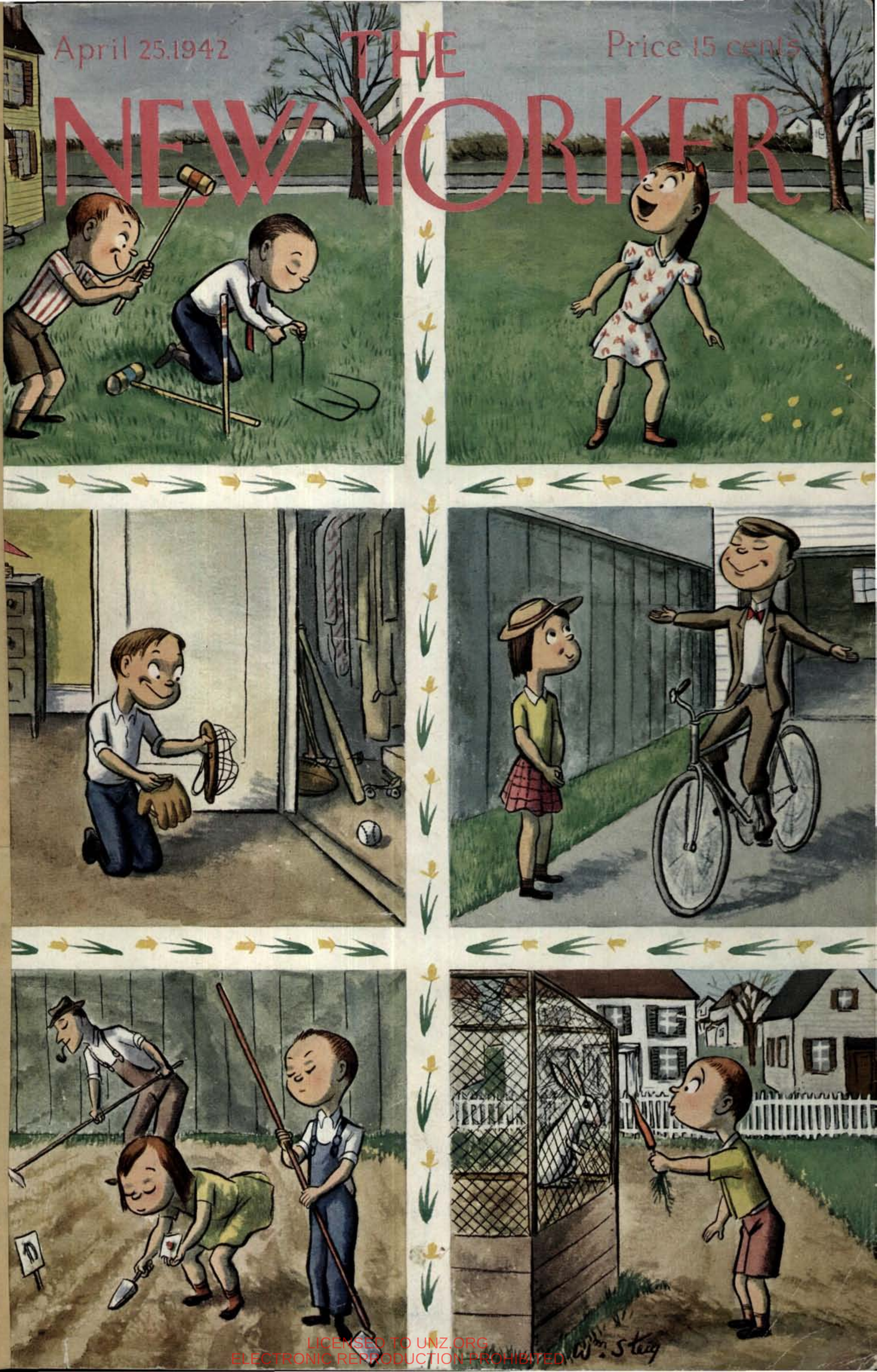

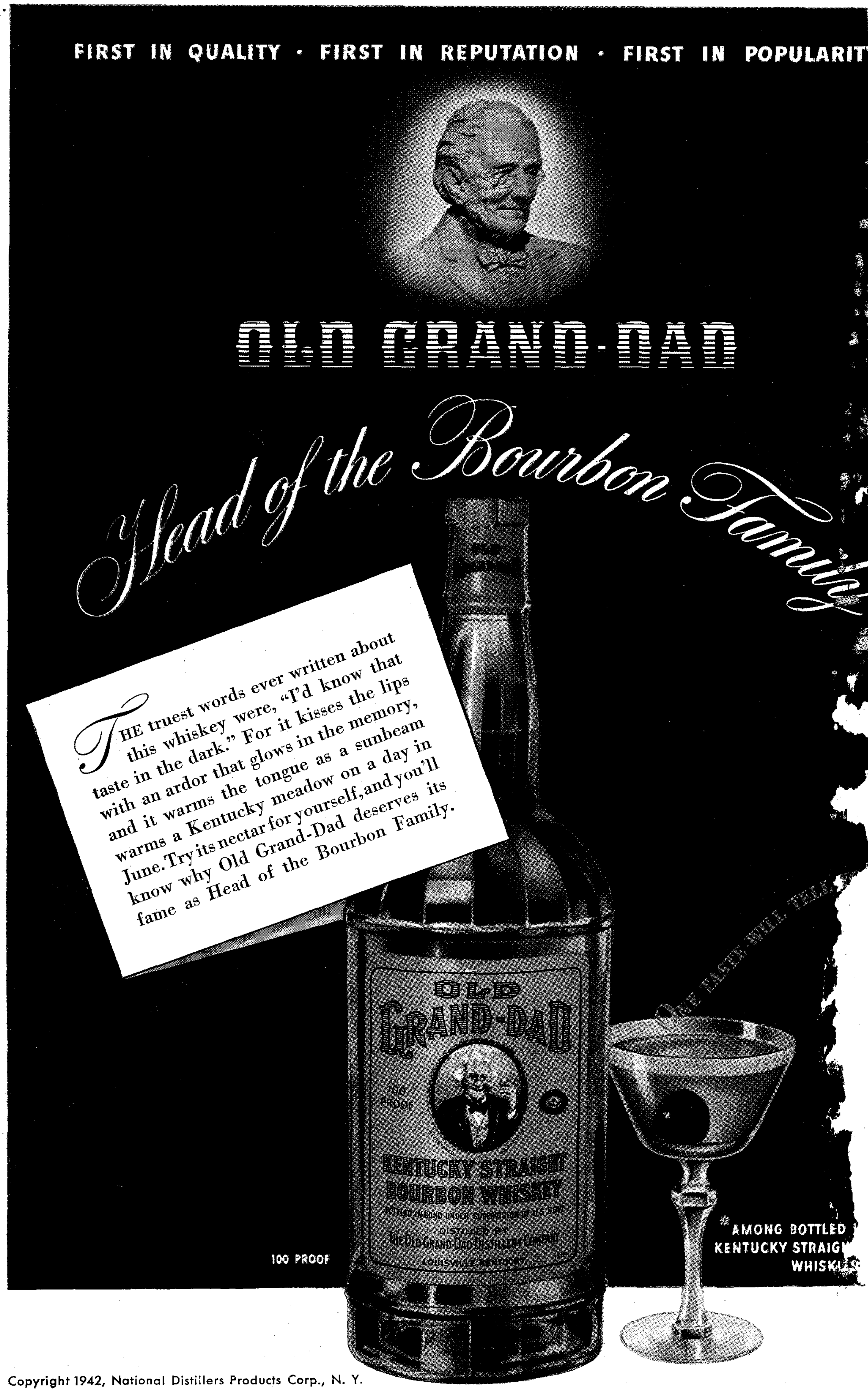

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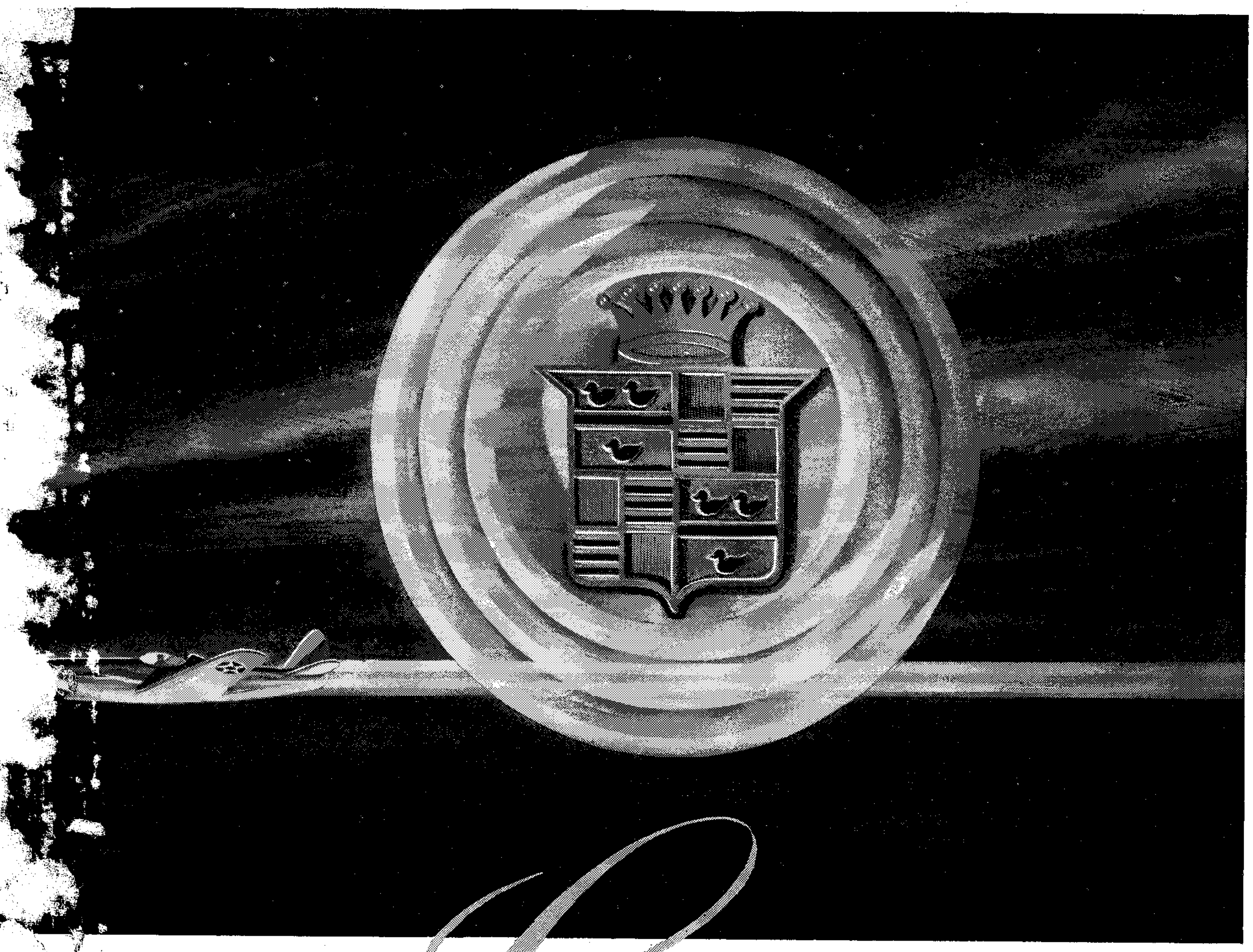

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 2.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—An excellent melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—A comedy dealing with a celebrated restaurant and the Yiddish theatre. Rather slight and special for the general public. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are in it. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Candida—Katharine Cornell, Raymond Massey, and Burgess Meredith in a series of special performances of the Shaw play, under the direction of Guthrie McClintic. Sponsored by the American Theatre Wing as a benefit for Army and Navy relief organizations. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. Afts., April 27, 28, 30, and May 1, at 2:40.)

Guest in the House—A rather exciting play about a young woman who doesn't know her own strength. With Mary Anderson, Leon Ames, and Louise Campbell. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Jason—Samson Raphaelson presents his compliments to the dramatic critics in a rather uneven play about one of them. Lee J. Cobb has the title rôle and Nicholas Conte impersonates a playwright who might be Saroyan. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Johnny 2 x 4—A speakeasy melodrama firmly recommended to all old lawbreakers. Howard Bay's set is superb and an enormous cast includes Jack Arthur, Barry Sullivan, Evelyn Wyckoff, and the Yacht Club Boys. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive stage version of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Moon Is Down—John Steinbeck's high-minded but perhaps misguided attempt to say that free men won't stay conquered. Otto Kruger and Ralph Morgan lead the invaders and their victims, respectively. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's stories adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. George Kaufman's direction is magnificent. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Nathan the Wise—Gotthold Lessing's famous plea for tolerance. Ferdinand Bruckner's translation is eloquent enough, but probably a little too static for the Broadway theatre. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., April 25.)

Spring Again—Grace George's gentle, eloquent performance is a great help to this modest comedy about a lady who gets terribly sick of her husband's ancestors. With C. Aubrey Smith and Joseph Buloff. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Yesterday's Magic—The Theatre Guild's production of Emlyn Williams' rather old-fashioned and tiresome piece about a drunken actor who wants to play Lear. Paul Muni, Jessica Tandy, and Brenda Forbes are prominently involved. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

What Big Ears!—A farce by Jo Eisinger and Judson O'Donnell, with Ruth Weston and Taylor Holmes. Produced by L. Daniel Blank and David Silberman. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—The locale of this George Abbott comedy is a preparatory school, but don't let that intimidate you, because it is about as fresh and gay as it can be. The scenery is by Jo Mielziner, the dances by Gene Kelly, and the music and lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane. The cast is large and fine and very, very young. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being quite exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., April 25.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence in something that Moss Hart probably had to get out of his system. Miss Lawrence is superb. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Of V We Sing—A topical revue which is rather appealing but scarcely up to Broadway competition. (Concert, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat. and Sun.)

Porgy and Bess—A superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it again, including Todd Duncan, Anne Bro and Georgette Harvey. Alexander Smallens ducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6- Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, and Sat.; special Mat. Fri., May 1, for the A Fund.)

Priorities of 1942—If you liked the old Palac should admire this vaudeville show, which co everything except the trained seals. On t rent bill are Lou Holtz, Willie Howard Baker, Hazel Scott, and Paul Draper. Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30., 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brain is strictly for those who admired "Hell pin." Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Libuse, and Joe Besser help to torment t ence. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2: and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you' verify the dates and curtain times.)

Keep 'Em Laughing—Another variety show, pu gether by Clifford C. Fischer, with Hildegarde, Hartmans, William Gaxton, and Victor heading the bill. Opens Fri., April 24. Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly at Mats. 2:30, daily; also Sat. and Sun. at 5:3

Harlem Cavalcade—A vaudeville show present by Ed Sullivan, with Noble Sissle's orches the Peters Sisters, Moke & Poke, and many oth members of past colored revues. Opens Tu April 28. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9500. Nightly 8:30; also Sat. at midnight. Mats. 2:30, dai also Sun. at 5:30.)

The Life of Reilly—A comedy by William Roos, with Glenda Farrell. Produced by Harald Bromley and Day Tuttle. Opens Wed., April 29. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance": Thurs. through Sat. Eves., April 23-25 and April 30-May 2, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Alice in Wonderland": Sat. Aft., April 25, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the season: "Russian Soldier," "Three Virgins and a Devil," "Gala Performance," and "Bluebeard," Thurs. Eve., April 23; "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Naughty Lisette," Fri. Eve., April 24; "Princess Aurora," "Pas de Quatre," and "Naughty Lisette," Sat. Aft., April 25; "Gala Performance," "Russian Soldier," "Lilac Garden," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Eve., April 25; "Giselle," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Princess Aurora," Sun. Aft., April 26; "Russian Soldier," "Pas de Quatre," "Pillar of Fire," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., April 26. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., April 23, 25, and 26, at 8:15, and Fri. Eve., April 24, at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Dance Players—This new company, under the direction of Eugene Loring, will present "Harlequin for President," "Prairie," and "The Man from Midian," Thurs. Eve., April 23; "Harlequin for President," "Jinx," and "Billy the Kid," Fri. Eve., April 24; "Prairie," "Jinx," and "Billy the Kid," Sat. Aft., April 25, and Sun. Eve., April 26; "Prairie," "Jinx," and "Harlequin for President," Sat. Eve., April 25; "Prairie," "Harlequin for President," and "The Man from Midian," Sun. Aft., April 26; further schedule to be announced. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Assisted by their company in "With My Red Fires," "The Shakers," and "On My Mother's Side": Fri. through Sun. Eves., April 24-26, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is where Arthur Murray's honor students

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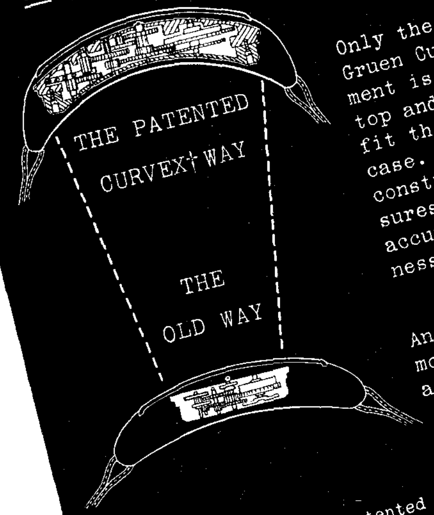

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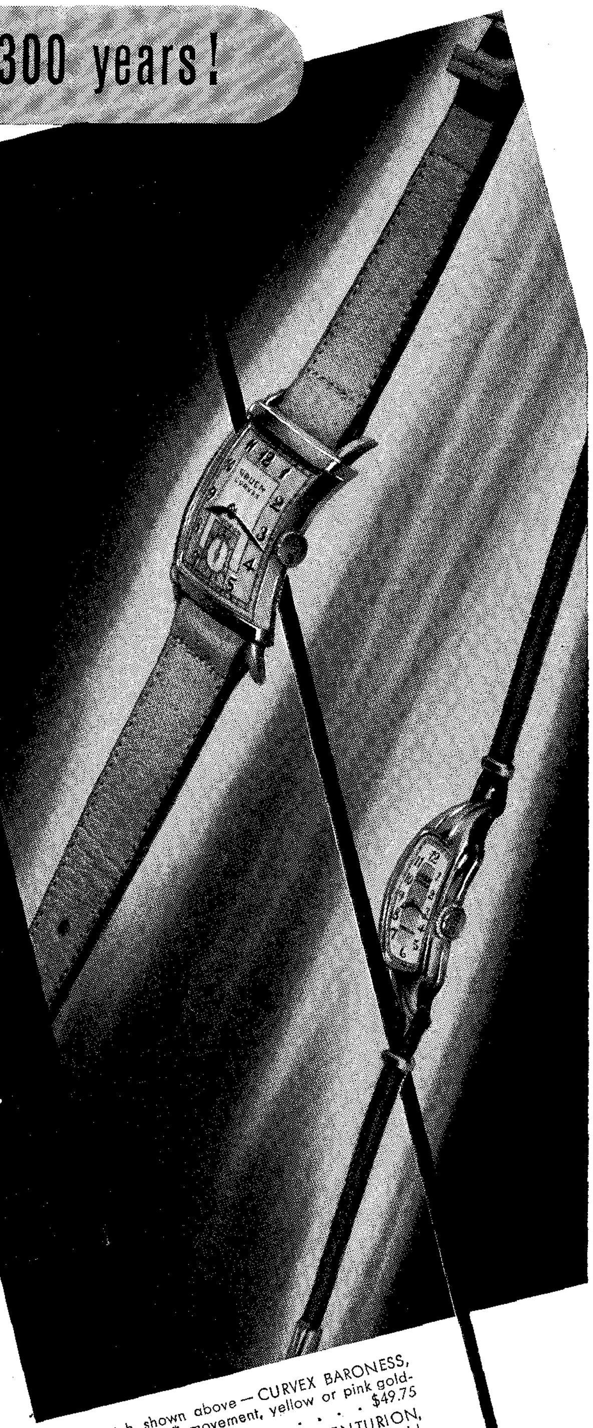

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 2.

do their homework. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The ice show, with Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins, and Enric Madriguera's orchestra will be in the Bowman Room through Sat., April 25. Beginning Mon., April 27, Ray Heatherton's orchestra will provide both music and entertainment.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra is playing for dancing on these tropical premises, and there's also a samba band and a small show headed by Carol Bruce.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing and there's a small show in the Cotillion Room.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra is playing in the Persian Room, where Russell Swann does his magic tricks.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Among the entertainers way up there in the clouds are Eleanor French, Billy de Wolfe, and Helen Tamiris. Leo Reisman's orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Iridium Room.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde will return to the Café Lounge on Fri., April 24. Bob Grant's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, with an elaborate show. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper is dancing in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour and Freddy Martin's orchestra is there all evening. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dancing in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): unusually quiet, and the show, headed by Paula Laurence, is unusual too. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy sings her hearty songs, and the Revuers contribute their own kind of songs and foolishness. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns provides a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts. . . . **tony's,** 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here, too, and piano-playing by Cy Walter. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music and the candlelight are pleasing, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an attractive spot for a casual good time. Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra. . . . **la martinique,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show that includes Mary Raye and Naldi and Jack Gilford. . . . **café society uptown,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Tommy Tucker's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Frankie Masters' orchestra. . . . **warwick,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing. No dancing. . . . **jimmy kelly's,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

◆

Broadway Atmosphere—At **la conga,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): mainly South American, with Jack Harris's orchestra playing for dancing. . . . **havana-madrid,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with, among other entertainers, Pilar Lopez, the dancer. . . . **18 club,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **diamond horseshoe,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell in a Billy Rose show that's been going for over a year.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. . . . **nick's,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell and a number of other fanatics play in this downtown hangout. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **castleholm,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **kretchma,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstractionists—A compact but extremely well-selected collection, covering the main figures of the movement both here and abroad, from Marcel Duchamp to our own Stuart Davis: New Art Center, 715 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Benton and Burlin—The first shows new paintings inspired by the war (through Sat., April 25); the second has his first show of paintings in ten years (through May 11): Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Bosa—Fluid, lively little oils, mainly of city-genre subjects: Kleemann, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Braque—Oils, from the early nineteen-twenties to the middle nineteen-thirties, by this most sensitive of the Cubists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

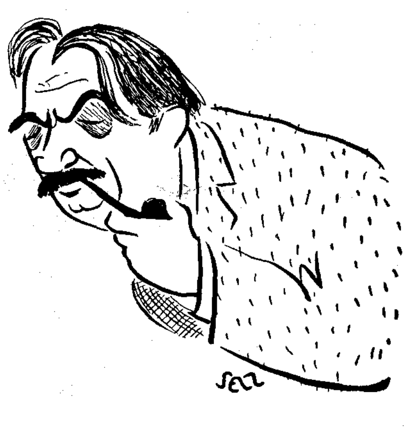
Carroll—New oils, sleekly wistful and sentimental, as usual: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Di Chirico—Décors and costume designs for a Greek ballet. Slight, but interesting as examples of what the unwilling founder of surrealism is now doing: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Flemish Primitives—Twenty-eight paintings in a handsome showing that includes Hans Memling, Gerard David, Petrus Christus, and most of the other great names of the pre-Renaissance period; a benefit for free Belgian sailors: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 9.

Gropper—A considerable advance in painting skill makes this new show of oils his liveliest and best: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Groups—At the **demotte,** 39 E. 51: an impressive list of paintings and sculptures, ranging from Bellini to Picasso and Despiau, lent by an equally impressive array of stage, screen, and radio people; a war-relief benefit. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: spring showing of new paintings by Karfiol, Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, and other artists associated with this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **andre seligmann,** 15 E. 57: Derain and Corbino lead in a mixed showing of landscapes by living European and American artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 24. . . . **macbeth,** 11 E. 57: for its fiftieth anniversary, this gallery offers a résumé of the artists it has shown in its distinguished history, beginning with Inness and Wyant. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 9. . . . **puma,** 59 W. 56: religious paintings and sculptures by Jean Charlot, Max Beckmann, Louis Slobodkin, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through May 10.



THOMAS HART BENTON,

who is back in the public eye again with a series of eight rather controversial paintings about the current war, entitled "The Year of Peril." They are being exhibited at the Associated American Artists' Galleries through this Saturday, and after that will tour the country, winding up in the Library of Congress. Benton feels that his early period is over. "Hell, I couldn't go back to painting cornfields now," he says.

Independents—The annual juryless jamboree of Sunday painters and eccentrics, with, occasionally, hitherto undiscovered excellence: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., April 28.

Menkes—A number of extremely well-designed still-lifes, among other things, by an artist whose debt to Cézanne is acknowledged with subtlety and tact: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—The Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (both through Thurs., April 30); stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (through May 31). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Large, beautifully selected exhibition of paintings by Henri Rousseau, *douanier*; also, abstract art by various European and American masters, partly loans and partly from the Museum's permanent collection (both through May 3). In the Young People's Gallery, paintings and sculptures, the work of modern artists and selected for their appeal to children (through May 10). Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The institution's hundred-and-sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Daily 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 16.

Peirce—Hearty, unaffectedly sympathetic water colors, principally of Maine: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Pellan—Still-lifes mostly, very decorative and slightly suggestive of Matisse: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and Nathaniel Dance: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

Renoir—An exhibition of his paintings, from 1900 on; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

Ritter—Fluently handled water colors, done with a quick and accurate sense of design: Uptown, 249 West End Ave., at 72. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., April 24.

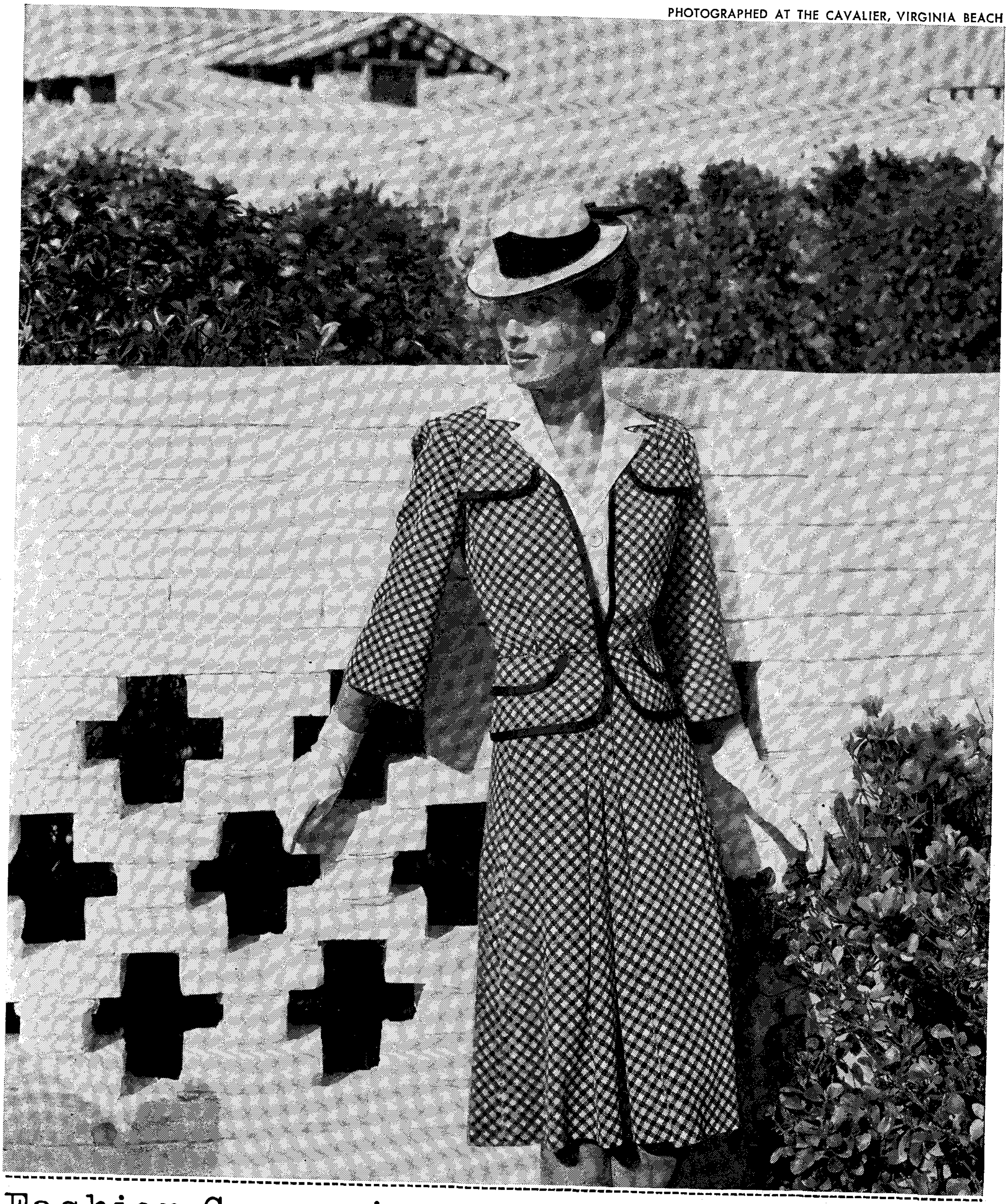
Santo—Small, delicately naïve water colors, chiefly of landscapes and flowers: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., April 30.

Sterner—Smooth, impeccable oils, somewhat surrealist in manner: Marie Sterner, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., April 30.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Selected sculptures by contemporary Americans and paintings from the Museum's permanent collection. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

Here and There—At the **zborowski,** 61 E. 57: pen and pencil drawings by Max Jimenez. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: recent water colors by John Whorf. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., April 30. . . . **lilienfeld,** 21 E. 57: paintings by Borislaw Bogdanovich. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 25. . . . **an american place,** 509 Madison, at 53: recent paintings by Arthur Dove. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 27. . . . **sachs,** 63 E. 52: "The Animal in Ancient Art," including small sculptures, ceramics, and other archaic objets d'art. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **contemporary arts,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Harry Dix. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through May 8. . . . **willard,** 32 E. 57: water colors by Gina Knee. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **buchholz,** 32 E. 57: paintings by Karl Knaths. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: small paintings by contemporary Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 16. . . . **ferargil,** 63 E. 57: paintings by Paul Meltsner. Weekdays 9:30 A.M.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE CAVALIER, VIRGINIA BEACH



RAWLINGS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 23, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 2.

to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: *recent paintings by Yves Tanguy.* Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 9. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 11 E. 57: drawings and paintings by Pavel Tchelitchew. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 23. . . . **NAVY LEAGUE**, 746 Madison, *at 64: benefit showing of works by abstract* artists, arranged by A. E. Gallatin. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 2. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: recent oils by Tschacbasov. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Toscanini conducting a post-season Beethoven Festival: the "Egmont" overture, Symphonies No. 1 and 2, *and the "Leonore" overture No. 2, Fri. Aft.,* April 24, at 2:30; the "Coriolanus" overture and Symphonies No. 4 and 3, Sun. Eve., April 26, at 8:45; the "Prometheus" overture and Symphonies No. 6 and 5, Wed. Eve., April 29, at *8:45; the "Fidelio" overture, the Triple Con*certo (soloists, Dorfmann, Piastro, and Schuster), and Symphony No. 7, Fri. Aft., May 1, at 2:30.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Barzin conducting; soloist, Serkin: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., *April 27, at 8:45.*

CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Halasz conducting; soloists, Ellerman, Henders, and Bokor: Concert Theatre, 202 W. 58 (CI 6-3853), Mon. Eve., April 27, at 8:45.

BACH FESTIVAL—The Juilliard orchestra, chorus, and soloists, Stoessel conducting: Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave. (MO 2-3302), Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., April 27, 29, 30, and May 2, at 8:30.

RECITALS

TOWN HALL—Gregor Piatigorsky (Russian war-relief benefit), Sun. Aft., April 26, at 3; Grace Castagnetta, Tues. Eve., April 28, at 8:30.

NEW YORK TIMES HALL—Ruth Freeman, Bertha Melnik, Leon Barzin, Frank Sheridan, and William Gephart in the final concert of a series of benefits for men in the services and music students: Tues. Aft., April 28, at 5:30. (44th St., W. of B'way. For tickets, call PL 5-6889.)

OPERA

DIE FLEDERMAUS—Presented by the Committee for the Preservation of Austrian Art and Culture: Thurs. and Fri. Eves., April 23-24, at 8:30. (Pythian Theatre, 135 W. 70. For tickets, call CO 5-1051.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs. Aft., April 23, at 3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., April 28-30, at 3; Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri. Aft., May 1, at 3, and Sat. Aft., May 2, at 2:30. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., April 24, at 3; Sat. Aft., April 25, at 2:30; and Sun. Aft., April 26 (doubleheader), at 2:05.

CREW—On **SAT. AFT., APRIL 25**—Navy-Columbia, Annapolis: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Rowe Cup, Harvard-M.I.T.-Syracuse-Boston University, Cambridge: freshman at 4:45; junior varsity at 5:15; varsity at 5:30. . . . Pennsylvania-Rutgers, Philadelphia: freshman at 2; junior varsity at 2:30; varsity at 3.

SAT. AFT., MAY 2—Blackwell Cup, Yale-Columbia-*Pennsylvania, Derby: freshman at 5:30; junior* varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30. . . . Navy-Cornell, Annapolis: freshman at 3; junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4. . . . Compton Cup, Princeton-Harvard-M.I.T., Princeton: freshman at 5; junior varsity at 5:30; varsity at 6.

HORSE SHOW—Junior Horse Show of Northern New Jersey, East Orange, Fri., April 24, at 1:30 and 7:15 P.M., and Sat., April 25, at 1 and 8 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Maryland Hunt Cup Association, Glyndon, Sat., April 25, at 4 P.M. . . . Virginia Gold Cup Association, Warrenton, Sat., May 2, at 4 P.M. . . . Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Broad Axe, Pa., Sat., May 2, at 3:15 P.M.

RACING—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through May 9. (The Wood Memorial, Sat., April 25.) Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sats. and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays. . . . Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Sat. Aft., May 2. No special trains or planes this year; if you're going by train, call PE 6-5600; if by plane, HA 6-5000.

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling show, again, with Norman Bel Geddes trappings: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 10.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—About seventy photographs *by William Vandivert of two years of war in* England (through May 10); also, an exhibition of wartime housing (through July 19): 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition, described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FASHION EXHIBITIONS—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 *Ave. at 82: twenty-eight up-to-date versions,* by some of this country's leading designers, of costumes portrayed in the Museum's collection of Renaissance art. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **MUSEUM OF COSTUME ART**, *630 5 Ave., at 50: examples of war*time clothes for women, likewise the work of ranking American designers, showing the variety of style possible under the government's recent restrictions. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 25.

FIREARMS EXHIBITION—A hundred and thirty revolvers, among them a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1873: Metropolitan *Museum, 5 Ave. at 82.* Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

NARCISSUS SHOW—The annual spring event of the Horticultural Society of New York: 598 Madison, at 57. Mon., April 27, from 2 to 10 P.M., and *Tues., April 28, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.*

ON THE AIR—Racing: the Kentucky Derby, from Churchill Downs, Sat., May 2, at 6:15 P.M., over WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Elmer Davis, Mon. Eves. at 11, WABC; John Gunther, Thurs., Sat., Sun., and Mon. Eves., through April 27, at 10, WOR; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts., at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, and Tues. Eves. at 11, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., April 30 and May 2, at 10, WOR; Dorothy Thompson, Thurs. Eves. at 8:45, WJZ; Wythe Williams, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:45, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Books, autograph letters, manuscripts, and incunabula, from the libraries of the late Mrs. *Christian R. Holmes, the late C. L. Ricketts, the* late Mantle Fielding, and others: Thurs. Aft., April 23, at 2. . . . English and French furniture and silver, belonging to the late Helen Gould Shepard and others: Fri. and Sat. Afts., April 24-25, at 2.

At the **HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY HOUSE**, 871 5 Ave., at 68—The contents of the building, including paintings by Van Dyck, Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Vlaminck, eighteenth-century French furniture, Brussels, Beauvais, and Gobelin tapestries, and rare furnishings: Wed. Aft., April 29, at 2, and Thurs. Morn., April 30, at 11. (For admission cards, call Parke-Bernet Galleries, PL 3-7573.)

At the **KENDE GALLERIES**, at Gimbels, B'way at 33—Paintings, including some by Millet, Bonheur, Monet, Davies, Inness, and Sargent, and European furniture and furnishings; from the collections of the late Helen Barns von Schrenk and others: Thurs. Eve., April 23, at 8, and Fri. and Sat. Afts., April 24-25, at 2.

NOTE—The park and gardens on the Yonkers estate of the late Samuel Untermyer are now open to *the public; Tues. through Sat. Afts., from 1 to 5.*

MOTION PICTURES

BALL OF FIRE—A comedy of American slang, with professors and underworld types all expressing themselves. Involving Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; tentative, Sat. through Mon., April 25-27.)

CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS—An incoherent but undeniably impressive Technicolor film, mainly about the R.C.A.F., with James Cagney. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., April 25.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin's old classic, refurbished with music and a spoken narrative under his own supervision and of his own composition, and all seeming fresh, like something turned out just this morning. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

THE INVADERS—How a Nazi submarine crew thought they would simply snip off Canada and hand it to Hitler, and how, after much travel, they are disappointed. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., April 27. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sat. through Mon., April 25-27.)

KINGS ROW—*A major picture, more affecting than* entertaining, about the psychopathology of a small American town in the nineteen-hundreds. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, and Ronald Reagan. (Palace, B'way at 47; *through Wed., April 29.*)

REAP THE WILD WIND—Perhaps for the Cecil B. De Mille set only, but one of his more fancy shows. About the Florida Keys along in the eighteen-forties. With Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, *Raymond Massey, and an octopus.* (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 29.)

SON OF FURY—A lively costume piece, full of scuffling and adventure, in the grand old style. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power at their best. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 24. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 25-27.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—Somewhat curious comedy laid in Poland at the time of the invasion, and mostly a joke on the Gestapo. With Carole Lombard and Jack Benny. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., April 29.)

WOMAN OF THE YEAR—There being no accounting for tastes, you may not object to this innocuous little number about a bluestocking who is reformed by a red-blooded, two-fisted, he-man sports reporter. Hepburn and Tracy. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Wed., April 29. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., April 24-28. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 26-28.)

NOTE—"This Is Blitz," a twenty-minute sequel to "Churchill's Island" and one of the most telling of the war pictures, is being shown at the Capitol, B'way at 51.

REVIVALS

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (World, 153 W. 49.)

DARK VICTORY (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., April 25-28.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE GREAT GARRICK (1937)—Brian Aherne, dressed up as the actor, and Olivia de Havilland. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 29-May 1.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene *Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Normandie,* Park at 53; Thurs., April 23. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Fri., April 28-May 1.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. *(Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Sat.,* April 29-May 2.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., April 29-May 1.)

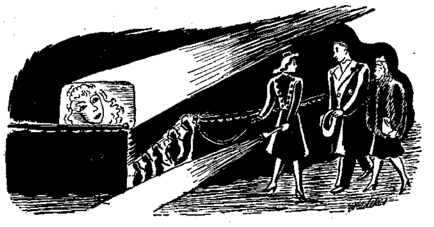
MAJOR BARBARA (1941)—Shaw's film version of his Salvation Army comedy. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Mon., April 27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., April 25-28. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., April 26-29. . . . Stoddard, B'way at 90; Tues. and Wed., April 28-29.)

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. *(Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., April 24.)*

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sat., April 25. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; *Wed. through Fri., April 29-May 1.*)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing programs of American and European films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS., APRIL 23**: three French films *(1913-23), including "The Crazy Ray,"* René Clair's first. **FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 24-25**: "Warning Shadows" (1922) and "The Street" (1923), both German films. **SUN. AND MON., APRIL 26-27**: "Siegfried" (1923), German film, directed by Fritz Lang. **TUES. AND WED., APRIL 28-29**: "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1924), Greta Garbo, and "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), both Swedish films. **THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 30-MAY 1**: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), Douglas Fairbanks. **SAT., MAY 2**: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), Rudolph Valentino.

AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, APRIL 23, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**GONE WITH THE WIND,** revival, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—"The Lady Is Willing," Marlene Dietrich, Fred MacMurray; also **THIS IS BLITZ,** short documentary film.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Fingers at the Window," Laraine Day, Lew Ayres.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—**THE GOLD RUSH,** Charlie Chaplin's new version.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., April 29: **KINGS ROW,** Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field; also "Bullet Scars," Adele Longmire, Regis Toomey.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., April 28: "My Favorite Blonde," Madeleine Carroll, Bob Hope. . . . From Wed., April 29: "Great Man's Lady," Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., April 29: **REAP THE WILD WIND,** Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland.

Rialto, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Fri., April 24: "Kid Glove Killer," Marsha Hunt, Van Heflin. . . . From Sat., April 25: "The Man Who Wouldn't Die," Marjorie Weaver, Lloyd Nolan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Tues., April 28: "Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book," Sabu. . . . From Wed., April 29: "Moontide," Ida Lupino, Jean Gabin.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Wed., April 29: "Rings on Her Fingers," Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., April 29: **TO BE OR NOT TO BE,** Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—Thurs., April 23: "Dangerously They Live," John Garfield, Raymond Massey. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Larceny, Inc.," Edward G. Robinson, Jane Wyman, Broderick Crawford.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—"The Art of Love" (French), Danielle Darrieux; also "The Bedroom Diplomat," Reginald Gardiner.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57 (CI 6-1365)—"The Bride of Buddha" (formerly called "India Speaks"), revival, Richard Halliburton adventure film.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Through Wed., April 29: "The Nine Bachelors" (French), Sacha Guitry; also, through Sat., April 25, **THE SCOUNDREL,** revival, Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and, Sun. through Wed., April 26-29, "Rage in Heaven," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—**CHAPLIN COMEDIES,** four short revivals; also, through Fri., April 24, "The Pasha's Wives" (French), John Lodge, and, from Sat., April 25, "Girl from Leningrad" (Russian).

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Fri., April 24: **THE PRISONER OF ZENDA,** revival, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 25-28: "All Through the Night," Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt. . . . From Wed., April 29: **THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA,** revival, Paul Muni, Gale Sondergaard.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., April 25: "The Corsican Brothers," Ruth Warrick, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Our Russian Front," documentary film. . . . Sun. through Wed., April 26-29: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival, Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley; also "There's Magic in Music," revival, Susanna Foster, Allan Jones.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Fri., April 24: "All Through the Night," Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt; also "Always in My Heart," Walter Huston, Gloria Warren. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 25-27: **THE INVADERS,** Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey; also "Lady for a Night," Joan Blondell, John Wayne. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 28-29: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan. . . . Sat. through Wed., April 25-29: "The Shanghai Gesture," Gene Tierney, Victor Mature; also "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Fri., April 24: "Joan of Paris," Michèle Morgan, Paul Henreid. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 25-28: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival, Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley. . . . From Wed., April 29: "Roxie Hart," Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, George Montgomery.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., April 23: **JOY OF LIVING,** revival, Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Fri. through Sun., April 24-26: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon. . . . Mon. and Tues., April 27-28: "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Wed., April 29: "It's Love I'm After," revival, Bette Davis, Leslie Howard.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., April 24: **SON OF FURY,** Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power; also "A Gentleman at Heart," Carole Landis, Cesar Romero. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 25-27 (tentative): **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 28-29: "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche; also "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Thurs., April 23: "The Remarkable Andrew," William Holden, Ellen Drew, Brian Donlevy. . . . Fri. through Tues., April 24-28: **WOMAN OF THE YEAR,** Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. . . . From Wed., April 29: "The Lady Has Plans," Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Mon., April 27: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival, Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley. . . . From Tues., April 28: "Joan of Paris," Michèle Morgan, Paul Henreid.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan. . . . Sat. through Wed., April 25-29: "The Shanghai Gesture," Gene Tierney, Victor Mature; also "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., April 24: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 25-27: "Two-Faced Woman," Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas; also "The Men in Her Life," Loretta Young, Conrad Veidt. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 28-29: "Joan of Paris," Michèle Morgan, Paul Henreid; also "Playmates," Kay Kyser, Lupe Velez.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Revivals—Through Mon., April 27: **MAJOR BARBARA,** Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley. . . . From Tues., April 28: **JOY OF LIVING,** Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., April 24: "All Through the Night," Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt; also "Always in My Heart," Walter Huston, Gloria Warren. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 25-27: "Johnny Eager," Lana Turner, Robert Taylor; also "Born to Sing," Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 28-29: "Flying Blind," Jean Parker, Richard Arlen; also "The Lady in Question," revival, Rita Hayworth, Brian Aherne.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., April 27: **THE INVADERS,** Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey; also "Lady for a Night," Joan Blondell, John Wayne. . . . From Tues., April 28: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., April 23: "Married Bachelor," revival, Ruth Hussey, Robert Young. . . . Fri. and Sat., April 24-25: "Always in My Heart," Walter Huston, Gloria Warren. . . . Sun. through Tues., April 26-28: **WOMAN OF THE YEAR,** Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy. . . . From Wed., April 29: "Quiet Wedding," Margaret Lockwood.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., April 27: **THE INVADERS,** Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey; also "Lady for a Night," Joan Blondell, John Wayne. . . . From Tues., April 28: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Remarkable Andrew," William Holden, Ellen Drew, Brian Donlevy; also "Mr. Bug Goes to Town," Max Fleischer full-length cartoon. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 25-28: "Roxie Hart," Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, George Montgomery; also "Wild Bill Hickok Rides," Constance Bennett, Bruce Cabot. . . . From Wed., April 29: **THE SCOUNDREL,** revival, Noel Coward, Julie Haydon; also **LOVE FROM A STRANGER,** revival, Ann Harding, Basil Rathbone.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Wed., April 29: **WOMAN OF THE YEAR,** Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy; also "Hayfoot," William Tracy, James Gleason.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan. . . . Sat. through Wed., April 25-29: "The Shanghai Gesture," Gene Tierney, Victor Mature; also "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Park, Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Revivals—Through Fri., April 24: "Heart of Paris" (French), Raimu; also "Dreaming Lips," Elisabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey. . . . Sat. through Tues., April 25-28: **DARK VICTORY,** Bette Davis, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald; also "Marseillaise" (French), Pierre Renoir, Louis Jouvet. . . . From Wed., April 29: **THE GREAT GARRICK,** Olivia de Havilland, Brian Aherne; also "Dr. Knock" (French), Louis Jouvet.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., April 23: "Playmates," Kay Kyser, Lupe Velez; also "Treat 'Em Rough," Peggy Moran, Eddie Albert. . . . Fri. through Wed., April 24-29: "All Through the Night," Humphrey Bogart, Conrad Veidt; also "Always in My Heart," Walter Huston, Gloria Warren.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Wed., April 29: "Swing It, Soldier," Frances Langford, Ken Murray; also "Girl from Leningrad" (Russian).

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan. . . . Sat. through Wed., April 25-29: "The Shanghai Gesture," Gene Tierney, Victor Mature; also "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., April 24: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . Sat. through Mon., April 25-27: **SON OF FURY,** Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power; also "A Gentleman at Heart," Carole Landis, Cesar Romero. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 28-29: "The Remarkable Andrew," William Holden, Ellen Drew, Brian Donlevy; also "Mr. Bug Goes to Town," Max Fleischer full-length cartoon.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Mon., April 27: "Johnny Eager," Lana Turner, Robert Taylor; also "Born to Sing," Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald. . . . Tues. and Wed., April 28-29: **MAJOR BARBARA,** revival, Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley; also "Sailors on Leave," Shirley Ross, William Lundigan.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.

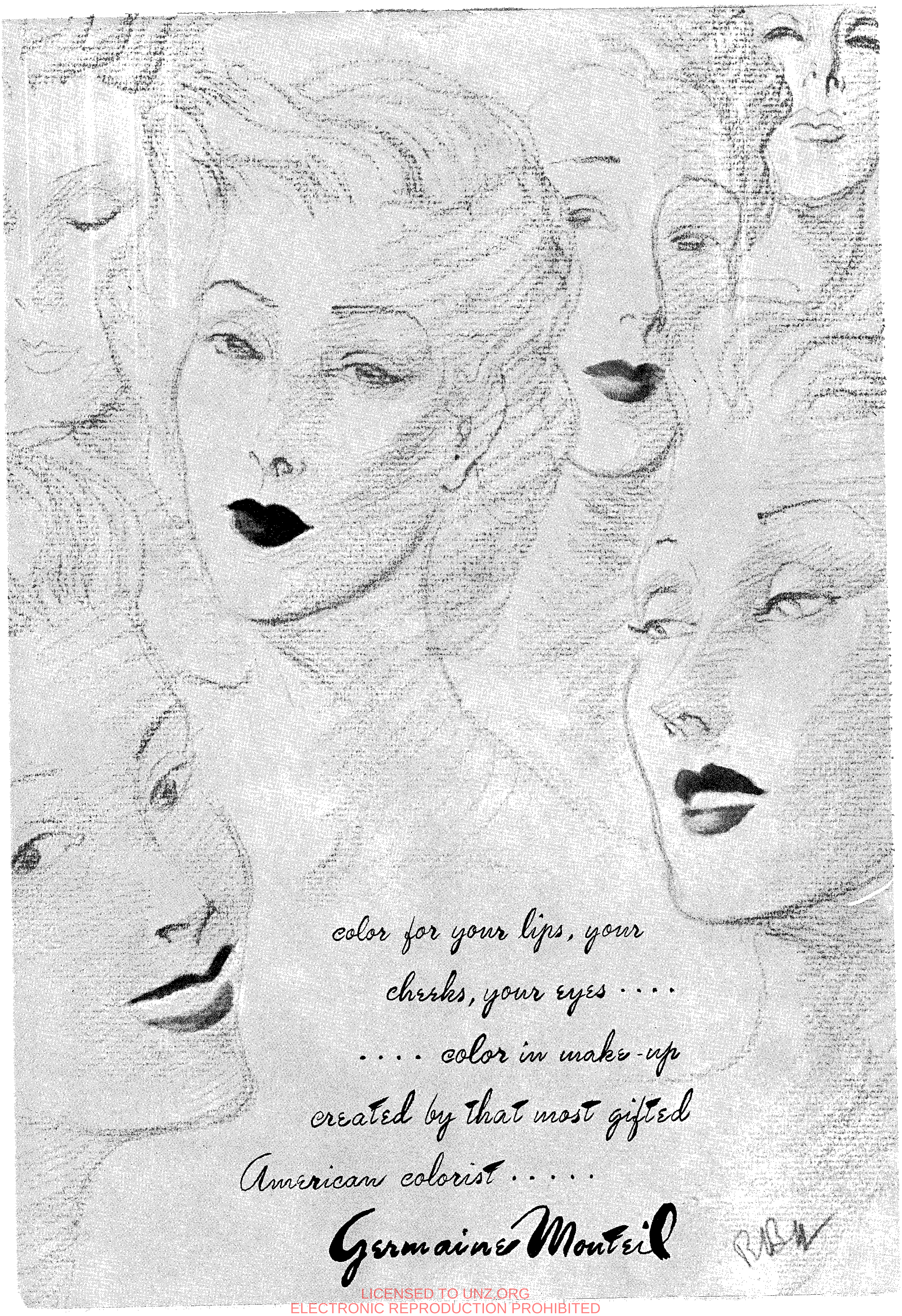
Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Sat., April 25: **CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS,** James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Dennis Morgan; also "On the Sunny Side," Roddy McDowall, Jane Darwell. . . . Sun. through Wed., April 26-29: "The Corsican Brothers," Ruth Warrick, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; also "Blondie Goes to College," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan. . . . Sat. through Wed., April 25-29: "The Shanghai Gesture," Gene Tierney, Victor Mature; also "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Fri., April 24: "The Bugle Sounds," Marjorie Main, Wallace Beery; also "Sealed Lips," June Clyde, William Gargan. . . . Sat. through Wed., April 25-29: "The Shanghai Gesture," Gene Tierney, Victor Mature; also "Bahama Passage," Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs., April 23: "Song of the Islands," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Call Out the Marines," Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Edmund Lowe. . . . From Fri., April 24: "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Abbott and Costello; also "Secret Agent of Japan," Lynn Bari, Preston Foster.



color for your lips, your
cheeks, your eyes . . . .
. . . . color in make-up
created by that most gifted
American colorist . . . . .

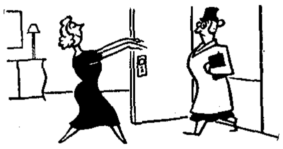
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

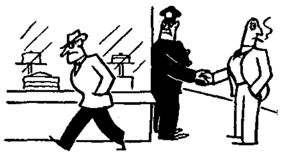
Notes and Comment

NARCOTIC NOTE: A resourceful matron of our acquaintance has hit upon a rather neat solution of the female-relative problem. Whenever this lady knows that one of her husband's aunts is coming to call, she goes to the medicine cabinet, finds a sodium-amytal pill, and quietly munches it. Then she welcomes the aunt in a cordial though somewhat dreamy manner and goes through the afternoon feeling no pain. It's ingenious, but no doubt habit-forming.



WE would like to call attention this week to Deputy Warden Herman J. Ruthazer of the Raymond Street Jail, in Brooklyn, who says "Everybody's happy here since we put in the new cafeterias," and to the twenty-five Westchester horses who will carry on their backs the twenty-five horseback-riding air wardens who have volunteered for service; to Police Commissioner Valentine for ordering all milkmen in the city to be fingerprinted, and to Dr. Gilbert H. Fletcher, who, returning from Lisbon, says that the Nazis are circulating counterfeit American dollars in the occupied countries; to Jesse Jones, who received with equanimity the announcement that the Japanese Welfare Ministry is going to hand out a million rubber balls for young Japanese people to play catch with, and to Archibald MacLeish, who told a House committee that he has been able to discover only three non-Japanese in the country who can read and write Japanese; to Dr. R. H. Markwith, Ohio Health Director, who finds that every Army camp is visited by prostitutes in trailers, but only for three days after pay day, and to the Daughters of the Union, who, when told that New York doesn't want a plaque to mark the spot where President Lincoln's body lay in state at City Hall before the burial in Springfield, announced that they would give the plaque to Springfield. Gentlemen, ladies, and horses, goodbye now.

WE were definitely among those fascinated by the stills the papers printed from Special Prosecutor Amen's motion pictures of officers of the law taking what appears to be graft on street corners. If they turn out to be as incriminating as they look, they will prove something we've always believed but never had any real evidence of—the theory that there is nothing quite so honest-looking as a cop breaking the law. In the sequence we saw, the officer, according to Amen, glances all around to see that he is unobserved, walks in front of the bookmaking shop, stands on a street corner waiting for the bookie to hand him his bribe, takes the money in a handshake, and then strides away. But what ferocious innocence is in that glance, what vigilance against lawbreakers as he stands waiting, allegedly, to be bribed, what stern devotion to his duty as he strides away! We can easily imagine some small-time pickpocket or second-story man cringing and slinking away from that street corner, unaware that the eagle eye of the law turned upon him is less concerned with the way he makes his living than with whether or not he might be a witness for the prosecutor's office. The unhappy conclusion we draw is that there is something fundamentally righteous about a policeman in uniform, and that a cop caught setting fire to the hacked remains of his inamorata could still turn a look on his audience that would convince all but the most hardy that they were in imminent danger of being run in for disturbing the peace, and perhaps resisting an officer into the bargain.



"JOY swept through the nation," said the *Times* man, every hour on the hour, "at the news that American planes had slashed at Tokio, Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagoya." Joy, it may be, needs a new definition in a time of war. Joy, as we remember it from an almost forgotten past, was a warm, simple feeling, accompanied by a general sense of well-being, or, turning to Webster, "the emotion excited by the . . . expectation of good; gladness; delight; happiness." The first Japanese announcement claiming the destruction of hundreds of paper houses and presumably a good many of their occupants, word of the bombing of the great and beautiful enemy cities, was welcome to us, but we doubt if what we felt when we first heard about it was exactly joy or gladness or happiness or delight. We doubt if there is any single word for it at all—exultation, certainly, because a measure of practical retaliation had been taken for Pearl Harbor, London, and Coventry; hope, because here was concrete evidence that the United Nations might be about to take the offensive in the Pacific; these two and many more, and also perhaps a touch of regret, not national but racial, because we have all come such a little way from the cave and the jungle that our reaction to the thought of death and ruin anywhere still seems to somebody best described by the word "joy."

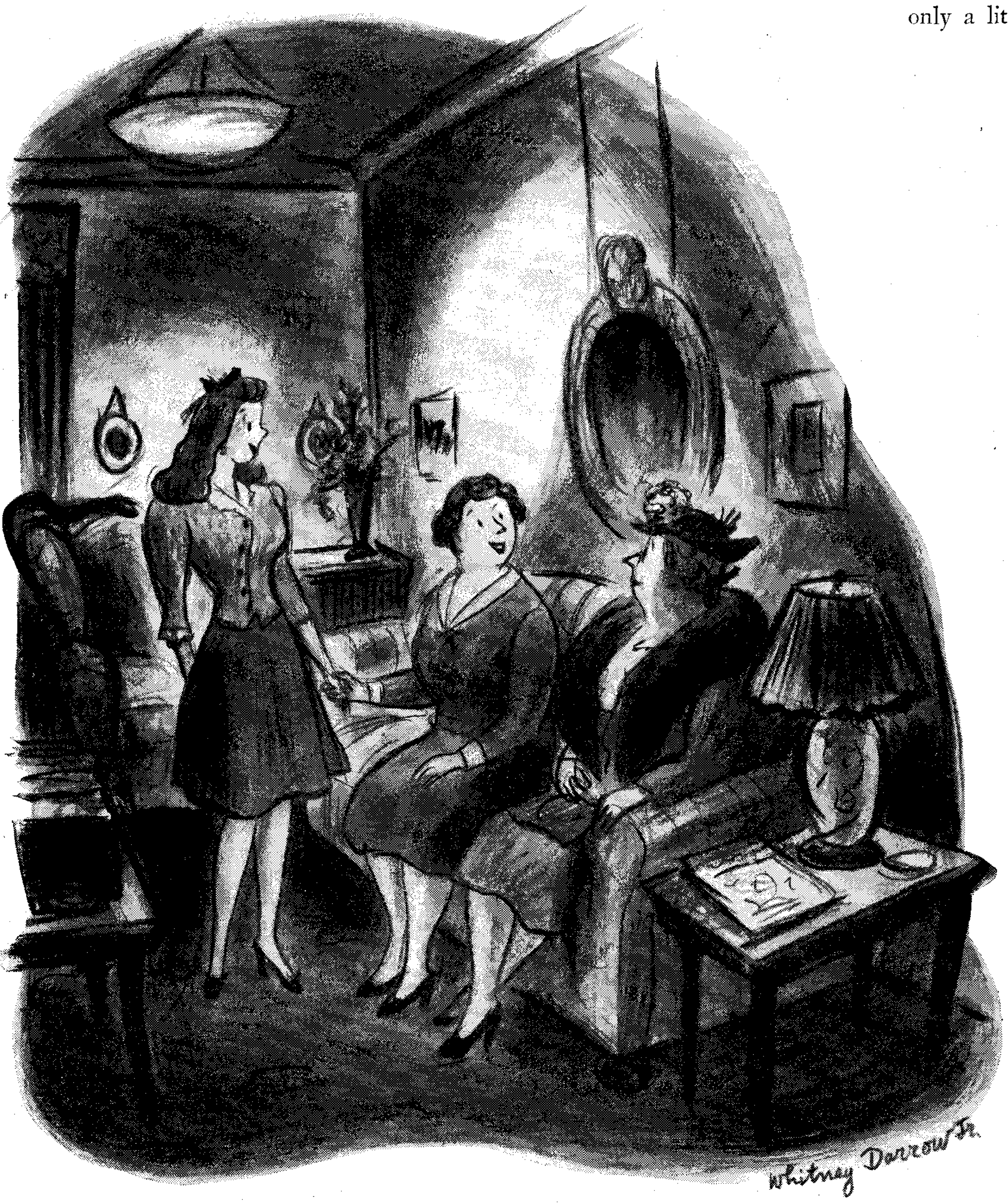
WE have in our possession an item concerning Mr. Willkie, the first Willkie item of the spring, as far as we know. One afternoon last week a lady neighbor of his on upper Fifth Avenue came out of the apartment house they both live in and started to climb into a taxi standing in front of the door, but was embarrassed to find that Mr. Willkie was inside. "I'm getting right out," Mr. Willkie said cheerily, going through his pockets for change with which to pay off the driver. He found none and, hopping out, took his wallet from his pocket. He looked inside the wallet, closed it up again, and finally called the doorman and asked him to pay the fare. Didn't have a dime, as our colleague Leonard Lyons might say.

Seamen

FOLLOWING up an article printed in December in our "Reporter at Large" department, we went down to the National Maritime Union's building on Seventeenth Street the other day to see what goes on there during a total, global war. We stopped in first to see Mr. Corby Paxton, editor of the N.M.U. *Pilot*, who told us that his latest figure on men missing or drowned was eight hundred and seventy-five from sixty-five ships. This didn't include something like four hundred men who are known to have been captured. The entire crew of the President Harrison, numbering two hundred and fifty, was taken at Shanghai, and several ships pulled out of Manila and Shanghai in such a hurry at the beginning of the war that they left members of their crews ashore. One ship rushed off without eighteen men who had gone onto the pier to pick up their laundry. Mr. Paxton said that the union figures its mortality at 1.4 per cent already and that Admiral Curran had told him this greatly exceeded the Army's or Navy's. He also told us that the German announcement of American tonnage sunk can, with almost perfect consistency, be discounted eighty per cent.

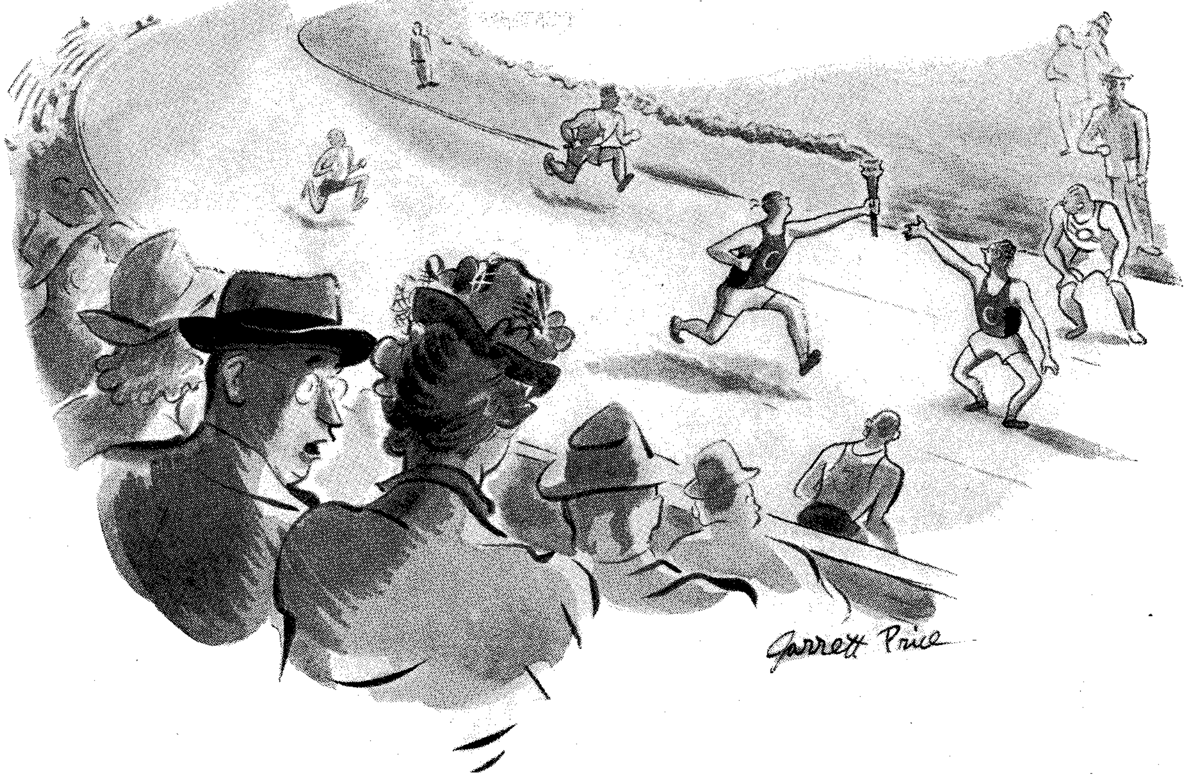
From Paxton's office, we went downstairs to the deck-and-engine hiring hall and found between fifty and seventy-five men considering jobs listed on the blackboard or arguing with each other on various maritime topics. It was much as before the war, at first glance, except for posters warning that "Hitler's Ears Are Near Your Beers" and "Loose Lips Sink Ships." A seaman only a little bigger than a big midget was driving home a point to three or four others. He was explaining some sort of stand he had taken regarding a job, but his mates seemed hazy on just what it was, although this could not have been from lack of repetition. "It's a matter of pride, I guess," said the little man. "She's a good ship, but I got pride." We sought out Mike Luchinsky at the hiring cage and he told us that to make sure no ship sailed shorthanded now the union had cut the length of time a member may stay ashore, without losing his seniority, from ninety to thirty days. In emergencies it may even be shortened to twenty-one. If the men don't volunteer for jobs, the union drafts them.

The vacancies at the time of our call included various maritime jobs on a number of steamers. A middle-aged seaman came up and asked Luchinsky, "What have you got?" "There's a brand-new Sinclair tanker wants a second pumpman," said Luchinsky. "No spik English," said the man and walked off. "He could handle both pump jobs himself," Luchinsky explained to us, "so he won't take a second's pay." Luchinsky said that the men are now never told where the ships


Whitney Darrow Jr.

"Our Gwendolyn has volunteered for war work. She's going to let the boys at Camp Upton pull Defense Stamps off her legs."

are going but they can get a good idea from the bonuses. Some bonuses are one hundred per cent, and when they're that the men are headed for the real danger areas. Luchinsky said that the high rate of sinkings hadn't seemed to alarm the men and that they appear to dwell on the matter only when some union official is lost. The union is insisting on full safety measures, guns, life-suits, and all. Two seamen came up and took A.B. jobs on a tanker, and a third said no. "He's leery of tankers," said Luchinsky, "but he's just a trip-card man—not in the union yet." Luchinsky said that quite a number of men have been torpedoed twice. One is a Filipino cook sixty years old, who is called the Ambassador because he is presumed to look like a Japanese ambassador. He has just shipped out again.



"Isn't Cornell being rather dramatic this year?"

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We learned that all the seamen are insured for $5,000, and this goes to the beneficiaries upon death. Sailors seriously injured get the same amount, paid at a rate of two per cent a month. This provision does not include mental disability and the union thinks it ought to. The pay of captured sailors continues for the duration of the war and until three months afterward. Whatever proportion of his wages a seaman didn't allot to his family before sailing is banked for him.

Ersatz Bicycle

WE'VE heard of a professor of economics who decided just before the freezing order was announced to get a bicycle. He sent off to Sears Roebuck and, in what is usually called due time, received a small package containing a bicycle headlight. In a week, another package arrived, this one containing a tail-light. There was an accompanying letter saying merely that the sale of bicycles was now forbidden. It did not attempt to account for the lights. The professor has heard nothing further and has about reached the conclusion that Sears Roebuck intends him to attach them to his person and walk.

Boss Rigger

YOU may regard these paragraphs as an introduction to Ralph William Lill, boss rigger for the greatest show on earth. He's to be seen at every performance of the circus, wearing a magnificent uniform of red, blue, and gold and overseeing the handling of all the rigging used by the aerial acts, as well as the placing of animal cages and other properties. His formal title is Superintendent of Props, but the circus people wouldn't know whom you meant if you asked for Mr. Lill, the Superintendent of Props. He's known to one and all as Curly, the boss rigger. Curly is a physically impressive fellow, forty-one years old and two hundred and fifty-three pounds in weight. He got his nickname because of his curly hair, he told us during a brief interview last Monday. "Like as if a fella was signed on in Ohio, they'd call him 'Ohio,'" he explained. He was born in Canada, of French-Canadian parents who had a dash of Indian blood, and was orphaned at the age of two. From then until he was sixteen, he lived in an orphanage on Staten Island. Then he ran away and joined the Barnum & Bailey Circus as a roustabout. "First I worked the hooked ropes, then I went to polin' wagons, and finally I rose to drivin' stakes," he said, becoming more lucid with each phrase. When he was twenty-one, he joined the Navy, but a faulty breech on a big gun aboard the U.S.S. Pennsylvania injured one eye, and he rejoined the circus. There he plans to remain for good.

Curly told us that while the circus is playing the Garden he gets to work at eight in the morning and knocks off at midnight. When we exclaimed at this, he added, "When we're on the road and it's a wet lot or a storm comes up, I often work from five A.M. to two A.M." A wet lot, we gathered, always means headaches. The Wallendas' sole mishap was caused by a wet lot. Eight years ago, in Schenectady, the stake supporting a guy wire that was part of their rigging slipped out of the wet earth, and the Wallendas went flooey. Two of them dropped into a net held by the roustabouts, one caught the wire, and Curly caught the fourth. He was black-and-blue for a month afterward.

When Zacchini, the human cannonball, left the big show for the carnival circuit, Curly breathed a sigh of relief. Zacchini's net had to be rigged to a hair's-breadth of accuracy, both as to angle and distance from the cannon. Another act that used to make Curly nervous was a relatively simple one in which fifty-two girls were hoisted to the top of the tent, where each unfurled an American flag. In this case, his worry was purely numerical. "I sweat blood," he told us. "Fifty-two chances twice a day that one of those girls would be killed." There isn't anything that bothers him much this year, or if there is he didn't want to be quoted on it. Of course, there's always the chance that a metallic part of an aerial rigging has corroded and is about to crack; to guard against this, Curly and his staff sound all the metalwork with hammers before each performance and replace all the ones that don't ring true. They have to be equally careful in placing the tubs in Alfred Court's three cages of trained lions, tigers, bears, and panthers. "If a cat's tub is six inches out of place, he's likely to go wacky and claw the trainer," Curly says.

. . . and 'Rithmetic

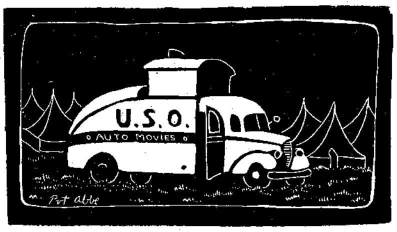
SO help us, a progressive-school teacher, discussing with her class the general topic of bank deposits, interest, and the like, asked if any of the pupils could tell her what a dividend was. "It's another cocktail," one little girl said calmly. This being a progressive school, the teacher, also calm, said yes, that was right. Now could anybody give her *another* definition of "dividend"?

Wild Dog

THE Humane Society last Sunday sponsored a very nice pet show at the Roosevelt, limited to stray animals which had been taken in and cherished, and this reminded us that we had been meaning for some time to investigate the story of Miss Frieda Hempel and Brownie, a wild dog who lives in Central Park and is fed daily by Miss Hempel. She (and, indirectly, the dog) got in the newspapers last winter when she was arrested while on her way to put out the dog's food at a rendezvous known only to her and Brownie. Somebody who happened to see her thought she was intending to poison the squirrels or birds and reported her to the cops. They hustled her over to the station house, but she won her release by eating the food to demonstrate that it was harmless. An opera star eating cold raw meat in a police station, under the stern eye of Authority, seems to us to personify love of animals better than almost anything else.

Well, anyway, Miss Hempel received us in the living room of her apartment, which overlooks the Reservoir, and told us about the day she first saw Brownie. (Brownie is the name she has given the animal, but there's no way of knowing what name he actually goes under.) She was preparing to attend one of Mr. Bagby's morning musicales, as it happened, when she glanced out the window of her apartment and saw a brownish dog, somewhat like a schipperke in appearance, limping along near the Reservoir, collarless and unattended. Miss Hempel put on a pair of high boots and a coat, went to the Park, and tried to catch him, but failed. "You'll never catch *him*, lady," a cop who had been watching told her. She found that the animal was a well-known hermit, roaming the entire Park and eluding all attempts at capture by cops, Park employees, and the S.P.C.A. Subsequently, by keeping a lookout with a pair of opera glasses from her window, Miss Hempel was able to get an idea of Brownie's itinerary and habits, which turned out to be fairly predictable. One day she left a paper bag of food—beef and leafy vegetables—in one of his favorite spots and was rewarded later by seeing him, through the glasses, come along, seize the bag, and take it off with him. That was five years ago, and every day from then to now Miss Hempel (or, if she's out of town, her maid) has left Brownie's dinner for him.

The phenomenon of a dinner turning up every day in the same place at the same time periodically arouses Brownie's suspicions, and he evidently decides that he is being followed. At any rate, he changes his schedule completely every so often. Currently he is dining after dark. Miss Hempel visits the rendezvous late in the evening, and if she sees the empty paper bag nuzzled into the shape of a bird's nest, she knows that her pet's stomach is comfortably full. He long ago took to eating on the spot. "I couldn't sleep if I thought he wasn't being fed," she told us. The rats so abundant in Central Park might be a hazard to this system of feeding except that, by good luck, a wild cat lives near Brownie's feeding place, and the cat scares the rats away. Thus have Miss Hempel, Brownie, and the cat established their own peculiar balance of nature. It is Miss Hempel's ambition to get Brownie out of the Park eventually and introduce him to the joys of apartment life. "He's getting older, and I think he'd like a home," she says.



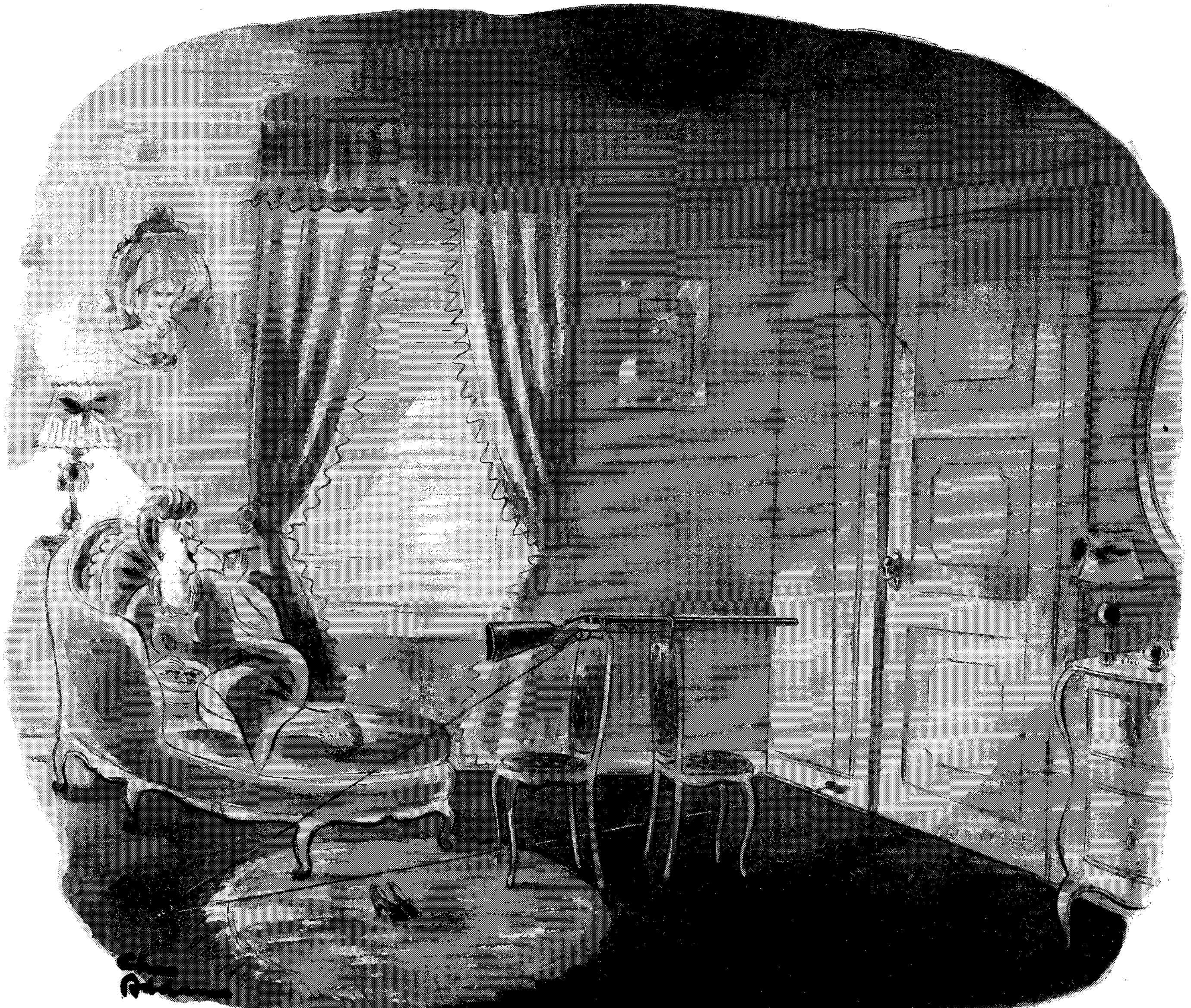
Namesake

THE Huntington Library, in Pasadena, California, recently had a special exhibit relating to conscription in this and earlier American wars. A bright-eyed browser found on a muster roll of Captain John B. Scott's company of Royal American Reformers this entry, dated September 4, 1778: "Corporal John Scram—deserted."

Farmer in the City

WE figured that the first sightseeing trip in New York City of Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Wallace of Nebraska would be an occasion of some interest. Mr. Wallace is not related to the Vice-President, but he is chief of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and therefore probably one of the leading farmers in the United States. He was in town from Washington on a holiday one recent weekend and we arranged over the telephone to meet him and Mrs. Wallace in the lobby of the Barbizon-Plaza. "You'll recognize us," Mr. Wallace said. "We don't look much like New Yorkers and I'm six foot four." We got to the hotel at the time set and sure enough there was a six-foot-four man in the lobby, and only one. Mr. Wallace has an engaging smile, a knife-like mustache, and noticeably large hands. Mrs. Wallace is a nice brunette. She told us that this was her first trip to the city but her husband had been here once for a few hours after having attended a symposium at Dartmouth on the subject of oats. He hadn't had much of a chance to look around then.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were agreed on their No. 1 stop, the Empire State Building, and we rode down with them in a taxi. "Everybody asks you if you've been up there," Mrs. Wallace said. In the cab, Mr. Wallace told us how he had that morning bumped into Sam McKelvie, a former governor of his state and, we gathered, a notable breeder of Herefords. "Herefords generally top the Chicago market," Mr. Wallace



"It's not locked, Honey."

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said. Mr. Wallace's own farm, a hundred and sixty acres, is outside Kearney, Nebraska, and is run on a rotating-crop schedule involving potatoes, clover, corn, barley, rye, and pasture, with no part of the land bearing the same crop in successive years. It's irrigated land; they go down forty feet for water.

At the Empire State observatory, we pointed out Welfare Island to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace and told them that all of it was once farmed by a man named Blackwell. Mr. Wallace wanted to know what Blackwell did about the spring freshets, and we told him that the East River was purely tidal. "Oh," he said. The rest of the Empire State interlude was normal except for a painful moment when Mr. Wallace expressed a farmer's interest in the New Jersey Meadows. We let him down as gently as possible.

A shirt shop in the Empire State lobby was the next point of interest. Mr. Wallace was taken with the cuffs on the shirts in the window. "My wrist is nine and three-quarters inches, and I have a hard time getting cuffs to go around them," he told us. "Those cuffs look a little bigger than the ones I have on." They were a good three-quarters of an inch larger—a find. Mr. Wallace bought two shirts for eight dollars plus tax, one deep blue, the other maroon. We walked up to Rockefeller Center with the Wallaces but they hadn't time then to visit the R.C.A. studios. They left that for later, taking a taxi to the Barbizon-Plaza so Mrs. Wallace could freshen up for a lunch to be given them by fellow-Nebraskans at the Town Hall Club. "Say, you've got a lot of Nebraskans here," said Mr. Wallace. They were to go back to Washington at noon the next day, via the B. & O. for the sake of the ferry trip across the river. It had been too stormy on the way up from Washington for them to see anything but they had hopes for the trip down.

Dark Epigram

FRIEND of ours overheard a nice, springlike remark in the East Side subway. One dapper young colored man was telling another, "She's the kind of a girl that starts calling you up by Tuesday."

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

EVERY so often, when business slackens up in the bowling alley and the other pin boys are hunched over their game of bezique, I like to exchange my sweatshirt for a crisp white surgical tunic, polish up my optical mirror, and examine the corset advertisements in the New York *Herald Tribune* rotogravure section and the various women's magazines. It must be made clear at the outset that my motives are the purest and my curiosity that of the scientific research worker rather than the sex maniac. Of course, I can be broken down under cross-examination; I like a trim ankle as well as anyone, but once I start scrubbing up and adjusting the operative mask, Materia Medica comes in the door and Betty Grable flies out the window.

God knows how the convention ever got started, but if it is true that the camera never lies, a foundation garment or a girdle stimulates the fair sex to a point just this side of madness. The little ladies are always represented with their heads thrown back in an attitude of fierce desire, arms upflung to an unseen deity as though swept along in some Dionysian revel. If you hold your ear close enough to the printed page, you can almost hear the throbbing of the temple drums and the chant of the votaries. Those sultry, heavy-lidded glances, those tempestuous, Corybantic gestures of abandon—what magic property is there in an ordinary silk-and-Lastex bellyband to cause a housewife to behave like an Ouled Naïl?

Perhaps the most curious mutation of the corset advertisement is the before-and-after, or clinical, type, consisting of two photographs. The first shows a rather bedraggled young matron in a gaping, misshapen girdle at least half a dozen sizes too large for her, cringing under the cool inspection of a trained nurse and several friends. Judging from the flowers and the tea service, the hostess has invited her neighbors in to deride her physique, for they are exclaiming in unison, "Ugh, my dear—you've got *lordosis* [unlovely bulge and sagging backline]!" The second photograph, naturally, depicts the miracles wrought by the proper girdle, which, in addition to the benefits promised in the text, seems to have removed the crow's-feet from under the subject's eyes, marcelled her hair, reupholstered the divan, and papered the walls.

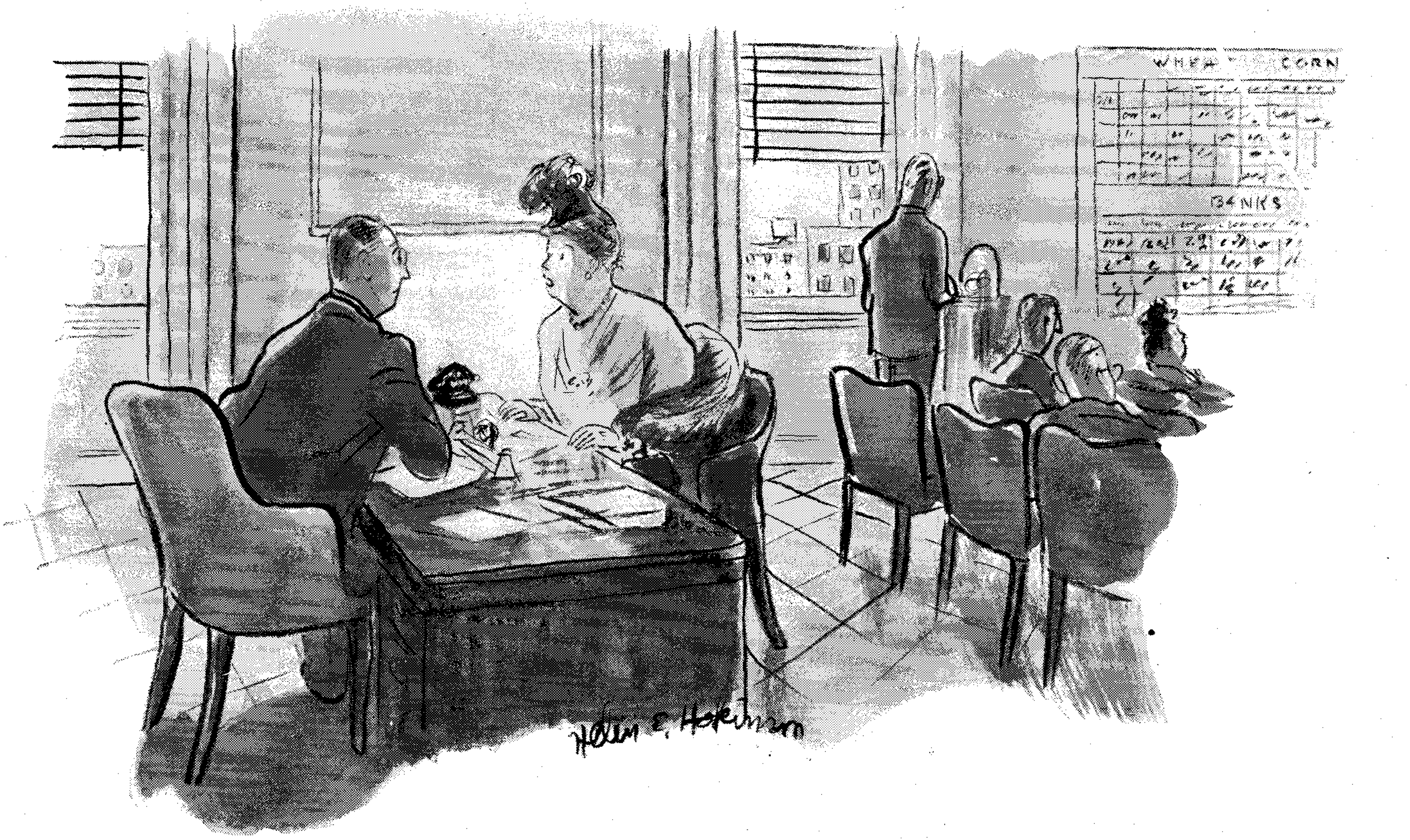
IT strikes me that, by contrast, the manufacturers of dainty underthings for men have been notably colorless in their advertising. The best they are able to afford are those static scenes in which four or five grim-jawed industrialists stand about a locker room in their shorts scowling at ticker tape, testing mashie niblicks, and riffling through first editions. It may be only sexual chauvinism on my part, but I submit that the opportunities for merchandising male lingerie are limitless. I offer at least one of them in crude dramatic form to blaze a trail for future copywriters.

(*Scene: The consulting room of Dr. Terence Fitch, an eminent Park Avenue specialist. The furniture consists of a few costly, unusual pieces, such as a kidney-shaped writing desk, a pancreas-shaped chair, and a spleen-shaped spittoon. As the curtain rises, Miss Mayo, the nurse, is at the telephone-shaped telephone.*)

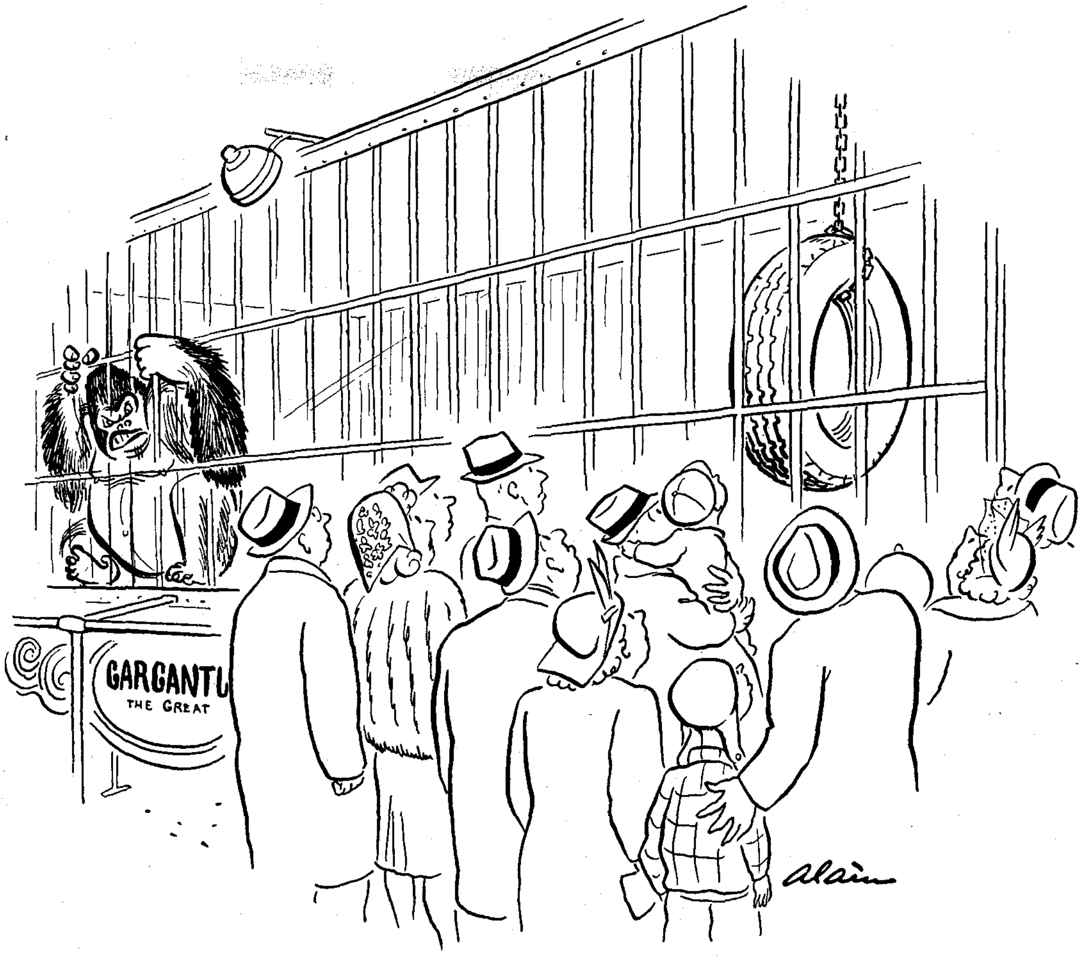
Miss Mayo (*into phone*): Hello, Dr. Folsey? . . . This is Miss Mayo at Dr. Fitch's office. The Doctor is forwarding you his analysis of Mr. Tichenor's underwear problems; you should have it in the morning. . . . Not at all.

(*As she hangs up, Dr. Fitch enters, thoughtfully stroking his Vandyke beard. He is followed by Freedley, a haggard, middle-aged patient, knotting his tie.*)

Dr. Fitch: Sit down, Freedley. . . . Oh, this is Miss Mayo. She's a niece of



"What I'm really looking for is some little investment that won't keep bobbing up and down."



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the Mayo brothers, out West.

Freedley (*wanly*): How do you do, Miss Mayo? I've heard some grand things about your uncles.

Miss Mayo: Not mine, you haven't. They've been in Folsom the last three years for breaking and entering. (*She exits.*)

Dr. Fitch (*seating himself*): All right now, Freedley, suppose you tell me your symptoms.

Freedley: But I just told them to you.

Dr. Fitch: You did?

Freedley: Sure, not ten minutes ago.

Dr. Fitch: Well, repeat them. (*Angrily*) You don't suppose I have time to listen to every crackpot who comes in here bleating about his troubles, do you?

Freedley (*humbly*): No, sir. Well, it's just that I have this stuffy, uncomfortable sensation all the time.

Dr. Fitch: That's the way a head cold usually starts. (*Scribbling*) You're to take fifteen of these tablets forty times a day, or forty of them fifteen times a day, whichever is more convenient.

Freedley: It's not my nose or throat, Doctor. I get it mostly around the hips and the small of my back.

Dr. Fitch (*testily*): Of course, of course. That's where it's localized. Now, I also want you to get hold of a tonic. I forget the name of it, but it's about thirty dollars a bottle. The clerk'll know.

Freedley: Will I feel better after I take it?

Dr. Fitch (*coldly*): I'm a physician, Freedley, not an astrologer. If you want a horoscope, there's a gypsy tearoom over on Lexington Avenue.

Freedley (*plaintively*): Gee, Dr. Fitch, this thing's got me crazy. I can't keep my mind on my work—

Dr. Fitch: Work? Humph. Most of *my* patients have private incomes. What do you do?

Freedley: I'm with the Bayonne Bag & String Company—assistant office manager.

Dr. Fitch: Getting along pretty well there?

Freedley (*pitifully*): I was until this started. Now Mr. Borvis keeps riding me. He says I'm like a person in a fog.

Dr. Fitch: That bulging, oppressive condition—notice it mostly when you're sitting down, don't you?

Freedley: Why, how on earth can you tell, Doctor?

Dr. Fitch: We medical men have ways of knowing these things. (*Gravely*) Well, Freedley, I can help you, but only if you face the facts.

Freedley (*quavering*): W-what is it, sir?

Dr. Fitch: Your union suit is too big for you.

Freedley (*burying his face in his hands*): Oh, my God!

Dr. Fitch: There, there. Buck up, old man. We mustn't give up hope.

Freedley (*whimpering*): But you might be mistaken—it's just a diagnosis.

Dr. Fitch (*sternly*): The fluoroscope never lies, Freedley. When I looked at you in there a moment ago, I saw almost five yards of excess fabric bunched around the mid-section.

Freedley (*wildly*): It's bound to shrink after I send it to the laundry! Maybe Velma can take a tuck in it!

Dr. Fitch: That's only an evasion. (*Pressing a button*) It's lucky you came to me in time. If the public only knew the annual toll exacted by ponderous, loosely fitting underwear— (*Miss Mayo enters*) Miss Mayo, get me a sterile union suit, size thirty-eight, porous-knit.

Freedley (*licking his lips*): What —what are you going to do?

Dr. Fitch (*soothingly*): Now, this won't hurt a bit. We'll just slip it on for size—

Freedley: I won't! *I won't!* (*He cowers into a corner, flailing at Dr. Fitch and Miss Mayo as they close in on him. They pinion his arms, thrust him into an adjoining dressing room, and fling the union suit after him.*)

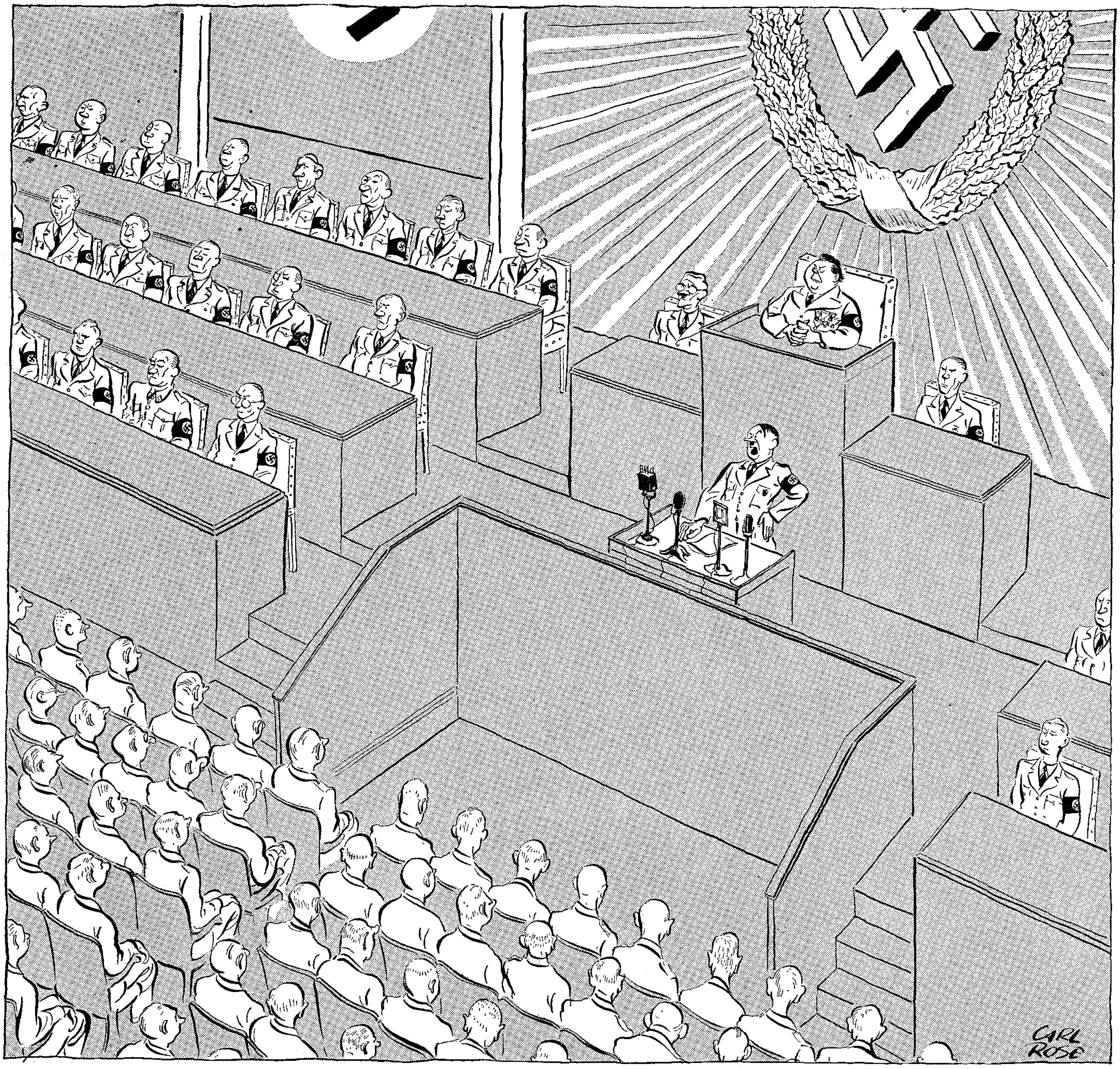
Miss Mayo (*in a low voice*): Do you think he's got a chance, Doctor?

Dr. Fitch: Hard to say, poor devil. Did you feel those enlarged folds of material on his back?

Miss Mayo: He may have a blanket and some sheets hidden on him.

Dr. Fitch: You can't tell. They get cunning in the later stages.

(*The door-shaped door of the dressing room opens and Freedley reënters,*



"I think I may say, without fear of contradiction . . ."

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a changed man. He is portly, well groomed, a connoisseur of fine horseflesh and pretty women, but withal a man of keen business judgment. He wears a pearl-gray Homburg, Chesterfield overcoat, and spats, carries a gold-headed cane, a hot bird, and a cold bottle.)

Freedley (*booming*): Well, Fitch, my boy, can't waste any more time jawing with you. I've got to cut along to that board meeting. Just merged Bayonne Bag & String with Consolidated Twine, you know!

Dr. Fitch: Er—that was rather sudden, wasn't it?

Freedley: Can't stand beating about the bush. Think in telegrams, that's my motto. Want to know my secret, Fitch? I've worked hard and I've played hard. And I've drunk a quart of whiskey every day of my life!

Dr. Fitch: Well, remember what I said. Don't overdo it.

Freedley (*roaring*): Stuff and nonsense! Why, I'm as sound as a nut. Got the appetite of a boy of twenty, sleep like a top, and I'll outdance a youngster any day! (*To demonstrate, he catches up Miss Mayo, whirls her around giddily, and, flushed with exertion, drops dead. The Doctor and his nurse exchange slow, sidelong glances.*)

Miss Mayo: Well, I guess science still has a lot to learn.

Dr. Fitch (*curtly*): None of your god-damned lip. Drag him out and show in the next patient. (*He turns back to his desk, stroking his Vandyke more thoughtfully than ever.*)

CURTAIN

—S. J. Perelman

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Newtown* (*Conn.*) *Bee*]

Mrs. Clarence Ruffles of Warrensburg, N.Y., was the guest of her husband at the home of Mrs. Lincoln Valentine for several days.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

THE ASTOUNDING SUCCESS OF SARAH FORTESCUE

Sing shucks! Sing shoo!
Sing a song of sad regret!
For adversity and Sarah Fortescue
Have not yet met!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, even in her early twenties, Sarah wore conventional dresses and hats and looked exactly like a woman. Soon people began to encourage her to move around, and little did they wot what they were doing. "Dad," she said when she finished her postgraduate course at Cornell, "I think I'll go to New York." "Good," said Dad. "Joe," she said to her first husband a few years later, "I think I'll go to Paris." "Good," said Joe. "Alphonse," she said to her second husband a few years after that, "I think I'll go to Berlin." "*Ah, bon!*" said Alphonse. "Fritz," she said to her third husband a few years after that, "I think I'll go to Moscow." "Eggzalent," said Fritz. Little did they wot, boys, little did they wot.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, in all those and in other metropoli in Europe and Asia, Sarah asked questions and got answers and, moreover, wrote down the answers in notebooks which were by no means loose-leaf. "What's the population here?" she would ask. "How far is this from New York?" "From San Francisco?" "What's the basic commodity?" "How's the trade balance?" "What are your three favorite methods of birth control?" "What's the percentage of illiteracy?" "What does the Minister of War eat for lunch?" "Is syphilis popular?" Fresh facts, boys, hot and cold!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, one day in Russia in 1931, Sarah came upon Miss Dorothy Thompson tramping across a steppe. She overhauled Miss Thompson at a lope and before Miss Thompson had learned the population of Omsk, Sarah had mopped up Omsk and started on Tomsk.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, one day in Holland in 1935, she came upon Miss Clare Boothe climbing a dike. She hurdled the dike and beat Miss Boothe to The Hague by three furlongs and one neck.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, when Sarah got back to New York she began telling her friends what she had found out. She told them which side her bread was buttered on, she told them which side their bread was buttered on, and she told them which side any given Chinaman's bread was buttered on and which side any given Englishman's or Frenchman's or German's or Pole's or Russian's or Italian's or Latvian's or Greek's bread was buttered on.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, all this bread, except her own, she told them, was buttered on the wrong side. She also told them who made the bread and the butter and what the economic unit was and how many of the workers had yaws and how many had dysentery, and she always threw in the vital statistics of the Balkans.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

"Oh, you're wrong there," Sarah would say to a friend at a cocktail party, "because in 1926, when Ukrainian wheat was 23 bid and 24 asked, Siam nevertheless was still producing one-third of the world's rice." If the friend ran out of the room, ran out of town, ran all the way to Westchester and found a swift-running stream and waded up it half a mile to obscure his spoor, Sarah would keep right after him, telling him that, besides, the trade balance of Japan was highly unfavorable.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, one day in 1938, Sarah was telling a circle of trapped friends about the chief imports and exports of the Dutch East Indies when one of them said, "Sarah, instead of telling us about this, why don't you tell the public? You could write a syndicated column for the newspapers."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, Sarah forthwith called on the head of a newspaper syndicate and began to tell him about the chief imports and exports of the Dutch East Indies, touching also on the undeveloped natural resources of Korea, and then she said to him, "Now, wouldn't it be better if instead of telling you this I told it to your readers?" "It certainly would," he said, and so Sarah had a syndicated newspaper column.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, next Sarah went to see the head of a radio broadcasting company and began to tell him about the effect of endemic pellagra on the production costs of Peruvian copper, and then she said to him, "Now, wouldn't it be better if instead of telling you about this I told it to your radio listeners?" "It certainly would," he said, and so Sarah had an Hour three times a week, with a hookup.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, soon after the war started in 1939, Sarah had a debate with Miss Dorothy Thompson on the question "Are the Katzenjammer Kids Fascist?" Both took the affirmative, and at the conclusion of the debate Miss Thompson jumped right over the microphone and congratulated Sarah.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, then Sarah had a debate with Miss Clare Boothe on the subject "Is Rice the Answer to China's Riddle?" Both took the affirmative, and at the conclusion of the debate Miss Boothe wrote an article for *Life* called "Sarah, a Woman Among Women."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and on the strength of all that the newspaper syndicate raised Sarah's word rate from $1.35 per word to $4.85 per word, the radio company gave her a five-year contract at $5,175 a week, and the Warner Brothers in Hollywood bought for $15,000 an original screen story by Sarah, entitled "Sarah."

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor Sarah was speaking distinctly into the microphone and saying, "One thing is certain—we have nothing to fear from Japan," but after her program had been interrupted for the news bulletins she filled up her diaphragm and said distinctly into the microphone, "As I was saying, we have everything to fear from Japan," went right on from there, and has been going on ever since.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, Sarah now has seven houses in Larchmont, one for each day of the week, sixteen private secretaries, an expired pass on the transatlantic bomber service, and a rejection slip from the Naval Intelligence. Except for secretaries, dogs, and a parrot who can't talk, she lives alone. "I have no time to spare from myself," she has said. She eats raw carrots and raw chopped sirloin of beef and reads nothing but her own notebooks. She can keep eleven countries suspended for four minutes in one sentence without the aid of a predicate, she wears conventional dresses and hats, usually earns $372,163.40 a year, and looks exactly like a woman.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

So sing shucks! Sing shoo!
Sing a song of sad regret!
For adversity and Sarah Fortescue
Have not yet met!

—St. Clair McKelway

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DAYS OF INNOCENCE

MASTER OF GLADIATORS

IT always amazes me how easily men of the highest talents and eminence can be forgotten in this careless world—for example, the incomparable Joe Gans, lightweight champion of the world in the days when I was young. Though he was probably the greatest boxer who ever lived and assuredly one of the gamest, Joe is mentioned only rarely by the sporting writers of today, and in his native Baltimore there is no memorial to him save a modest stone in an Aframerican graveyard, far off the worn lines of travel. His funeral was a stupendous ecclesiastical event, with services running seriatim in three different colored churches, ten or twelve choirs moaning heartbreaking music, and no colored Baltimorean absent who could get the afternoon off and dig up the necessary hack hire, for only the carriage trade was admitted to the tripartite orgies. But since then all the once fanatical Josephites have let his memory fade and gone snuffling after newer and lesser Baals.

BUT if Joe was great, then his white manager, the late Abraham Lincoln Herford (always called Al: A+L=Al) must have been great also, for he grasped Joe's genius when it was still occult to other men and fanned it to flame with both skill and tenderness. Of Al's origins in the dark backward and abysm of Jewish history I know nothing, for I did not become acquainted with him until he was well up in the world, but in those palmy days I saw him often and esteemed him highly. Put him beside William James and he would have seemed ignorant, put him beside Richard Harding Davis or Berry Wall and he would have seemed uncouth, but he was a master of all the knowledges necessary to his profession, and in his own circle his elegance made him shine. A man of medium height, smooth-shaven, and growing somewhat bald, with hair that was on the blond side and a paunch that anchored him firmly without appearing to overload him, he was a really fine figure of an impresario. I have never known anyone who was more beautifully barbered, or oftener. He visited Émil Cayé's colytic barbershop under the Maryland Theatre every day of his life, including Sundays, and when he spread out in a chair he ordered the chirotonsor to shoot the works. Thus there was always a faint haze of talcum about him, and a pleasant whiff of hair tonic.

His private taste in clothes, I believe, was subdued, for I once saw him at an Elks' lodge of sorrow in a black morning coat and very quiet striped pants, but he knew what was due his professional character, and whenever he appeared in it his raiment blazed. When tropical worsteds came in his were the yallerest and mauvest along the Atlantic seaboard, and when the world of sports took to silk shirts he fetched up some designs that put the rainbow over the ropes. In his necktie he wore a scarfpin set with a diamond as large as a beer-bottle cap, and on the little finger of his left hand, clasped in half a pound of gold, there was another. In his right-hand pants pocket he carried a gill or two of loose diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, for, as he used to say, you can never tell when you will need money in a hurry; moreover, it gave him an aesthetic kick to jingle them.

Baltimore respected and even revered Al as the manager of Joe Gans, but it knew him more intimately, and had more affection for him, as the president *and* treasurer of the Eureka Athletic and Social Club. Under the laws prevailing in Maryland in those days, it was forbidden to give boxing exhibitions for hire, but any group of fans was free to form a club to stage them in private, and that is what the Eureka brethren did, with Al acting as their president *and* treasurer. Their meetings were held every Friday evening at the old Germania Maennerchor Hall in Lombard Street and ran about three hours, with a fifteen-round bout at the end, usually between heavyweights. According to the bylaws of the club, each member paid his weekly dues as he came in, and the rate for those who wanted seats near the ring was considerably higher than for those who were content to sit in the gallery.

Al always opened the proceedings by reading the minutes of the last meeting. They described briefly the bouts that had entertained the members and then went on to a technical commentary upon them, frequently of great acuteness. If there had been any distinguished new members present—say a party of sporty congressmen from Washington—Al recited their names and bade them welcome to the club. At the end of the minutes he called for motions from the floor, and some member invariably moved that the club make up a purse and buy the president *and* treasurer another diamond ring or stickpin. Al always appeared to be tremendously surprised at this, and his embarrassment made him transiently speechless. Standing there in a glare of light, with his feet spread out in the Hebraic manner, he would cover his face with his hands for a moment and then hand the gavel to

Ernie Gebhart, the secretary and timekeeper of the club. Ernie would put the motion and it would be carried unanimously, whereupon Al would resume the chair long enough to announce that subscriptions might be paid to the doorkeeper on the way out.

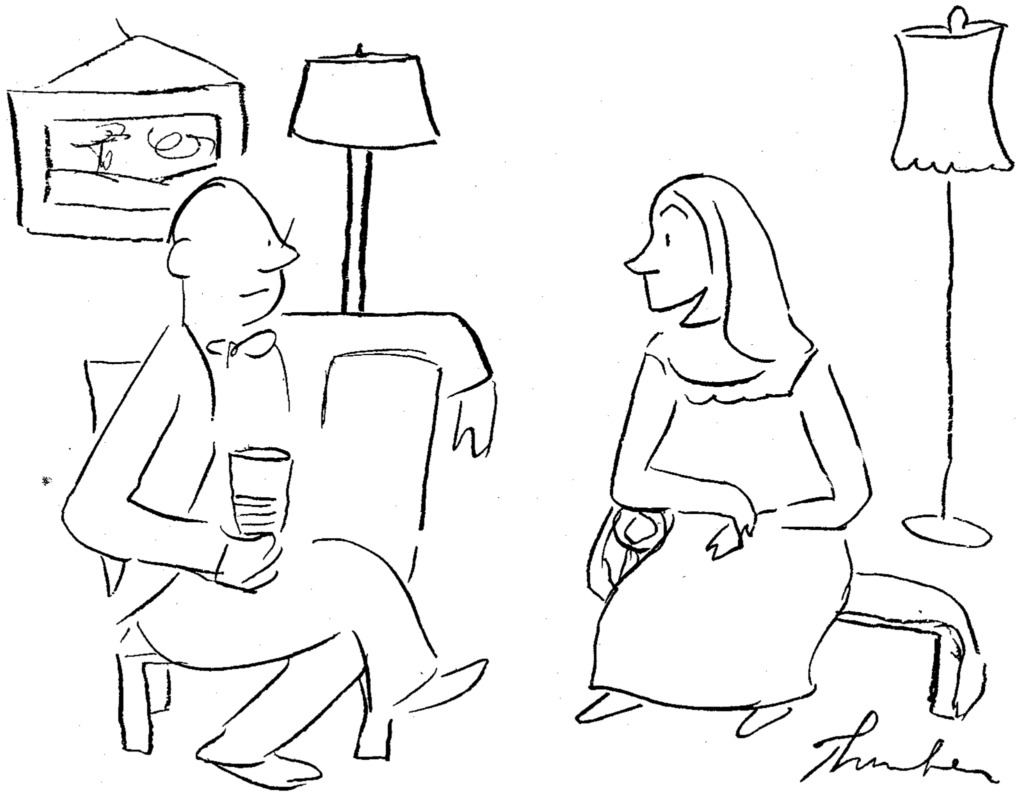
HE never bored the members of the club with financial statements, though he always stressed the "*and*" in "president *and* treasurer," for the by-laws made accounting virtually supererogatory. According to Article II, all the money collected in dues went into a pot in the custody of the president *and* treasurer, and out of it he paid all the expenses of the meetings—for example, hall rent, announcements in the newspapers, stationery and postage, the fees of the sporty young doctor who served as the club's surgeon, and the honoraria of the pugs invited to exhibit their art. If anything was left over, which was usually the case, it was given to the president *and* treasurer as a small return for his services.

This simple system worked beautifully and had the approval of the Baltimore cops. They came to the meetings in large numbers and were so well appreciated by the other members that the doorkeeper, by a tacit but general understanding, always forgot to collect their dues. Sometimes, when a couple of extra-fat captains were present at the ringside, Al would have a little fun with them by announcing that they would go on for six rounds at the next meeting. He also had a line of spoofing for visitors from Washington and did not hesitate to refer to the most puissant senators, and even judges, by their Christian names. The other members were delighted to belong to a club which included so many eminent men. More than once I have sat at the ringside with a senator or governor to either side of me and two or three stars of the federal judiciary just behind.

Al was not only president *and* treasurer of the club but also its announcer, and his introductions always showed an exuberant fancy. Once, when two colored flyweights were brought on for a preliminary, he presented them as Young Terry McGovern of San Francisco and Young Joe Gans of Australia. Nearly everyone knew, of course, that they were actually waterboys from the Pimlico race track, but the members liked Al's style and always professed to believe him. His humor was protean and never flagged. Whenever two boys sailed into each other with unusual vehemence and the members began to howl, he would signal Ernie Gebhart to let the rounds run on, and whenever, on the contrary, a bout was tame, he would cut them short. Once I saw a set-to between two ferocious colored youths, Young Corbett of Yarmouth, England, and the Zulu Whirlwind of Capetown, South Africa, in which the average length of the five rounds, by actual timing, was twelve and a half minutes, and another time I saw Ernie put through a flabby six-round bout in ten minutes flat, rests included.

Al was very inventive, and many of his innovations stuck. He was, I believe, the first announcer on this or any other earth to call the penultimate bout of an evening the semi-windup. I recall that some of the more literate members of the Eureka Club snickered at the neologism and that I was brought up by it myself. But in a little while it had swept the boxing world, and it is now used without any thought of vulgarity by such purists as Grantland Rice and John F. Kieran. Al, a bit later, began to call the second from the last bout the semi-semi-windup and the third from the last the semi-semi-semi-windup, but these innovations never took and he proceeded no further. He did not invent the battle royal, but I believe it is only just to say that he greatly developed it. One of his contributions was the scheme of making every such foursome consist of three very small boys and one very tall one: this favored a brisk entertainment, for the dwarfs always ganged up on the giant and quickly knocked him out, usually by blows behind the ear. Another of Al's improvements was the device of dressing the colored boys who fought in battles royal not in ordinary trunks but in the billowy white drawers that women then wore. The blacker the boy, the more striking the effect. In all such massacres, of course, the scheme of holding back time on a good round was carried out. So long as the members kept on guffawing and hollering, Al let the boys clout away.

AL in his private life was a very generous fellow, but in his character of president *and* treasurer of the club he kept a sharp eye on its funds. The standard fee for preliminary boys of no experience was four dollars, win or lose, but he seldom paid it without a struggle, which meant that he seldom paid it at all. Once, after a long evening marked by extraordinary carnage, I sat with him in his bureau under the stage while the boys came in to collect their money. I recall a pair of young featherweights who could barely stand up—Young Jeffries of Honolulu and Young Fitzsimmons of Yale University. Both of Jeffries' eyes were blacked, his nose was only a squash, and he claimed that he had broken all five fingers of his right hand. The Yale boy had been used



"The trouble is you make me think too much."

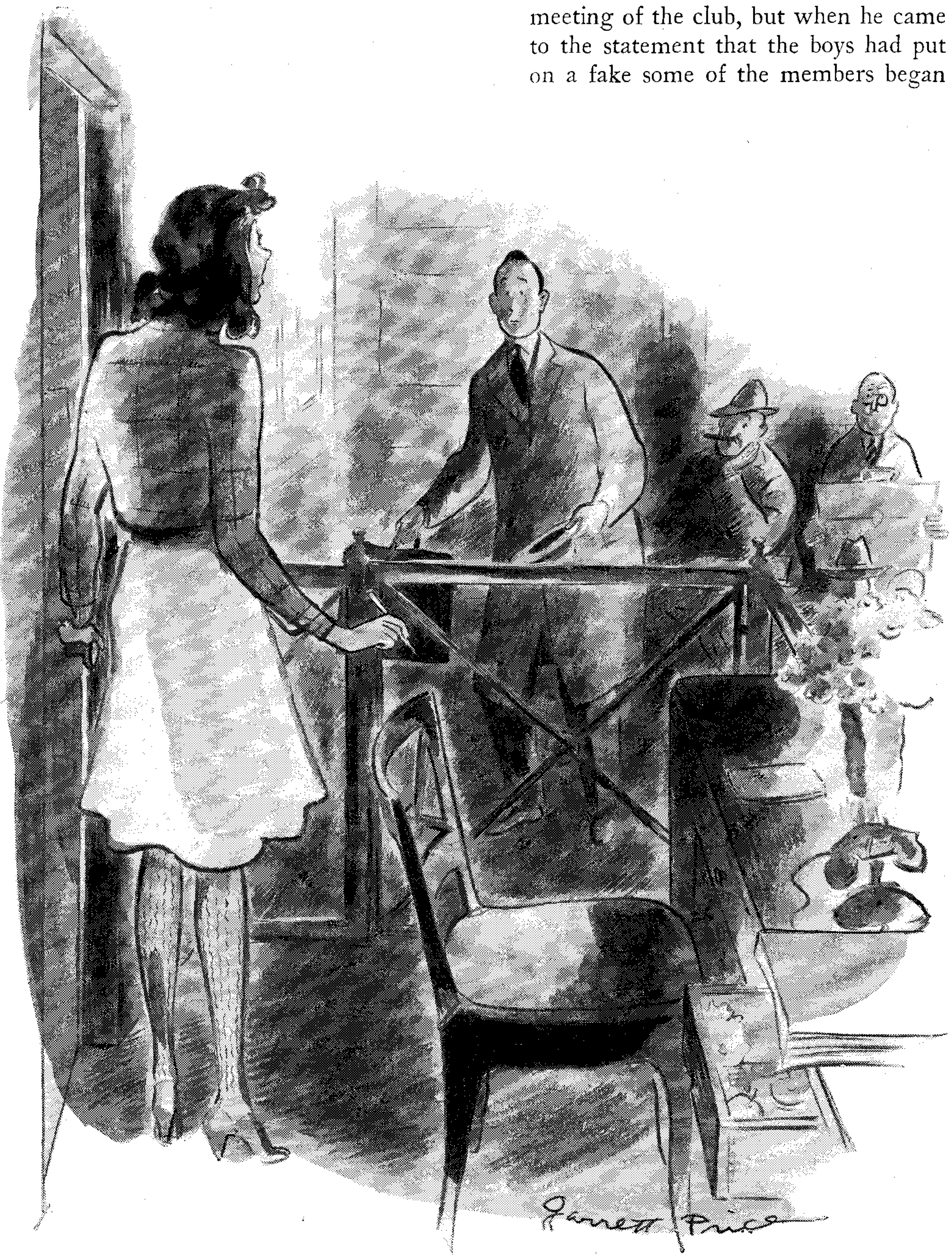
even worse, and when I entered the bureau the club surgeon was giving him a ticket to the free clinic of the University of Maryland Hospital. They had fought six really terrific rounds, and the club referee, Jim O'Hara, had let them go on after the fourth only because he could not make out who was getting the worse beating. But Al conceived it to be his duty to challenge them, and challenge them he did. "What!" he roared. "Have you bastards the nerve to come down here and talk of money after doing a *brother* act? Do you think this place is a dancing school? Back to the Y.M.C.A. and fight with feather pillows! I could sue you in the courts. I could sick the cops on you. Never let me see you again. Here [to Jeffries] is two dollars, and here [to Fitzsimmons de Yale] is a dollar and a half. Now scram before I get mad."

On this occasion, unhappily, Al went a shade too far, for the next day he was waited on by Lawyer Melville W. Fuller Fineblatt and forced to disgorge. Lawyer Fineblatt not only collected the balance of the four dollars that was due to each boy under the rules but also three dollars a head for medical expenses and a fee of twenty dollars for himself. The alternative to coughing up, he said firmly, would be a prosecution for violating the laws against giving public boxing exhibitions, allowing smoking in a theatre, maintaining a nuisance, embezzling trust funds, and cruelty to animals. Al entered a long and indignant account of the episode in the minutes and read it at the next meeting of the club, but when he came to the statement that the boys had put on a fake some of the members began to laugh, and he pursued the matter no further. He continued, however, to labor it *in petto*, and nine or ten years later, after public boxing exhibitions had become lawful in Maryland and the Eureka Athletic and Social Club had withered away, he was still talking darkly of having Lawyer Fineblatt disbarred.

How much he made out of Joe Gans, first and last, I can't tell you, for he kept his books in his hat, but I knew the man and am morally certain that he never collared more than fifty per cent, or maybe sixty per cent, of Joe's earnings. If this seems a large cut, then don't forget that many of the other pug managers of the time took seventy per cent, or even eighty; indeed, there were some who took all, less enough, of course, to victual their boys and keep them housed and clothed. Joe's own share was surely considerable, for when he retired from the ring for the first of his fifteen times he had saved enough to open a gaudy night club in Baltimore—the first black-and-tan resort the town had ever seen. To be sure, it blew up quickly and Joe, after a dozen other such ventures, died in a low state, financially speaking, but nevertheless the money he lost had passed through his hands.

Al taught him a lot, not only about the business of boxing but also about the carriage and conduct of a professional man, and Joe became widely known as the most gentlemanly pugilist then on earth. His manners were those of a lieutenant of the Guards in old Vienna, and many managers sent their white boys to him to observe and learn. When he was shovelled away at last, Al undertook the tutelage of a colored boxer named Young Peter Jackson, a heavyweight. Peter was an apt pupil and soon became famous for his *politesse*. Unhappily, he lacked Joe's natural grace, and was in fact a squat, clumsy fellow with a coal-black hide and a shaven head. Once he made a tour of England under the eye of an English manager named Jolly Jumbo, and the sports were so delighted by his suave ways that on his return to America they chipped in money for a farewell present. Jolly Jumbo was deputed to select it. Forgetting Peter's depilated poll, he chose a set of gold-mounted military brushes.

—H. L. Mencken



"Mr. Wilson can get rid of you now, Mr. Olson."

•

She turned the car into the Fifty-seventh Street entrance to Central Park.—*From a story by Jerome Weidman in Decision.*

Scattering Bergdorf Goodman as she went.

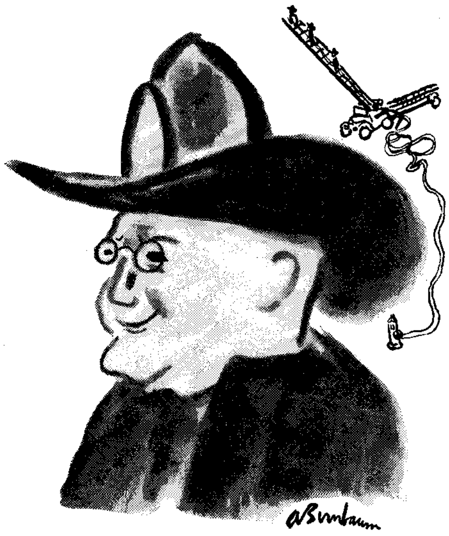
PROFILES

THE CHIEF

THE rise of Patrick Walsh to the position of Fire Chief of New York City is a triumph of will over pinochle. Nearly all fire-fighters enter the Department with a restless urge to advance, but it is the unfortunate truth that before long the majority of them fall victim to the fireman's worst occupational hazard, pinochle, giving the game the leisure time they might better devote to study. Walsh, a career fireman of forty years' service, has always been able to enjoy pinochle without letting it get the upper hand, and his progress in the Department has been steady. He was appointed head of the Department last May by Mayor LaGuardia, who had just fired Chief John J. McElligott after a group of merchants had accused seven fire inspectors under him of accepting gratuities. In naming a successor, the Mayor indicated that because of the incendiary times he had chosen a man who knew first of all how to put out a fire. The eleven thousand officers and men of the Fire Department seem to be in something close to solid agreement that the Mayor picked the right man.

When a fireman has achieved the eminence of chief, he does not ordinarily continue to answer alarms in person. Most local chiefs have been content to sit in a large, comfortable office and keep in touch with the situation by telephone. Walsh believes that in a period of crisis a fireman's place is beside his fire. His own office, in the Municipal Building on Chambers Street, though a large and comfortable place, is equipped with a bell similar to those used in the city's three hundred and fifty-nine firehouses. Every alarm that sounds in the firehouses is tapped out simultaneously on the Chief's bell. The number and grouping of the taps reveal to him, as to any experienced fireman, the location of the fire. Walsh's demeanor undergoes a radical alteration after an alarm has sounded on his bell. His nose is elevated several inches in the air, as if he were sniffing for smoke, and his ears seem to be cocked for extraordinary sounds. At the same time he starts reviewing aloud, for his own benefit, whatever he knows about the neighborhood of the fire. Of Irish birth, he speaks in a thick brogue that has a peculiar cast on account of his having lived at various times in several widely separated areas of New York. "Be jingoes," he is likely to say, "Updike and Newbury. The saints defend us. There's a gasoline drum there, empty lot, across the street Potter's Warehouse. Wind's from the east, sparks to the station on the corner, heaven forbid, and into the tenements. Take two pumpers and a hook-and-ladder, move in from the east and wet down the stuff on the west—" His discourse may be interrupted at this point by a second alarm, and if this happens, it is generally all the alarm he needs. He grabs his hat and coat, rushes through his outer office, and heads for the street. He jumps into the red limousine with which the Department provides him and arouses his dozing chauffeur. As the car swings out into traffic, Walsh begins changing his costume. He keeps his boots, uniform, and helmet on the back seat, and while he gets into these he maintains a flow of directions to his chauffeur, who not only has to drive and to listen to Walsh but has to operate the car's bell by hand. "Not there!" Walsh will cry. "It's a dead end, man. Into the alley! On the right! On the right! Now down to the wharf and right again. *Drive*, man, drive like the Old Horny was after you. *Watch* that pushcart!" While these admonitions are being given, Walsh may be in a semi-recumbent position on the back seat, waving his legs in the air, struggling to pull his boots on, and banging from one side of the car to the other as it rounds corners at a fast clip. His sparse, iron-gray hair stands up, his face gets brick red, and he begins to look a little like a two-alarm fire himself.

Walsh at a fire is a sight to warm the heart of the most blasé citizen. Occasionally, when his car pulls up at the scene, the Chief, by this time accoutred in his firehouse finery, lands running at full tilt and disappears without preliminary into the burning edifice. Sometimes he pauses briefly to pick up a hose en route. He emerges every five or ten minutes to issue orders. Walsh is able to size up a fire almost instantly, and his decisions are greatly respected by his men. They nevertheless worry a good deal about his safety. It has been noted with pride by one officer in the Department that the Chief has never appeared in one of the stock newspaper photographs of firemen with ice-covered helmets, simply because ice doesn't get a chance to form on Walsh's helmet. Unlike many of his predecessors, particularly those of the hose-cart era, Walsh usually addresses his subordinates in patient, gentle tones, even in times of great stress. However, conspicuous examples of blundering or soldiering will cause him to erupt with gaudy blasts of Irish billingsgate, and he is then given no further provocation for some time to come. There was recently a fire whose exact location in a rambling building was still unknown to the firemen at the time the Chief arrived. Smoke was pouring out of all the windows and doors, and the firemen, wheezing and gasping, were directing streams of water at the façade. As usual, Walsh disappeared from the public view upon arrival. Five minutes later, his round, ruddy, steel-bespectacled countenance was thrust out of a sixth-story window and his modulated voice floated down to the busy gathering below. "Lads," he said, "would you mind coming up here with a hose and putting out the fire?"



Patrick Walsh

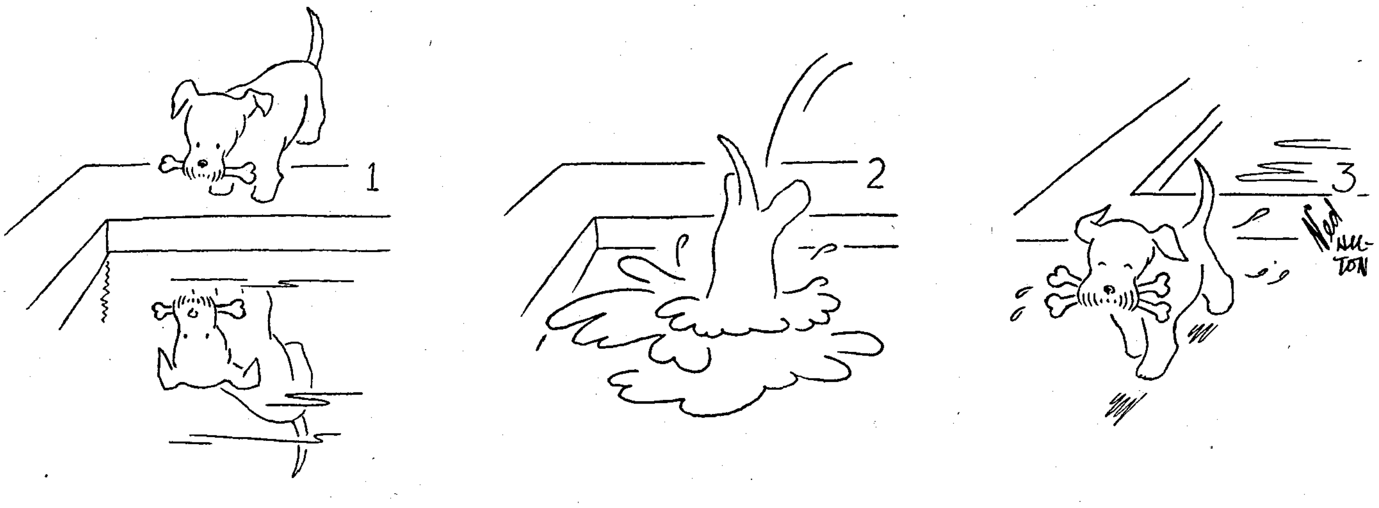
WALSH is not only the city's Fire Chief but also its Fire Commissioner. Traditionally, the jobs have been held by two men. The position of Commissioner has always been an appointive office, whereas the selection of the Chief, before the time of Walsh, was decided by a competitive Civil Service examination. In Walsh's case, the Mayor was able to obtain a waiver of the examination from the Civil Service Commission. "Who knows enough about fires to examine a fire chief?" he asked the Civil Service people, and they were stumped. He went ahead and appointed Walsh Commissioner and told him to select his own fire chief. To the surprise of practically nobody, the new chief turned out to be Walsh. It is often difficult for Walsh to distinguish between his two offices. In each rôle, of course, he gets a good deal of mail, and most of this he carries on his person. His clothes have been described as one of the most important filing cabinets in the Department. He has been thinking lately of segregating the documents he carries, so that those having to do with the commissionerhood will be in the pockets on his right side and those with his chiefhood on his left, but so far nothing has come of this. Some phases, at least, of the fire business fall neatly under one heading or the other. The matter of transferring firemen from one station to another, for instance, gives Walsh little trouble; as Chief, he makes recommendations for transfers, and as Commissioner, he can, if he wishes, accept the recommendations and transfer the men. He draws only one salary, the Commissioner's, which is $12,500 a year, a wage that Walsh considers very fair and a cheering improvement over his initial remuneration from the Department, which was $66 a month.

Walsh received the call to hose and ladder relatively late in life. He was not one of those children who dream of growing up to be a fireman. His childhood was spent largely in dreaming about how to grow up not to be a farmer. He was born in 1873 in County Tipperary, Ireland, where his father ran a pub, a general store, and a couple of farms. Soon after young Patrick learned to walk, he was set to walking behind a plow. Though not fond of this type of exercise, he continued to take it until his fifteenth year, when he and his father had a disagreement over their theories of farm management. The father was of the opinion that the bulk of farm work should be done by hand, while the son had a warm feeling for machinery. When the senior Walsh refused bluntly to buy a reaper that would have saved Patrick a few steps, the youngster set his face toward America. With a couple of pounds he had saved up from his labors, he bought steerage passage on an antique tub and, after an immoderately rough voyage, brought up at Castle Garden, the predecessor of Ellis Island. " 'Twas 1888, the year of the great blizzard," he says, "and what a snow that was! I didn't see it meself—landed too late—but it was on every man's tongue, and it was nothing but praise they had for it." Walsh arrived in America without money or influence, and for a while it appeared that he might settle down permanently in Castle Garden. In those days immigrants who arrived here without a substantial amount of money were not allowed to leave the immigration station until called for by friends or relatives. Walsh had neither on this side. "Hour after hour I sat," he recalls, "and never a word was spoke for me. Finally, from the end of the hall, a lady's sweet voice called out, 'Patrick, Patrick, are you there?' 'Mither of mine, I come,' I replied, and I arose and departed. I was gone before they knew what had happened."

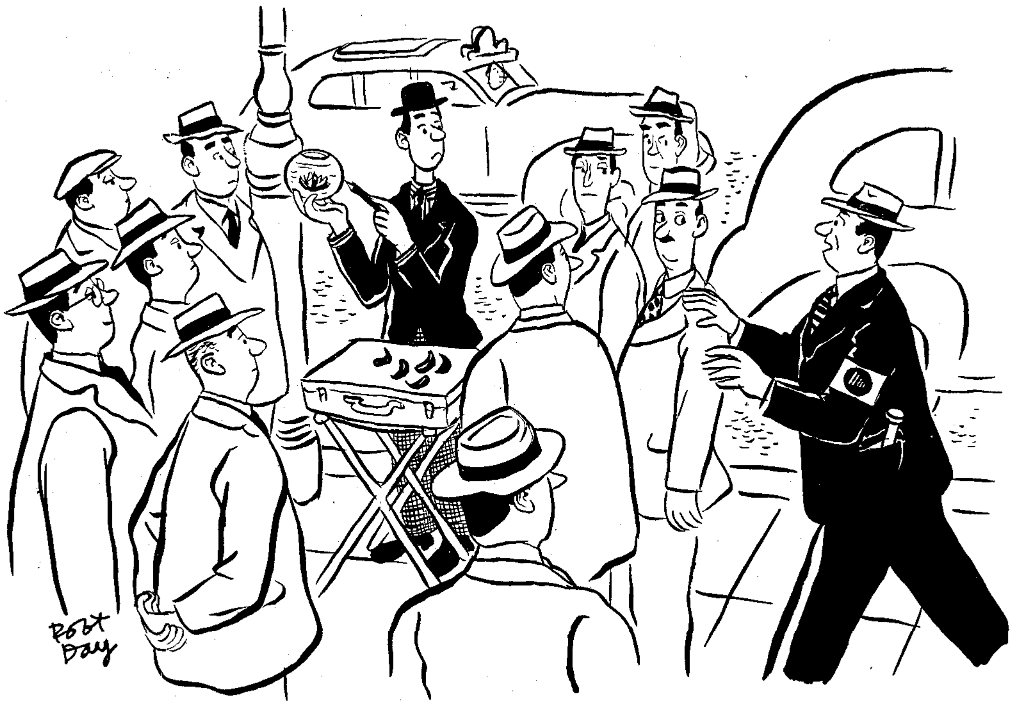
After a brief but discouraging season of job-hunting, Walsh had the misfortune to sign up as a hand on a Staten Island farm. He got up briskly every morning at two-thirty, milked twelve cows, chopped a binful of wood, fed the chickens, curried the horses, and spent the rest of the day cutting hay. He received fifty cents a day for this activity and often wondered why he had left Ireland. When, five months after Walsh got the job, the owner of the farm expressed satisfaction with his work and offered to raise him to eighty cents a day, he quit. Today he remembers his farewell to the bucolic scene with considerable satisfaction. "I says to meself, 'To the devil with farming, and may me hand wither before ever I clutch another cow by the udder.' " He registered at an employment agency in New York and got work as a gardener on the estate of a wealthy family in Montclair. The family kept no cows, and Walsh was fairly content for a year and a half. Then the lure of the sea began to get him, and he landed a job as deckhand on a Brooklyn-Manhattan ferryboat. Before long his ambition to rise overcame the romance of seafaring, and he was drydocked as a toll-collector, at the imposing salary of $75 a month.

Even this advancement did not leave Walsh really happy; in a few months he was brooding about returning to Ireland. One day he happened to mention his dissatisfaction and his intention of going back home to one of his regular ferryboat customers, a Mrs. Thomas Foley. She suggested that he go to see her husband, who operated a popular beer joint and snack bar on the lower East Side. Walsh called on Mr. Foley, who put him to work as a combination bartender and waiter. Walsh was delighted. As the result of his early intimacy with his father's pub, he had a thorough knowledge of the saloon business, and the work was like play to him. Also, he felt that at last he was getting close to that fine urban gaiety from which he had felt so far removed on Staten Island.

Foley's saloon, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, was a hangout for some of the leading figures in Tammany politics. The talk there often turned to the Fire Department and to fire-fighting. In the midst of a conversation one afternoon, Foley waved toward his bartender, who was hoisting a two-hundred-pound beer keg, and remarked, "Gentlemen, there's a fine figure for a fireman." The assembled politicians nodded, and one of them added, as Walsh now remembers, "It's a job for a man, Paddy. Up and down the ladders day and night with nothing but a prayer to guide you. You'll



not die rich but you'll raise your family and keep bread in their mouths." Walsh, who was planning to be married to Miss Mary Ryan, a Tipperary neighbor who had just come to this country with her family, set down the beer keg and pondered. It was his hope to raise a large family, and he had an earnest desire to keep bread in their mouths. Under the guidance of Foley and his friends, he made an application to enter the Fire Department. His first try was unsuccessful; his height (five feet six and three-quarters) was inadequate, the minimum for firemen then being five feet seven. To his relief, the minimum was soon reduced to five feet six, and he was accepted.



"I must ask you to disperse. Large gatherings present attractive targets."

• •

WALSH, then twenty-eight, reported to Engine Company 7, at 104 Duane Street, on December 10, 1901. From the first, he was something of a puzzle to his mates, many of whom regarded a fire merely as an interesting respite from pinochle. The new man, although he was no drone and occasionally played a game or two, made it clear that his first love was his work. His attitude at fires was competitive in the extreme. If another fireman beat him inside a burning building, he was likely to be downcast for the rest of the day. One of his old colleagues in Engine Company 7 said recently, "Paddy fought fires like he was killing snakes. He would give up the nozzle to no man." It became an accepted fact that when in action he was to be found disturbingly near the flames. One time in 1902, during a destructive fire in a warehouse of the Boston Excelsior Company, a bale of excelsior came tumbling down from the flaming building and struck a fireman on the head, killing him instantly. Nobody was very much surprised when it developed that Walsh was sitting on the bale when it descended. He was unhurt. On another occasion, not long afterward, Walsh was mistaken for a near corpse. He and his company had gone to a bad blaze in a store on Duane Street. When they arrived, several of them jumped from the truck and battered in the front door. Just inside the building they were met by a terrific back draft that blew a couple of firemen clear out on the sidewalk. The crowd that had gathered gave a loud groan of horror, and one of its members, a physician of extraordinary courage, cried out, "I'll go in and help rescue the dying!" With a fire officer or two, he groped his way inside and started hauling out the bodies that were lying on the charred, water-soaked floor. As he seized one pair of legs and started to pull, he heard a roar of anger. It was Walsh, recumbent and a little groggy but with a fire hose still in his hand. "Man," he cried, "leave go of my legs! Can't you see I'm watering the fire?"

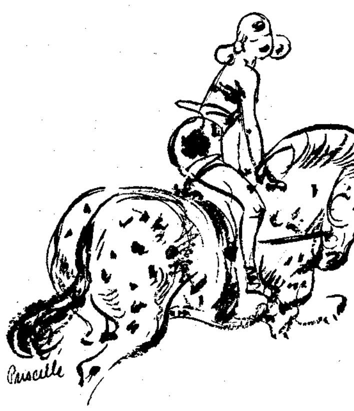
Around the station, Walsh was thoroughly unorthodox. He had a habit of writing poetry, and instead of trying to conceal this from his fellows, he flaunted it. After a few feeble attempts to kid him about his poetic bent, the other residents of Engine House 7 grew resigned to it, and finally even encouraged him. Having a capacious memory, Walsh was able to recite at length from the works of Walsh, and he often did so. He had the rare knack, much admired by all who knew him, of being able to knock out a few stanzas on practically any topic at a minute's notice. An early favorite from his pen was "The Bells of St. Paul," suggested to him by the pealing of church bells one day when he was riding down Fulton Street on an engine. Much appreciated, also, was his "Mother Dear," which dealt with the death in battle of an imaginary youth from Tipperary. Walsh wrote his poems on slips of paper, then quickly memorized them and threw the manuscripts on the engine-house floor. As his fame grew, his colleagues began to retrieve these holographs and keep them as possible collectors' items. There are quite a few in existence today. Walsh is now generally recognized as the poet laureate of the New York Fire Department. He has reduced his output since taking on the complex duties of Chief and Commissioner, but he still finds time for an occasional verse. Not long ago, at a dinner held at the Commodore in recognition of his forty years in the Department, he recited in its entirety a nine-stanza job he had just done on "Old Glory." It was printed in the *Herald Tribune*. The fifth stanza, which most of his friends consider the best, goes:

For when you took us to your breast
To make us free who were oppressed
When you could us exclude,
What cowardly vipers we should be
To dare betray such chivalry
By base ingratitude.

ALWAYS ambitious to get ahead, Walsh, from his rookie days on, spent a lot of time studying the theory of fire-fighting and preparing to take examinations for promotions in the Department. He became an engineer in four years, a captain in nine, a battalion chief in seventeen, a deputy chief in twenty-four, and won the post of Assistant Chief in 1926. In this last capacity he headed the Bureau of Fire Prevention; he completely reorganized its filing and accounting systems, an improvement so noteworthy that he was presented with a decoration known as the Department Medal. From time to time, Walsh has picked up a good many medals. In 1914 he received the Bonner Medal for extraordinary valor. The action which won him this honor took place in an open lot on Water Street, where several hundred barrels of gasoline were stored. On an unusually hot day in June of that year, the gasoline inexplicably caught fire. Walsh, who then had the rank of captain, responded to the alarm with his company. A Lieutenant Harry Schoener, carrying a hose, was trapped in the middle of the barrels. Trying to escape, he fell down and was enveloped in flame. Walsh charged through the burning oil, hoisted Schoener to his shoulders, and made his way back out to the street, although most of his own clothing was on fire by the time he got there. Schoener was badly burned but recovered after several months in the hospital; Walsh was only slightly singed. The Chief would have a lot more medals, his associates say, if he had ever been interested in writing out the reports the Department's Board of Merit requires before it makes its annual awards. Walsh, always eloquent when writing up his subordinates, neglected to bother with his own exploits. "What's a medal?" he would ask indignantly when the Board inquired about these oversights. "I can't wear it to a fire, can I?"

Walsh, now sixty-eight, weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, a good part of which is in his shoulders. His short stature, combined with his overweight shoulders, gives him a slightly simian appearance. From the rear and at a distance, he looks like a well-tailored chimpanzee. There is nothing remarkable about his face except that it is so patently Irish. Round, meaty, genial, rosy-hued, it is as unmistakably indigenous to Ireland as the shillelagh, and just about as hard to dent. Walsh has kept himself in trim by taking systematic exercise in addition to fighting fires, an activity which in itself would stagger the average athlete. Until he was in his middle forties, Walsh had a considerable reputation in Irish-American Rugby and hurley circles, and later he became a powerful performer on the handball court. Nowadays he finds time for handball only occasionally, but he still performs a morning ritual which is designed to strengthen both his legs and his spirit. Going to work from his home in Brooklyn, he has his chauffeur stop the car at the approach to Brooklyn Bridge, and he gets out and walks across, while the chauffeur goes on to headquarters. Sometimes, if the sea air is particularly invigorating, Walsh will fall into a casual trot. Friends who have seen him have been known to yell from a car window, "Where you going, Paddy—to a fire?" Walsh doesn't mind.

The Chief arrives at his office every morning at about nine o'clock. He hangs his hat and coat on a rack near the door, so he can snatch them without delay in case of a big fire, and settles down to his mail. Just now his mail is especially voluminous. A few months ago he was appointed Fire Defense Coördinator for the New York area by the Mayor, who was then head of the OCD, and fire chiefs all over the country have written in to ask him what to do about incendiary bombs, blackout dangers, vulnerable water pipes, and the effect of rhythmic dancing on shaky tenements. Walsh is able to answer most of the questions without much trouble. He has been very busy in his defense job. His first big step as coördinator was to begin the training of sixty thousand volunteer auxiliary firemen to serve with the force in the event of bombings or other military emergencies. One group of twenty-five thousand, which assembled at firehouses all over the city to learn about first aid, the various types of bombs, fire equipment, rescue work, and numerous other things, completed its course a few weeks



RECRUIT

He is the man who awoke one morning
into his bright, ordinary world,
closed the door behind him,
and left his house never to return.

War was new to him: war
was a word, like love, which was learned
only by its movement, its moment of light,
teaching without error.

Departure to another country
was new to him: no map or trail,
no shining road with neon arrow;
only the voice, flowing from within,
the compulsion greater than trumpets,
telling him, leading him over water eastward.

Violence and death too
were new to him. They could be learned
only by entering, and death particularly
was too swift to study.

Nevertheless, this is the man
who acted on his chosen day,
who put on his good remaining suit,
left a brief explanatory note.

The moment for him had come
to leave behind the image in the mirror,
and cut the crucial cord,
and walk into the warring outer world.

He is the thousand of his kind.
From all areas of inertia and theory
they converge toward the moment of action,
where Time has lost its customary clocks
and the distribution of rifles begins.

—Norman Rosten

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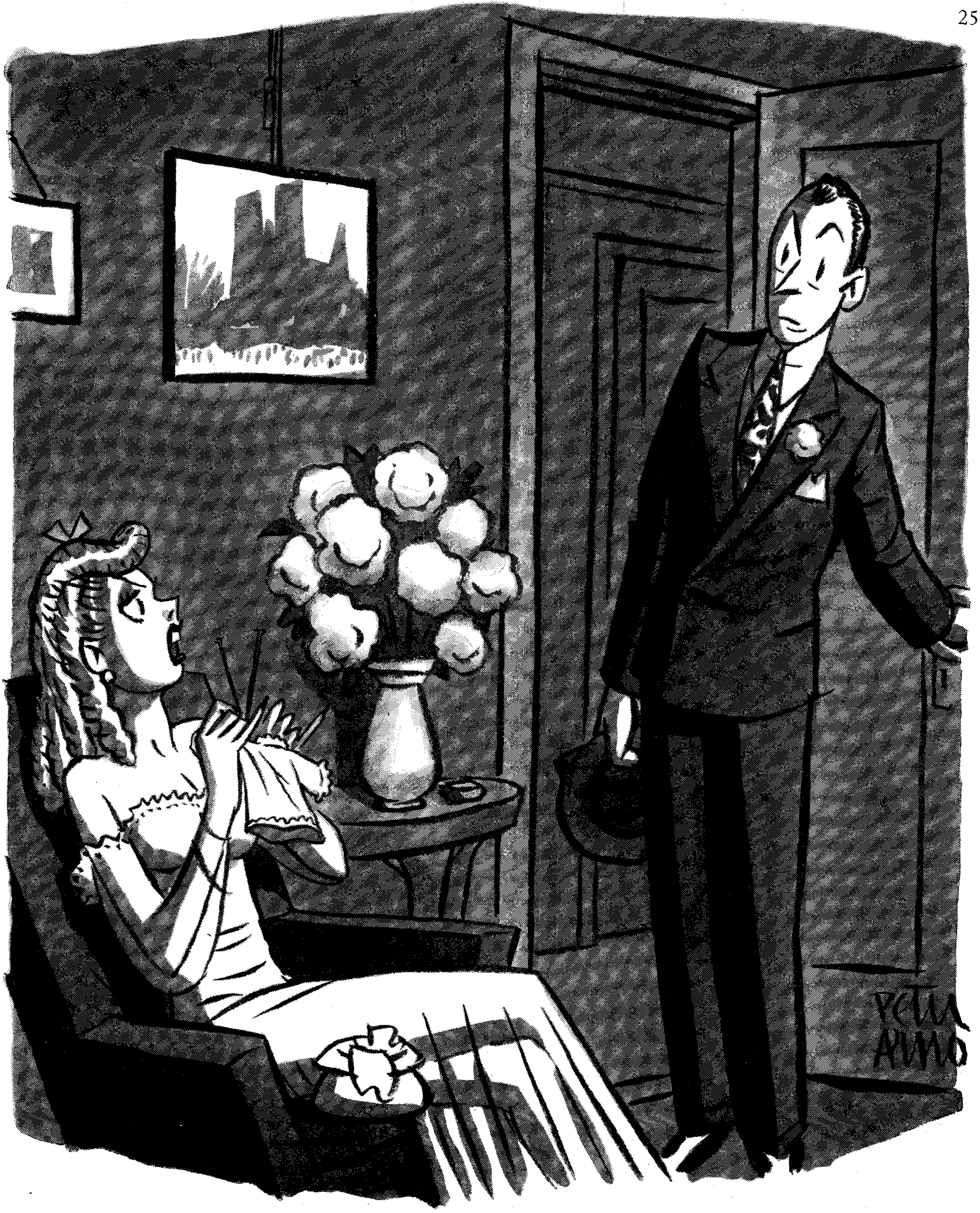
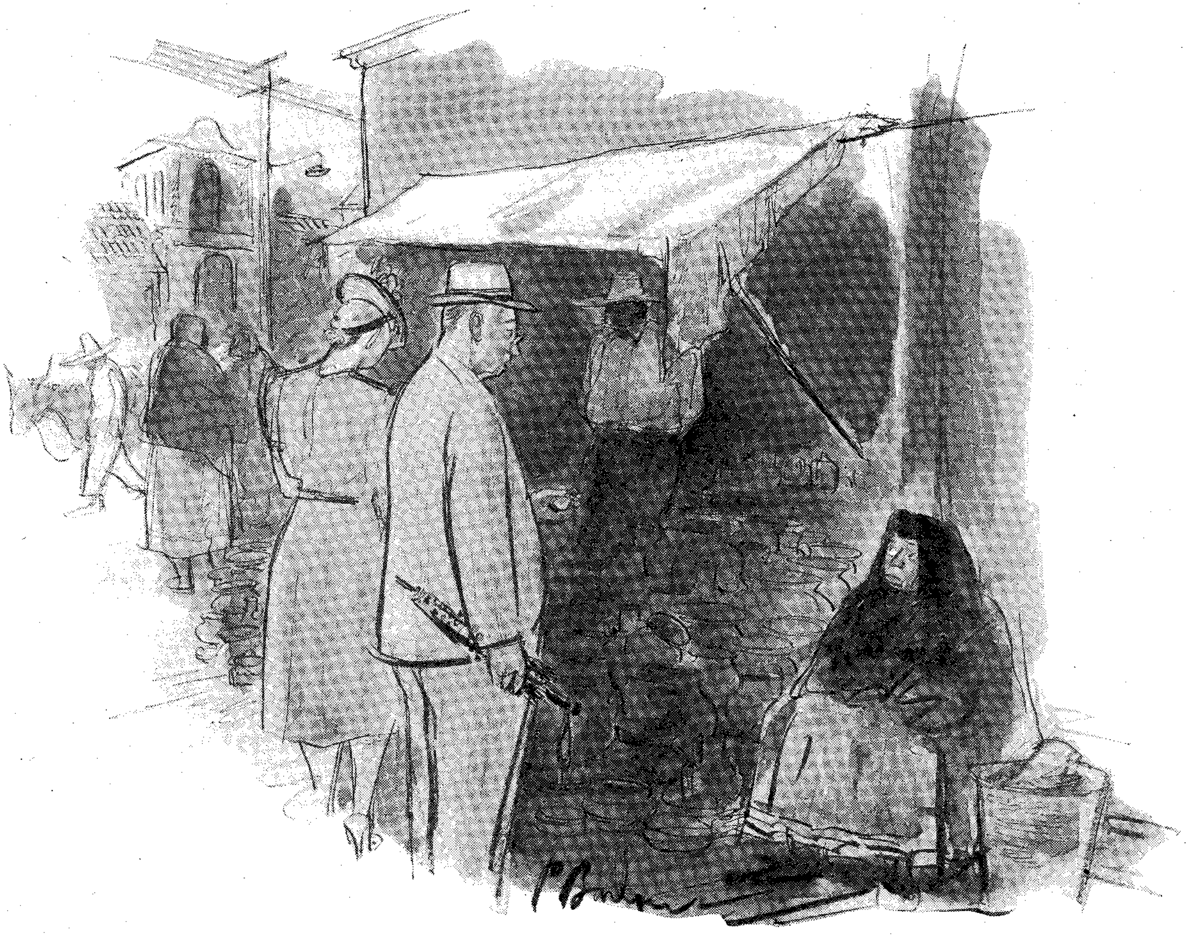


"Whaddya mean 'surprise'? We're married, aren't we?"

• •

ago; another group of thirty-five thousand will be graduated soon. The volunteers are being taught by members of the Department, many of them ordinary firemen. The teachers in turn have been getting their education in wartime fire-fighting methods in various ways. They have attended special classes at the Fire College of New York, which is run by the Department, and a number have been taking a course at the government arsenal in Edgewood, New Jersey. Not long ago, three officers went to England and spent two months watching the firemen there work during air raids. Since their return, they have been spreading the gospel throughout the Department. Walsh and his subordinates have worked out several elaborate plans that are calculated to cover any war emergency. For instance, they have studied the location and depth below ground of all the city water mains and devised a quick means of repairing any



"Is there any place around here where I could listen to Edwin C. Hill?"

• •

of them in case of a break. It is fortunate, they say, that the mains coming into the city are down as far as seven hundred feet and will be a little difficult for raiders to get at, unless they stop to sink a shaft. So far, there has been every reason to believe that the Chief's plans will work; during some recent fire drills arranged by the Mayor, Walsh and about half the equipment in the downtown area arrived at a rendezvous at City Hall within eleven minutes after the first air-raid alarm had sounded.

WALSH is by nature a sociable man, talkative and enthusiastic. He finds it impossible to refuse to see the numerous visitors who call at his office every day on one idle mission or another. Many of them are out-of-towners who used to chase fire wagons in their youth and never quite managed to get over it. Interviews with them tend to follow a pattern. Walsh's secretary will poke her head in his room and say, "There's a man named Hawkins waiting out here to see you, Chief." Walsh will shuffle through the papers on his desk, look harassed, and ask, "What's his business?" The girl will answer, "I don't know. He says he's got a letter to you from somebody or other." Walsh generally heaves a loud sigh and says, "Show him in." A second later, Mr. Hawkins comes beaming through the door, his left hand clutching a letter and his right hand stretched out in friendly greeting. "Chief Walsh, I've got a letter here from Fire Chief Morgan in St. Louis. I'm from St. Louis myself, in the building line out there. My name's Hawkins, Barclay T. Hawkins, and I'm the senior air-raid warden of the Ninth Precinct there. I've always had an interest in fire-fighting. It's kind of a hobby of mine [chuckling]. Matter of fact, I was a member of the St. Louis Volunteer Fire Department in 1911—the year of your Triangle Shirtwaist factory fire, if I'm not mistaken."

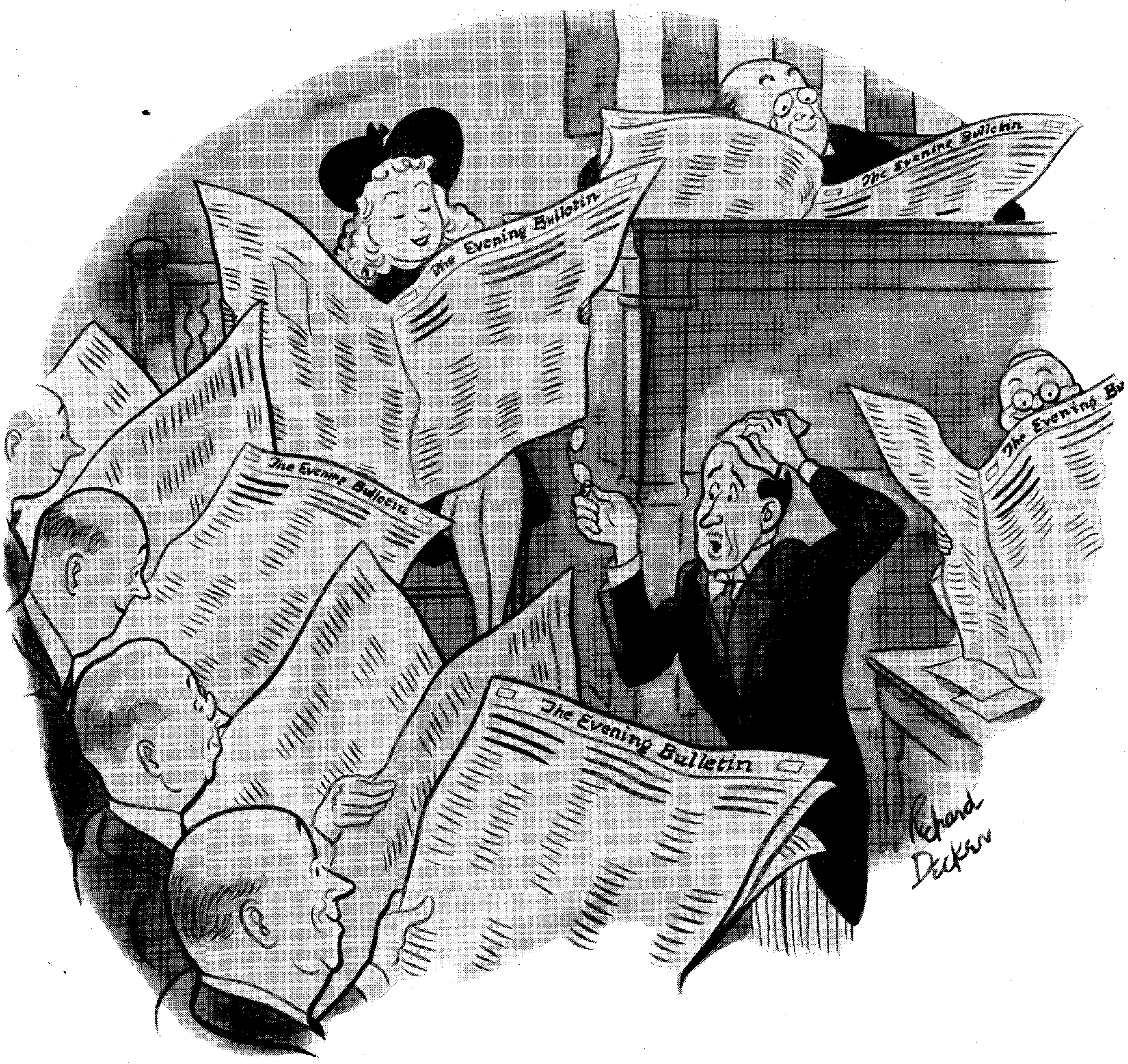
"How's that?" says Walsh, beginning to come to life.

"I was saying the Triangle Shirtwaist factory fire in 1911," Mr. Hawkins says. "Quite a blaze."

"Now, man," Walsh answers, "now you're talking about a fire. Yes, the Triangle Shirtwaist. I was there, one of the first to arrive. What a bloody mess, what a real bloody mess that was!" And then he reminisces for fifteen or twenty minutes about the Triangle Shirtwaist affair. He thinks this fire, in which a hundred and forty-five persons, mostly girls in their teens, lost their lives, is the worst tragedy in his experience. "You should thank the Holy Mother you didn't see it," he often tells people. "It was that sad."

Walsh, on the other hand, recalls some fires with pleasure. He has always been gratified that he was one of the crew that New York sent to the great Baltimore Fire of 1904. He was working over a sonnet in the engine house at midnight of February 7th when a call came from headquarters: "Proceed to the Liberty Street ferry forthwith." "Be jingoes!" Walsh says he cried. "We're going to Jersey." He was delighted at the prospect of a trip, but he was not quite prepared for such an extended one. He helped load a number of horses into freight cars and several pieces of equipment onto flatcars and went to Baltimore, where he spent seventy-two consecutive hours fighting a citywide fire in zero weather. Walsh, then a youngster in the Department, distinguished himself. If it had not been for his mechanical skill, the New York apparatus would have been useless. After the trucks had been unloaded in Baltimore and rushed to the burning area, it was discovered that their hoses wouldn't fit the hydrants. It was a tough problem, but Walsh overcame it by ingeniously grafting some Baltimore couplings onto the New York hoses, and the visitors were able to get into action. The Chief is only moderate in his praise of the Baltimore Fire. He admits that it was something of an event but exercises restraint when talking about it, because of civic pride. He has seen fires just as interesting right here at home.

Walsh regards the fire at Pier 27 on the Brooklyn waterfront last August as the most satisfactory that he can remember, because of the speed with which it was extinguished. Officers of the Department say that the Chief handled it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Eves.: 8:40. Mats.: Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A CASCADE OF COLOR, MUSIC AND THEATRICAL DELIGHT!"
—*Richard Lockridge, Sun*
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in the Musical Hit
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN, 52 St. W. of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A PERFECT COMEDY"—*ATKINSON, Times*
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
EMPIRE Theatre

OLSEN & JOHNSON
In Their New Crazy Musical
SONS O'FUN
CARMEN MIRANDA · ELLA LOGAN
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

"Miss George is a joy."—*BROWN, World-Telegram*
"Mr. Smith is a rare delight."—*WATTS, Her. Trib.*
GRACE GEORGE and C. AUBREY SMITH in
Spring Again
PLAYHOUSE THEA. 48th St., E. of B'way. BR 9-2628
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40.

"A honey for your money."—*Winchell*
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
BEST FOOT FORWARD
with ROSEMARY LANE
Book by JOHN CECIL HOLM • Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN & RALPH BLANE
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

WHARTON and GABEL present
HYMIE of *Cafe Crown*
the town's favorite!
CORT THEATRE

with spectacular skill. The fire was declared under control within thirty-five minutes after he arrived. As on other occasions, Walsh resorted to unusual tactics. Upon arriving at the fire, he saw quickly that if the wind should change, the whole borough would be threatened, so he stepped up the water pressure from 125 to 175 pounds, which made the hoses extremely difficult to handle, then pressed into service, as volunteer firemen, all of the longshoremen in the neighborhood. "Together, we knocked it right out in the water," he says, "but it gives me the shakes to think what a fire that might have been."

Walsh and Mayor LaGuardia arrived at the Brooklyn fire almost simultaneously. Generally the Chief beats the Mayor to fires, but only by a small margin. There is no question of rivalry involved; Walsh is pleased at his boss's interest in fire-fighting and has great respect for his courage, though he often worries over the possibility of the Mayor's getting burned up. Not long ago, a couple of insurance men, in the line of what they considered business, rushed into the basement of a burning building that was, according to Walsh, about to collapse. Walsh and the Mayor were standing nearby. Walsh roared out angrily, "We'll have to get those fools out of there! They'll be trapped!" At these words, the Mayor drew back for a short running start and disappeared into the basement himself. Walsh had to go down and persuade all three men to come out.

For several reasons besides his outstanding courage and his skill at sizing up fires, Walsh is regarded with unusual reverence by his subordinates. For one thing, they take great pride in his unorthodox technique of combatting fires in buildings. Instead of directing water on a structure from two or three sides, as is customary among fire-fighters everywhere, Walsh advocates approaching it from one side only, and always with the wind. "This blows the smoke out of the place," he says, "and the lads can get in to water it." The old method, he thinks, tends to keep the fire burning in the centre of the building. Another reason, perhaps equally important, for his being held in such high esteem is his conspicuous piety and all-round religious zeal. He goes to Mass every morning at six o'clock; he would sooner skip a day's work than skip Mass, and he has not had a sick leave since he joined the Department forty years ago, which is thought to be a record. In the Departmental files, Walsh's name is written "Patrick Walsh No. 1" to avoid

A THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTION
PAUL MUNI
in EMLYN WILLIAMS' PLAY
YESTERDAY'S MAGIC
with JESSICA TANDY
GUILD THEA. 52nd St. W. of B'way. CO 5-8229
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., $2.75 to $1.10

SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
GOLDEN Theatre, W. 45th St. Cl. 6-6740.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40

"Beautiful and exciting! . . . a smash hit."—*Richard Watts Jr., Her. Trib.*
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
George Gershwin's
PORGY AND BESS
MAJESTIC Thea., West 44th St. Cl. 6-0730
Eves. including Sunday. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

THE ALL AMERICAN 5-LETTER FEMALE AT WORK in
GUEST IN THE HOUSE
"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
PLYMOUTH Thea., 45th W. of B'way
Evs. inc. Sun. 8:40. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURES

JEAN GABIN
will electrify you in
"MOONTIDE"
his first Hollywood production!
Here is "A GREAT STAR IN A GREAT PICTURE!"
—Louella Parsons, N. Y. Journal-American
ALL-STAR PREMIERE
RIVOLI
WEDNESDAY EVE., APR. 29

Marlene DIETRICH • Fred MacMURRAY
"THE LADY IS WILLING"
Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
A Columbia Picture
Capitol
B'way & 51st Street

his being confused with three other Patrick Walshes in the Department. Around headquarters, this designation has come to be regarded as his title.

THE Chief lives very simply. He and his second wife (his first wife died several years ago and he later married her cousin, Miss Annie Ryan) have a five-room apartment at 99 Joralemon Street, in Brooklyn. They seldom go out, preferring to stay at home in the evenings and play cribbage. Now and then they go to a movie; Walsh shows a partiality for actors of Irish descent, James Cagney and Pat O'Brien being his favorites. He reads a good deal and memorizes poetry. After several years of study, he is able to recite, without a hitch, Longfellow's "Evangeline," a poem which he thinks has everything. He does not have a fire bell in his house, but the men on night duty at headquarters are instructed to notify him of all important fires; he turns out whenever he thinks he is needed. Outside of fire-fighting, the Chief's main interest is his family. One of his sons, Michael, is Secretary of State for New York; another, Joseph, is an attorney for the Sinclair Refining Company; and two others, John and Patrick, are priests. His daughter, Mary, is a nun. A fifth son, who died a few years ago, served as an orderly to President Wilson in the first World War. Walsh catches sight of him occasionally in an old newsreel. The Chief sees a good deal of his sons. They play handball together in the winter and go fishing in the summer, and generally the Chief can outdo them at either sport. Barring accidents, his friends feel, Walsh should be fighting fires in his usual vigorous manner for some time to come. Though he has had many close calls, he has been badly injured only once. A plate-glass window fell on him and made a terrible gash in the back of his right shoulder. Walsh was so engrossed in getting at the fire that he didn't know he had been hurt. "It's funny," he remarked to another fireman. "One of me boots is full of water and the other's as dry as toast." "Man," yelled the fireman, "it's blood! There's a piece of glass in your back as big as a sword." Walsh reluctantly allowed himself to be taken to a hospital, but he was back on the job the next day.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

•

THIS IS WAR

[*Headline in the Boston Herald*]

NEW HERALD COMIC STRIP
DEPICTS MACARTHUR'S LIFE

"Just relax, dear . . . you can have the North Star blanket tomorrow night."

WHY YOU MAY HAVE TROUBLE GETTING NORTH STAR BLANKETS TODAY

You've guessed it. Soldiers and sailors need all the wool we can lay our hands on for warm blankets and uniforms. Indeed, they need so much we simply cannot make any more new all-wool blankets for you . . . until further notice.

For this reason the North Star blankets you already own are more precious than ever. Be kind to them. When you switch to North Star Nocturnes this summer, store your winter blankets with extra care. And always observe these nine war time rules for making any blanket last longer. It's the patriotic thing to do.

★ WASH IN TEPID WATER—NEVER HOT

★ USE MILD SOAP CHIPS OR FLAKES

★ NEVER RUB BLANKETS—DOUSE 'EM

★ RINSE THREE TIMES IN FRESH WATER

★ AVOID DIRECT SUN WHEN DRYING

★ DON'T USE CLOTHESPINS—HANG OVER LINE

★ STRETCH BLANKETS OFTEN WHEN DRYING

★ NEVER IRON—JUST FOLD WHEN DRY

★ STORE BLANKETS IN MOTH-PROOF WRAPPING

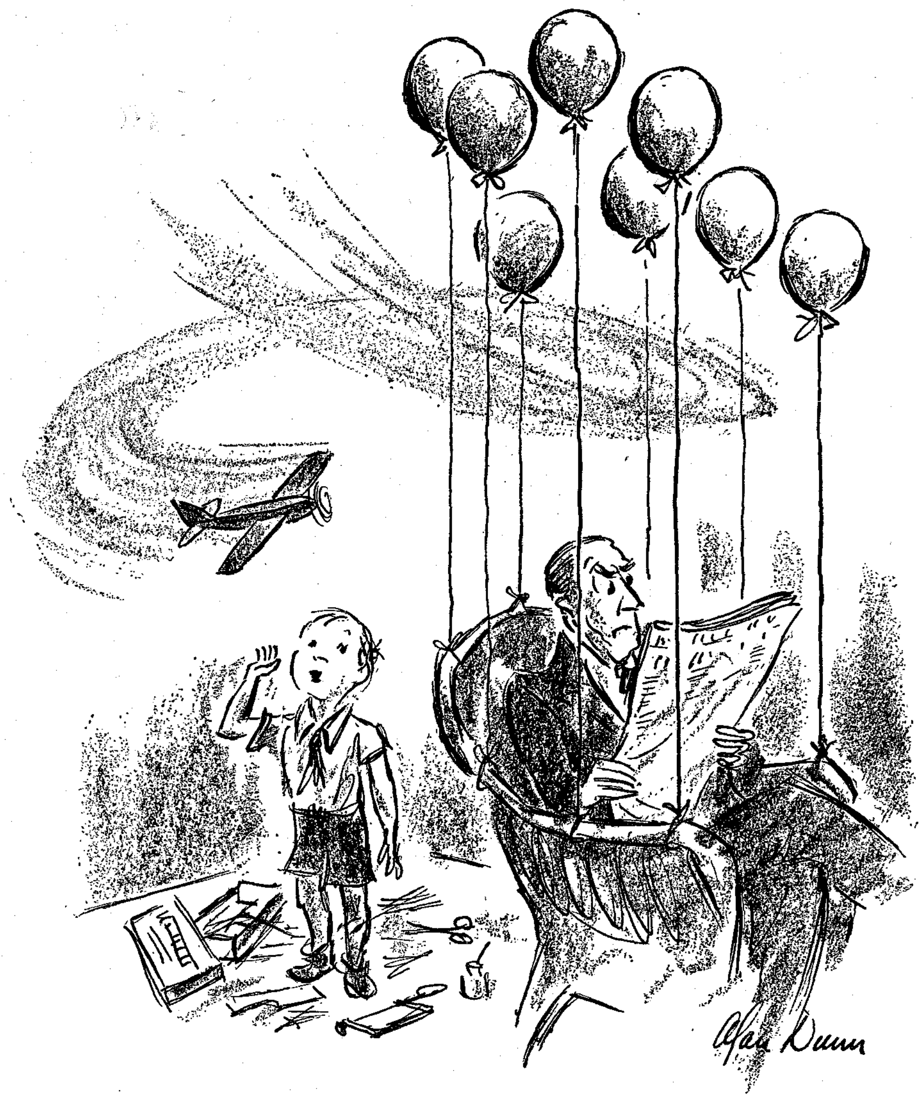
NORTH★STAR BLANKETS

THE THEATRE

TWO DOWN

THE New York Drama Critics Circle recently decided that no American work of art produced this winter was worthy to be designated as the best play of the season. It made no effort to determine the worst one, and this, in fact, is a tougher proposition than it sounds. The worst play, that is, must comply with almost as rigid a set of conditions as those that govern the best one. It shouldn't be, for instance, one of those grotesque pieces that defy all rational criticism and can't therefore be described as plays at all. It must, I should say, be a work of considerable pretension—written by a reputable author, offered by an established producer, and containing in its cast at least one or two actors of recognized ability. In reviewing this disastrous season, it is possible to think of many plays that answer this description. I recall offhand "Lily of the Valley," "Candle in the Wind," "Clash by Night," "The Land Is Bright," and, possibly, "The Moon Is Down," all of which were in their various ways enough to make your hair stand up. It remained, however, for something called "Yesterday's Magic," by Emlyn Williams, with Paul Muni, and sponsored by the Theatre Guild, to fulfill the terms of the contract in every conceivable particular.

Mr. Williams wrote "The Corn Is Green" and "Night Must Fall;" he has now contrived something about an aging and drunken actor who plans a triumphant return in (of all things) "King Lear" and inevitably manages to get himself drunk before the curtain goes up at (of all places) Covent Garden. For good measure, we are also given a crippled daughter (Jessica Tandy), a humorous landlady (Brenda Forbes), and a policeman directly out of "A Kiss for Cinderella" (Patrick Moore). The prose accompanying this abandoned exercise is just about what you'd expect, and Reginald Denham's direction reaches a peak of something or other during a scene in which Mr. Muni flirts with the idea of reading a script for what seems like fifteen minutes before he finally picks it up. Turned out to be something about the Duchess of Malfi, if I'm not mistaken. Of Mr. Muni's performance, I can only say that the vision of Zola, Pasteur, and Juarez revolving in their respective graves was so strong that I was obliged to withdraw from the Guild Theatre at the end of the second act, though not before I was convinced that the part of Lear is indeed unplayable. Miss Tandy, however, remained beautiful and fascinating in spite of her surgical boot, and Miss Forbes was sometimes extremely funny in one of those parts that can very easily drive you crazy. The others, for your information, included Alfred Drake, Margaret Douglass, and Cathleen Cordell.



THE week's other opening was called "Autumn Hill," a melodrama by Norma Mitchell and John Harris. Though of too modest a nature to be classed with "Yesterday's Magic," it was bad enough to satisfy the average man. The plot dealt with a young counterfeiter and his female accomplice, who managed to move in on a nice old lady and then proceeded to turn out bum twenty-dollar bills in her basement. By a combination of circumstances I have no intention of explaining, one of these showed up in the collection plate at the local church, and presently it became necessary to murder the minister, a pipe-smoker and a bore. From here on in, practically everything happened, though nothing, I'm afraid, of the slightest possible interest. Beth Merrill, William Roerick, and Jack Effrat had important rôles in this small disaster at the Booth, and I hope the future holds happier things for them all.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

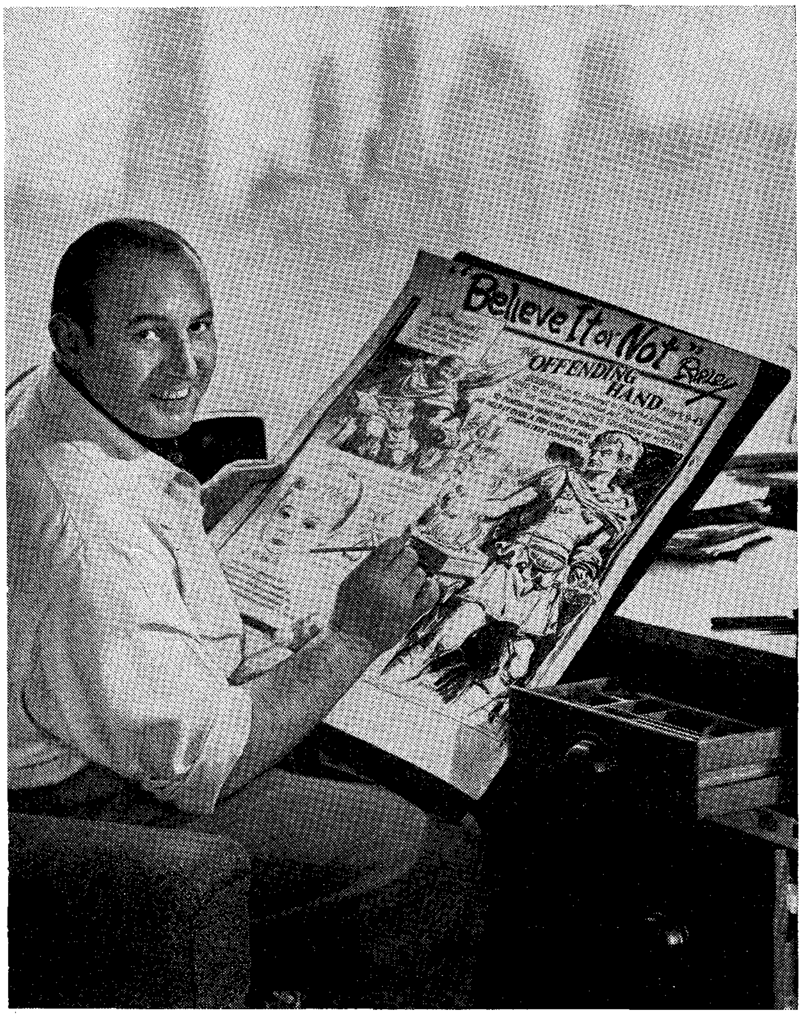
THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*Lines from an A.P. news ticker*]

BOTH HOUSES AGREED ON THE BROAD MEASURE CONFERRING POWERS TO EXPEDITE THE WAR ON THE PRESIDENT AND FEDERAL AGENCIES.

"My beer is RHEINGOLD — the DRY beer!"

SAYS Robert Ripley


Believe It or Not by Ripley
OFFENDING HAND

1. **"Behind every** 'Believe it or not!' " says Robert Ripley, "lie long hours of research and work at the drawing board. And when I'm through, I'm fagged out—and *thirsty!*"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE

2. **"My first move** then," adds Ripley, "is to my home bar. And the fact that I've had it ON TAP for years tells you, better than words, that *my* beer is *Rheingold—the* DRY *Beer!"*

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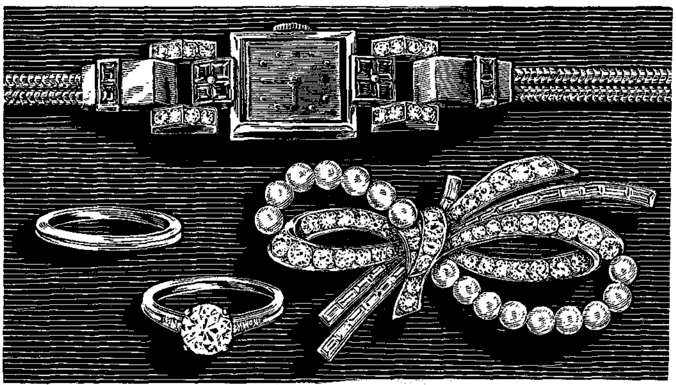

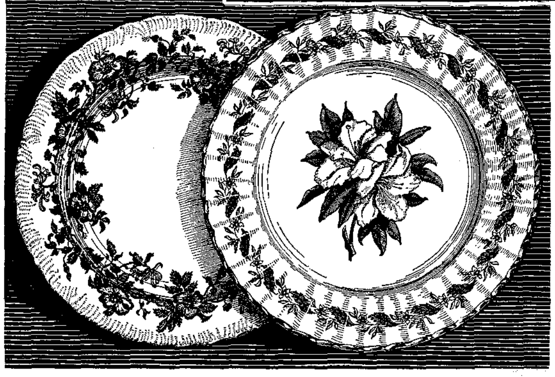

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WEDGWOOD EARTHENWARE	20.
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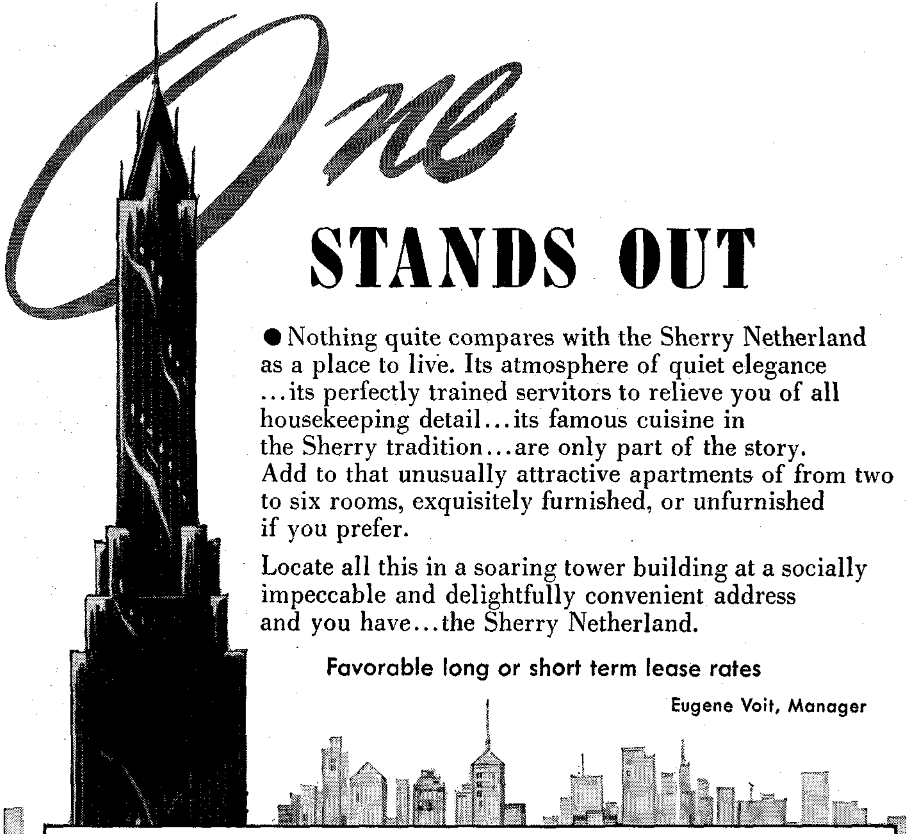

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BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS

OF ALL THINGS

SOONER or later, Americans always manage to pay their social obligations. We have finally got around to returning the call made on Pearl Harbor last December.

•

Our first hint of the bombing of Japanese cities came in the form of a laughing denial that any such thing had happened. The Tokio liar department is never caught napping.

•

The reinstatement of the discredited Pierre Laval gives us some idea of the grave shortages which exist in Nazified Europe. When Hitler needed a ruler for France, he had to go to the garbage can.

•

The melting of the Russian snows has brought a sad disappointment to the Nazi troops. They have found no trace of the offensive which they lost there five months ago.

•

Dr. Goebbels has decreed that the month of May shall be devoted to politeness and good humor. Presumably sourpusses will be properly dealt with by the fun-loving Gestapo.

•

There is probably no truth in the rumor that Mussolini has lost his mind. We know for a fact there is one fellow he is not crazy about.

•

There is to be a house-to-house canvass for the sale of War Bonds. When the doorbell rings, it will not be the Fuller Brush man but Henry Morgenthau.

•

Father Coughlin ought to be glad about one thing. Of all the blessings that we have been asked to give up, the one which pains our people least is *Social Justice*.

•

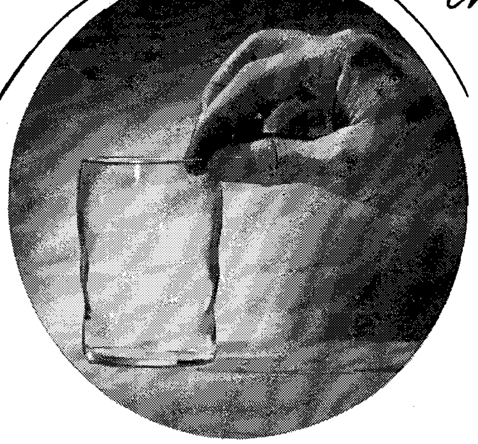
Congressmen are wondering where they can get tires for use during the campaign. It would be pretty terrible if they had to walk for reëlection.

•

Nylon has begun to replace silk in our paper currency and Treasury officials say nobody notices the difference. For one thing, a bill goes away before you have time to examine it.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

The army behind the army enlists *the Libbey Safedge*



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Libbey Safedge Glassware plays its part in serving defense workers. Because the Libbey Safedge makes the thin-blown glasses a practical economy, even eating places inside industrial plants can enjoy this more pleasing service. The tiny beaded rim, so kind to lips, is kind to maintenance budgets, too. It prevents chipping and makes possible clear, sparkling glassware on tables everywhere. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo.

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Libbey GLASSWARE with the Original *Safedge*

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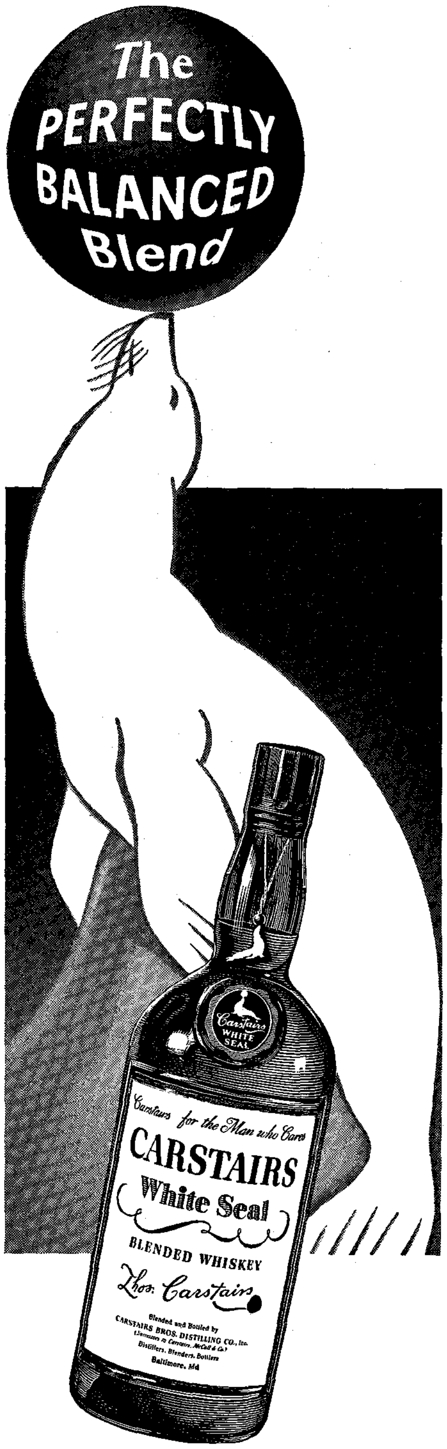

Discover the favorite whiskey of metropolitan connoisseurs . . . The Perfectly Balanced Blend . . . at a Budget-Balancing Price.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

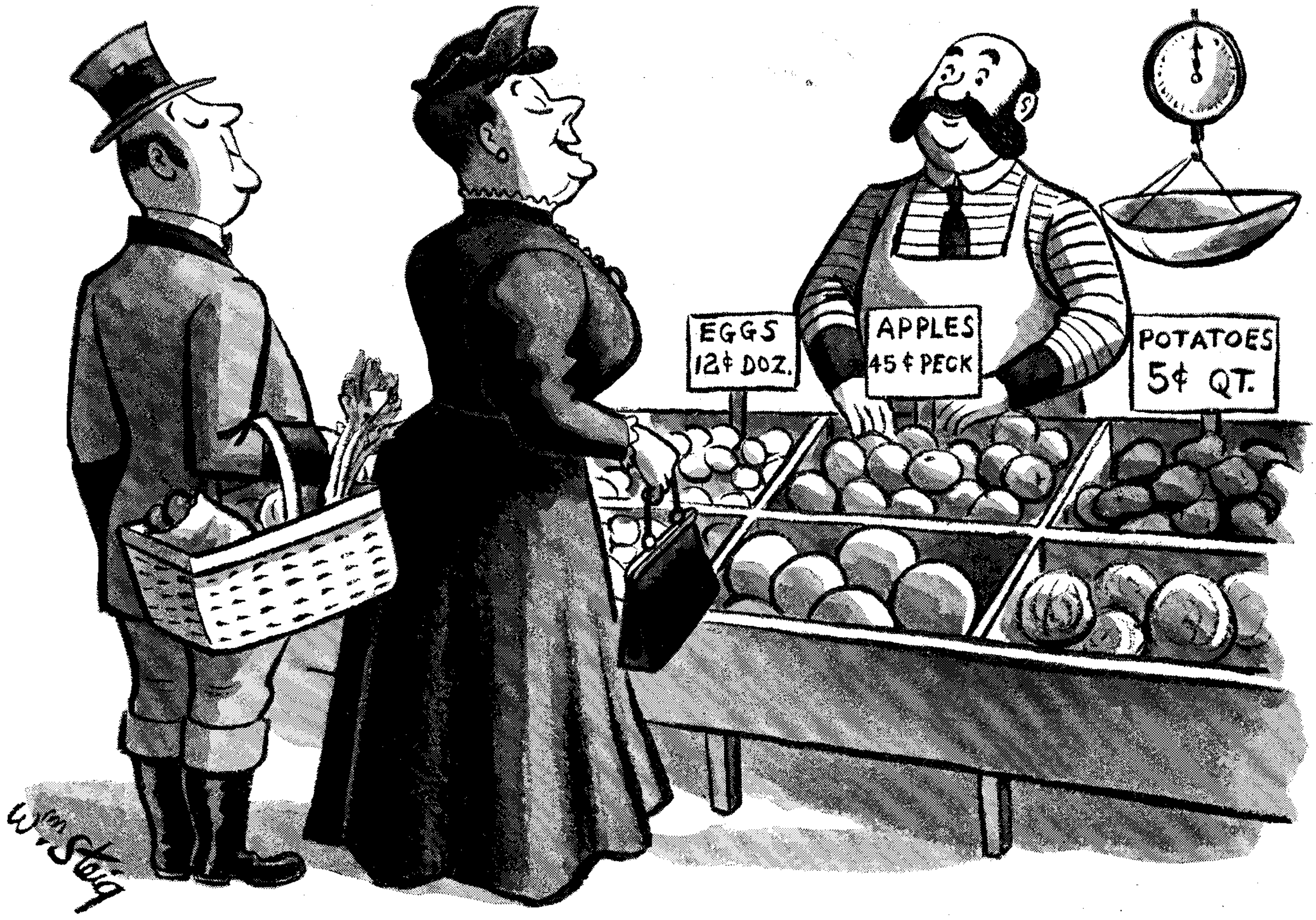
ALL FIGHTING MEN TOGETHER

ON a building in a quiet London street hangs a board on which is painted "Combined Operations H.Q." On the railing outside the building is another sign, which reads "Reserved for the C.C.O.'s Car." The officer who parks his car in that space is the Chief of Combined Operations, now Lord Mountbatten, which means that he is head man of the Commandos, those specially trained volunteer units of the British Army whose raiding operations in Norway, France, Libya, and Syria have provided some of the most heartening news of the war. I am not allowed to tell you much of what goes on at Combined Operations H.Q., just as I am not allowed to tell you a great deal of what the men who comprise the Commandos are up to, a situation which is not likely to change so long as the war lasts and which has already given the public a distorted picture of these unusual troops as bands of exalted but hardly three-dimensional supermen. However, with the understanding that I would be discreet, I have recently been permitted to visit a couple of Commandos in training and to talk to a number of their officers and men, an experience which has given me a somewhat different view of these forces—less glamorous, perhaps, but by no means less reassuring.

Information thus far given out indicates that the first Commando—or group that would now be called a Commando—was organized sometime in July, 1940, just after Dunkerque. The public, however, did not become aware of the existence of such troops until March, 1941, when the press guardedly announced the formation of a *corps d'élite*, whose members were being picked from the Army at large and trained with unprecedented rigor for purposes unspecified. Civilians heard little more on the subject until last October, when Combined Operations H.Q. finally opened up with a long general statement about the new organization and, for the first time in this war, publicly used the word "Commando." Credit for resurrecting the word, which had been all but forgotten since the Boer War, during which it was used to refer to organized bands of Boer guerrillas, is generally given to Mr. Churchill. This seems a reasonable proposition in view of the Prime Minister's flair for the apt and colorful word and the fact that he was a front-line war correspondent at a time when the South African Commandos were big news.

Once the public realized the potentialities of the Commandos, its interest in them was naturally lively. Here was action; the implications of a new striking force, trained to land on foreign shores in special boats, were manna to all the "invade-the-Continent" wishful thinkers of that period. Newspaper writers went to work on imaginative feature stories praising the new troops. Most such buildups were intensely disliked by Commando men of all ranks; finding themselves described, in the words of at least one writer, as "the toughest men on earth" makes them wince and groan. Such phrases, they feel, are unfortunate. For one thing, the public gets the wrong idea of the Commandos, tending to romanticize the men in them as daredevil cutthroats; for another, the rest of the Army is led to resent these men as swaggering, undisciplined tough guys, overpublicized and overprivileged. It is a common fallacy among ordinary soldiers that Commando men get extra pay and never do any parades.

THE officer at the London headquarters who made the arrangements for me to have a look at some of these special troops thought it would be best if I started out by visiting a few of the officers of the brigade staff of the Commandos. He gave me the name of the town in which I would find them and made a reservation for me there at the hotel they were occupying. Arriving early one evening, I dined alone and then went into the lounge, where I introduced myself and showed my credentials to a staff captain who was working over a crossword puzzle in the *Times*—his only relaxation, he later told me. I think that I won his respect by helping him with one or two of the definitions that worried him. When he had completed the puzzle he put the paper aside and we began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Wm Steig

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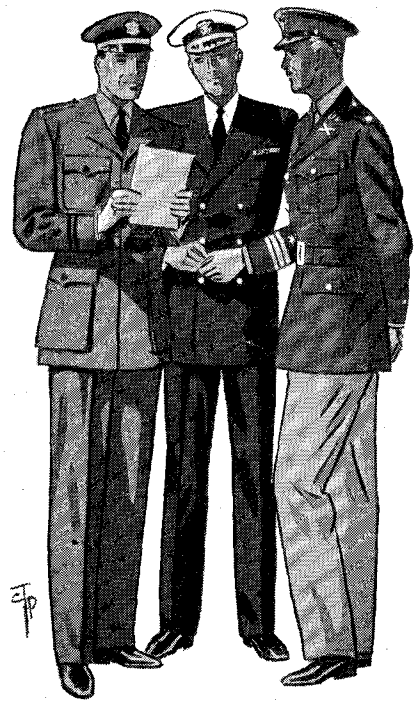

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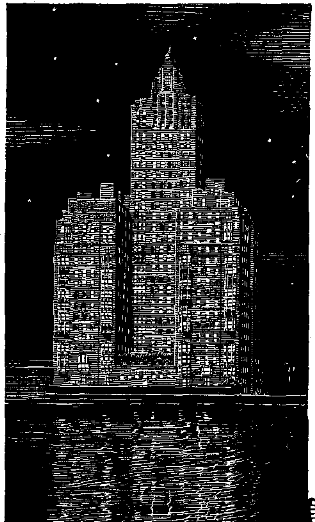

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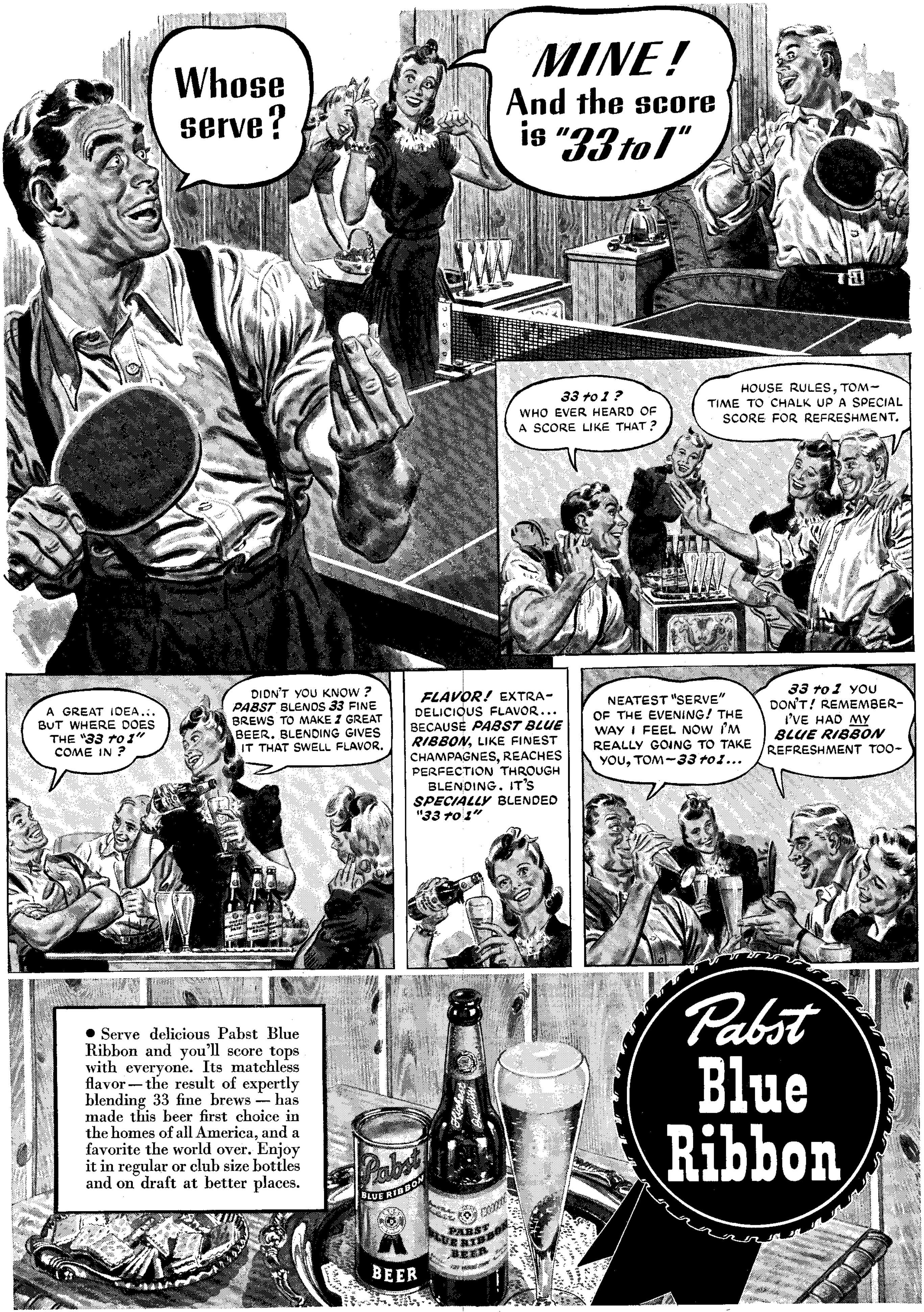
551 FIFTH AVENUE

to talk Commandos. There are very few officers on the brigade staff, he said, and all have seen service in one Commando or another; there are none of the conventional "staff jobs" in the outfit. Each officer thinks the Commando he came from is the best and inter-Commando rivalry makes any shoptalk healthily combatant. Where they all unite is in general pro-Commando fervor.

Every man in the Commandos is a volunteer and started out in an ordinary regiment; nobody can join the Commandos from civilian life. A Commando, as a military formation, is different in structure from any other Army unit. For one thing, the proportion of available fighting men is higher than elsewhere; indeed, every Commando man is actually a fighting man, for the few who work as clerks, drivers, and so on have to measure up to the general standard of fitness and skill at arms and to take time out regularly from their sedentary jobs to keep their hands in as all-round soldiers. Commandos also differ from other units of the Army in that, since the men buy their own meals, there are no cooks. However, every Commando soldier has to know something about preparing food and cooking it as a part of making him independent in the field. Often, on exercises, arrangements are made for the purchase of live sheep from farms en route, and these are given to the men to be killed and cooked.

I asked my companion about the question of money, and he said that the widespread notion that Commando pay is higher than ordinary Army pay is a result of the living-out system on which the Commandos operate. The men are neither billeted nor fed by the Army. Instead, each Commando man receives an allowance of six shillings and eightpence a day (officers double), with which he has to house and feed himself. Considering the appetite-creating work required by the Commandos and the high cost of living in wartime, this leaves no margin for luxuries. The allowance is withheld whenever a man isn't paying his own way. Thus, when a Commando undertakes operations against the enemy, such as a raid on a Nazi-occupied coast, the men in it lose their allowance.

The living-out system, the staff captain went on to say, is one of the fundamentals of the whole Commando idea. Some of the officers who have been with the Commandos since the start admit frankly that they were skeptical at first. They thought the system would be fatal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33 to 1? WHO EVER HEARD OF A SCORE LIKE THAT?
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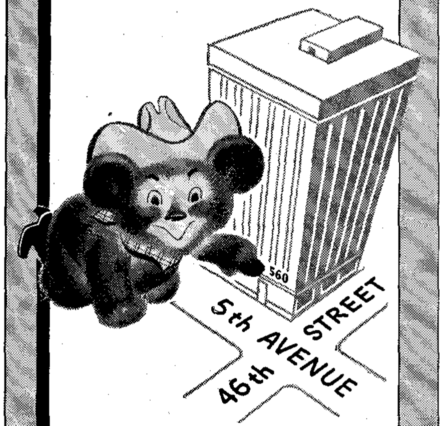

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to discipline. There would be no lights-out time, no checkup to make sure that every man was in. How could a body of men be controlled if, after working hours, they were scattered all over a town in lodgings wherever their fancy took them? How would men get on parade in time in the morning with no sergeant to roar hell and destruction all around the barrack room at reveille? Now the same officers are enthusiastic supporters of the system. There have been few late-comers on parade, most of the men observe reasonable hours, and to a remarkable degree keep out of trouble while off duty. The Commando explanation of all this is that, given the right men, an honor system works better than compulsion and close supervision. A Commando soldier enjoys being in a good billet where he is treated as one of the family, and since the householder is under no compulsion to keep him, he behaves himself so that he will be allowed to stay. Most of the homes in which the men lodge have a housewife-made rule about what time the front door is locked. The soldier falls in line. Occasionally the Commando men are ordered to travel with much the same degree of independence. They may be told, upon being dismissed in the afternoon, that the next morning's parade will be at a town thirty miles away. No further explanation is given and no questions are asked; every man is expected to be on parade at the right place at the right time. Nobody cares how he gets there.

The best reason the staff captain could think of for the good behavior of the Commando men is a simple one. It has to do with something unknown to military law but well known to the Commando soldier as "R.T.U." It means "Returned to Unit"—that a man has been turned out of the Commandos and sent back to his old regiment in the Army—and it is the punishment the men fear most. R.T.U. is a great weapon in the hands of a commanding officer. He can send any man back to his unit at any time without giving a reason. Similarly, he need never accept in his Commando any man he does not want. This, of course, gives each Commando a hand-picked character. The C.O. must like you, respect your skill as a soldier, want to have you. Otherwise, you'll be on the train at a moment's notice—R.T.U.

The staff captain said he thought he'd have a glass of beer before bedtime. I said I'd join him, and after our order arrived I asked him what the procedure

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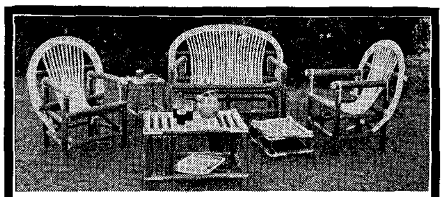

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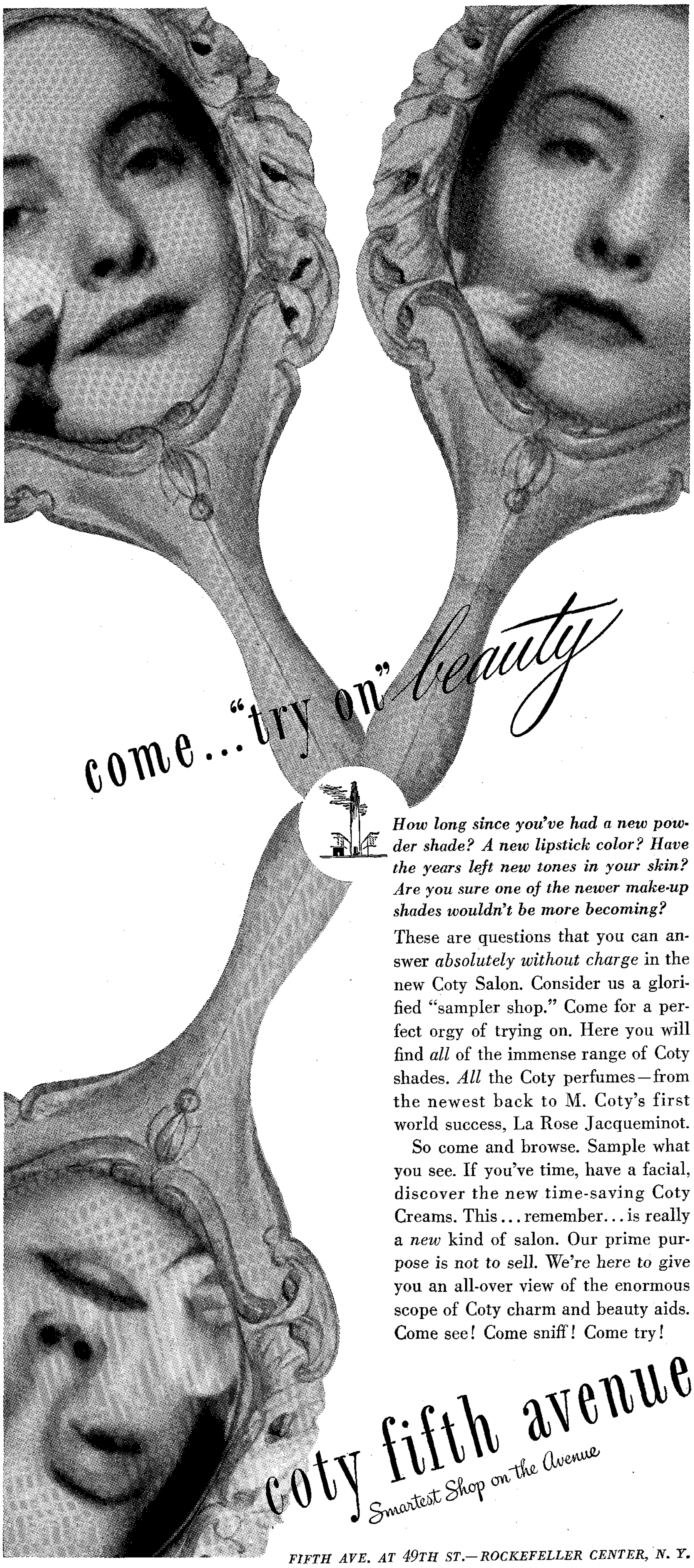
was in sorting out volunteers for the Commandos. As an example, he said that he had recently had occasion to interview a batch of thirty-eight such men, all of whom had already come up before their regimental commanding officers as Commando applicants and had been approved to go forward. First, he said, he outlined to the men the nature of the service for which they were volunteering, explaining that the discipline they faced would be strict and that the jobs they would get would be so dangerous that they would carry their lives in their hands all the time. If a suicide-squad task came along, there would be no call for volunteers. It would be assumed that every man was ready for that sort of thing.

After this little speech, the staff captain said, he gave the men ten minutes to think it over and back out if they felt like it. Then he called them one by one, and twenty-eight men stepped forward, ten having changed their minds. Of the remaining men, after a few minutes' private conversation with each, he chose eighteen and turned them over to a medical officer, who weeded out seven. All of the eighteen were in first-rate physical condition, or they would not have been allowed to volunteer to begin with, but Commando standards are exceptionally high. Thus, concluded the staff captain, finishing his beer and rising, the Commandos got eleven new men that trip.

THE next day a member of the brigade staff directed me to a field several miles away where the Rugby teams representing two Commandos were scheduled to play each other. It was an unseasonably cold day, and the roads were like frosted mirrors, but when I arrived at the field I found I was the only man in a greatcoat. All the soldiers on the touchlines were wearing sleeveless leather jerkins ending above the knee and tied around the waist with a piece of rope. I had been instructed to look up the colonel commanding one of the units, who turned out to be an energetic man, still in his thirties, a civil engineer in civilian life. He told me that Commando soldiers never wear greatcoats, even in winter, finding that they can work more freely without them. The ropes used as waist belts, he said, are called toggle-and-eye ropes and, among other things, are used, strung together, to bridge rivers.

When the game was over everyone went to a nearby tearoom, where officers and men, mixing freely and easily, sat down together for tea, and after



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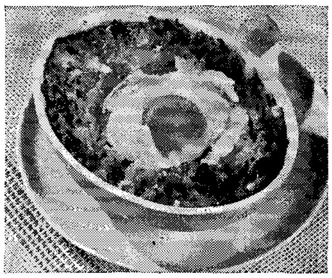
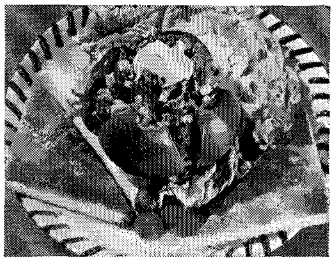
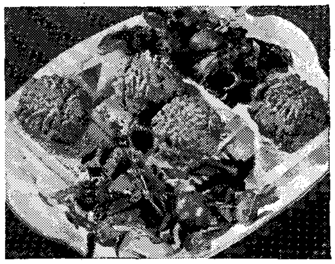


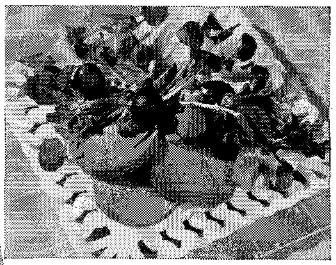
ROSE MILL PÂTÉ HASH. Boil 1½ cups diced potatoes in salted water. Sauté one tablespoon each of chopped onion and green pepper in 3 tablespoons of butter. Mix potatoes, green pepper, and onion with one cup Rose Mill Pâté. Arrange in casserole, drop raw egg in center, and brown.



ROSE MILL PÂTÉ TOMATO SURPRISE. Chop one jar of Rose Mill Pâté into medium size pieces. Add 1½ cups chopped celery, 4 tablespoons chopped chives and 6 tablespoons mayonnaise. Fill centers of six partially quartered whole tomatoes with the mixture and garnish with mayonnaise, paprika and olives. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves, with Melba toast or hot buttered rolls.



MUSHROOMS STUFFED WITH ROSE MILL PÂTÉ. Remove the stems and the skin from 12 large mushrooms. Mix 1½ cups Rose Mill Pâté with ¼ cup milk and 1 teaspoon salt, and fill the mushroom caps with the mixture. Dot each cap with butter. Place the mushrooms in a well greased frying pan and cover with a tight fitting lid. Cook for 15 minutes. Serve on crisp toast points garnished with watercress.



ROSE MILL PÂTÉ SALAD. Slice chilled Rose Mill Pâté. Arrange three slices on a bed of salad greens such as chicory or watercress. Garnish with celery curls, carrot sticks, and ripe olives. Serve with French dressing.

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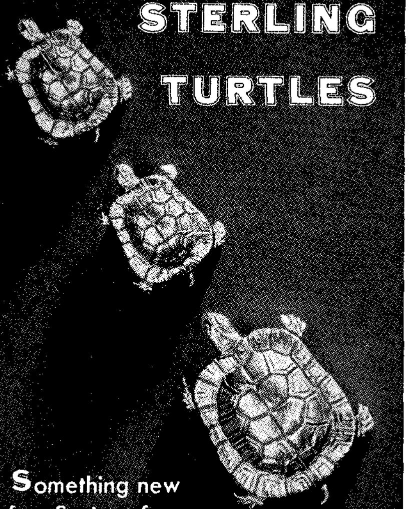

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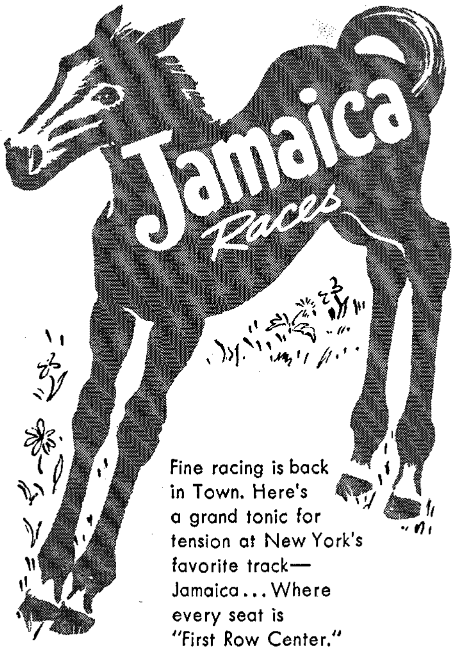

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that a beer. There was no awkwardness about who should treat whom. Every man, from colonel to private, contributed to a kitty, or pool, with which the bill was paid. I asked the Colonel if, in view of the high standard of physical fitness maintained, any of the men had been obliged to give up drinking and smoking. The answer was "Definitely no." The average man in the Commandos, he said, smokes and drinks in moderation, just as he did before the war. There was one case of a heavy smoker being sent back—R.T.U.—but not because of any Commando scruples against tobacco. He had a smoker's cough, which betrayed him on night exercises. It was suggested that if he eased up on his smoking the cough might stop and he could stay. He did not ease up and he went.

The Colonel told me that a man doesn't have to be a drinker to be what in the Commandos is called a "pub brawler," a type which rarely lasts long. A pub brawler is a fellow who is in a belligerent mood twenty-four hours a day and will inevitably rise to the bait of insult, which is often dangled before Commando soldiers in public places. The trouble generally starts when a soldier in the Regular Army, probably having had a few drinks, comes up and says aggressively, "What's so tough about you Commando guys? I'll take you on any time." If the Commando man is a pub brawler, he will land himself in a fight, the penalty for which is almost inevitably R.T.U. The sensible Commando man either turns the situation into a joke or walks away.

I stayed that night at a hotel in the seaside town near which the Colonel's Commando was billeted, and the next morning his second-in-command took me out to see some training in progress. We found two groups of men opposing each other, one attacking and the other defending a railway bridge. The second-in-command said he would put on a little demonstration for my benefit, and sent a subordinate to pick two men at random. When they came up, the second-in-command laid a map in front of them and, pointing to it, said, "We're here. I may want to send a troop to this village eight miles south of here. Go and look at the place, find out the facilities for accommodation, ground for training, a hall for lectures, games fields, and so on. Let me have your report by sixteen-hundred hours [4 P.M.]." It was then eleven o'clock in the morning. The men saluted and went off. After I returned to London I received a copy of their report from the second-

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in-command. It was so complete that I could almost see the village, and threw in such helpful extras as the fact that the owner of a local hall was willing to lend it without charge.

After the two soldiers had left on their scouting expedition, the second-in-command took me down to the bank of a river, where a numbing wind was blowing in from the sea. About thirty coatless soldiers were practicing putting off from a jetty in a rowboat. To my landsman's eye they looked as well drilled and experienced as sailors. Commando soldiers are trained to understand and act on instructions from naval officers, and the sergeant in charge of this party was rapping out orders never heard by any ordinary land force. Commando troops frequently go off for several weeks at a time and live on board a Navy ship, taking their share of the duties and familiarizing themselves with life at sea. "When we began," the second-in-command told me, "the sailors were apt to look on themselves as ferrymen for us, and the soldiers were apt to be passengers and nothing more. Now they are all fighting men together."

Though the kind of task Commando troops go in for presupposes their fighting on foot, they are all taught to drive anything on wheels or tracks, even railway engines. They are given artillery instruction so that they will know what to do with a field gun if they capture one—either to put it out of or into action. They know semaphore and Morse code and can operate radio transmitter sets. They learn German phrases and practice them on one another.

As the second-in-command escorted me back to the Colonel's office so that I could say goodbye, he got to chuckling over an incident which a veteran of one of the raids on the Norwegian coast had told him that morning. A detachment of Commando men had been advancing on the outskirts of Vaagso when suddenly a German officer came scuttling out from behind a barn, smiling, with his hands up. "Thank God," he said, in fluent if not purist English. "That's me out of the German Army."

—Stephen Watts

•

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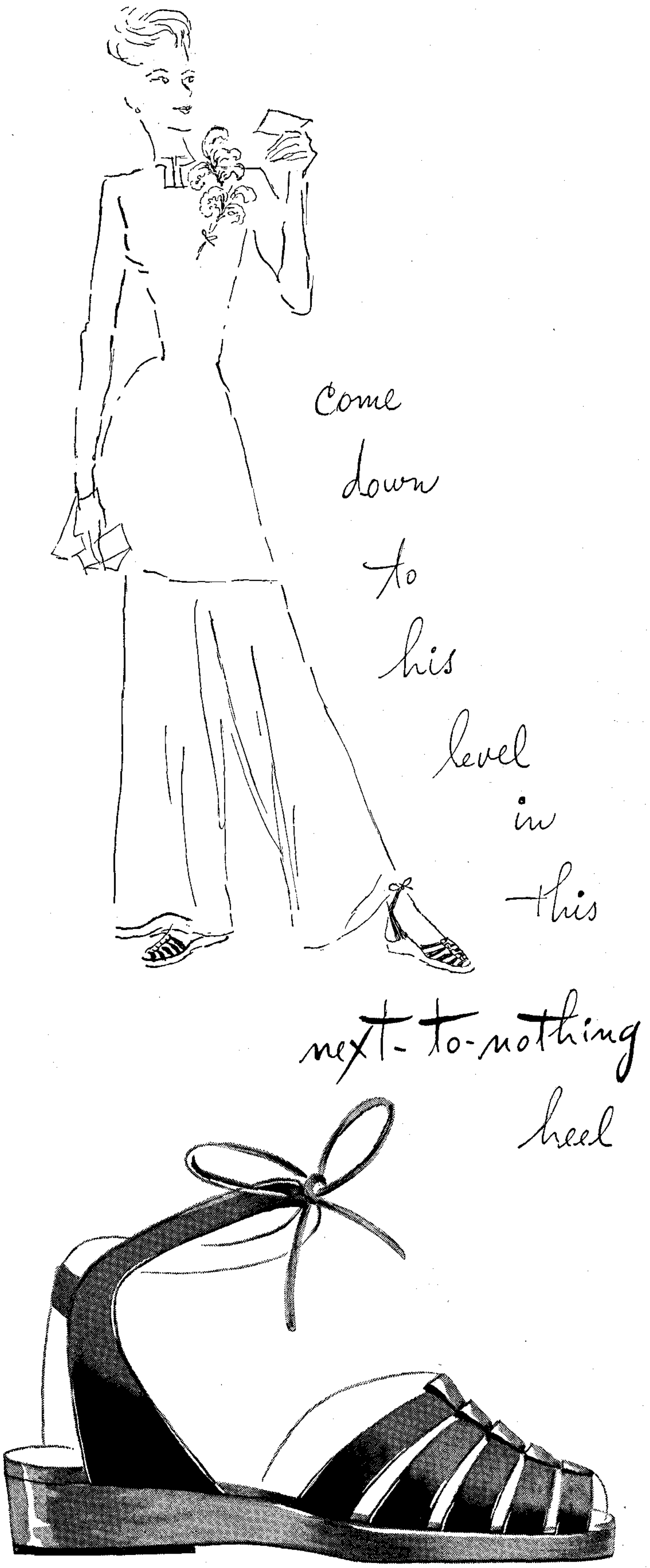
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TENSING his muscles suddenly, the baby began to scream. Angry lumps rose in the skin over his eyebrows and his tongue curled out in defiant rejection. His father, who was holding him in his lap, was unperturbed. He touched the infant's lips again gently with the cereal spoon, but the high, harsh wail continued.

"He acts like a decorticate preparation," he said. "They respond with violent rage even when you stroke them."

"I thought it made them fat and lazy," his wife said.

He looked up and laughed. "This is a different word. It's from 'cortex.' In this case it's part of the dog's brain they remove."

She was thinking about the baby. "I believe it's the malt taste in this brand. Perhaps we'd better not try any longer."

He held the coffee spoon about three inches from the baby's lips, waiting for a sign. "They take out the frontal lobes—the centres of association and memory."

"And they get along without memories? That might have its advantages."

"Only under laboratory conditions. It puts them way back in the evolutionary scale."

"How are they about love?"

"Sex? No interest at all."

"That's strange. And they're dogs, too. I wonder what it is they forget. Is that what you're going to talk about tonight?"

"Goodness, no! What it amounts to is giving the vice-presidential address for the eastern division of the neuro-psychs. They'll all be here. Didn't you spot any of them on the campus this afternoon? It's quite an honor for an assistant professor. Of course I wouldn't be doing it if Dr. Galbraith weren't ill."

His wife looked at the baby's stubbornly pursed lips and sighed.

"Marion," he said, "you really don't listen when I talk shop, do you?"

"I do, darling. You admit I've learned a lot. I'm fascinated when you explain things. I was just thinking about those poor creatures, that's all, with their memories and their love taken away from them. But don't try him any more, Charles. Let him have the bottle."

"Yes, we'll just fixate his resistance if we keep on. Then the cereal will always be a cue for this kind of behavior."

But as suddenly as it had come, the red faded from the baby's face and his lips made a closing motion. Quickly the father put the spoon well in and drew its bowl up against the baby's lip, depositing the cereal skillfully in his mouth. The baby swallowed with surprise and prepared to cry again, but his father already had another little mound on the tip of the spoon and dumped it before the cry could come.

"You look ridiculous doing that in a dinner coat."

"Really? How can she say that?" He made his voice mannered to beguile his son. "I'm serving him food. And what is a man who serves food called? A waiter. And how do waiters dress?" The baby was making appreciative "mmmm" sounds now and opened his mouth cheerfully for more until the little silver porringer was empty.

"I'll take over if you like," she said.

"All right, although I really enjoy it."

He put the baby carefully in her lap. Before handing her the bottle, he splashed a few test drops across the blue veins of his thin wrist.

"Don't go if you don't have to, darling," she said. "It's wonderful when we can enjoy Jonathan together this way."

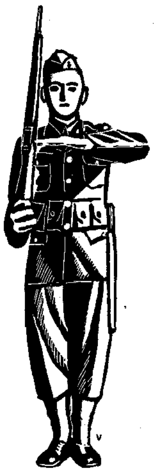
"Turning the baby's mealtime into a social occasion is quite impermissible," he said with mock seriousness, making no move to go. Instead, he wandered over to inspect once more the photographs scattered on the dresser top.

She frowned slightly. "How about your speech?" she said. "Is that all ready?"

"My thoughts just have to shake down a little. I'm giving it from notes, not a manuscript, you know. An interval like this is all that's needed."

"I know you'll be magnificent. I wish I could be there."

"You would see me just pretending to eat the dinner. Stagefright is not becoming to me." He took the photographs over to the window, where the light was better.



THE pictures were mostly of Marion as a baby. She had dug them out of a box of old papers to settle a point at issue between the two grandmothers about which side the baby's features had come from.

He riffled through the sheaf, stopping an instant over a mounted photograph of a little girl—his wife looking round

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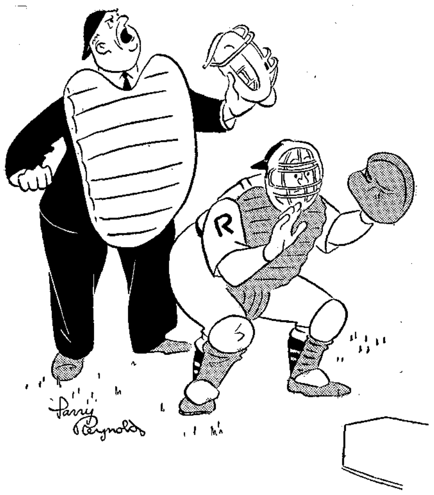

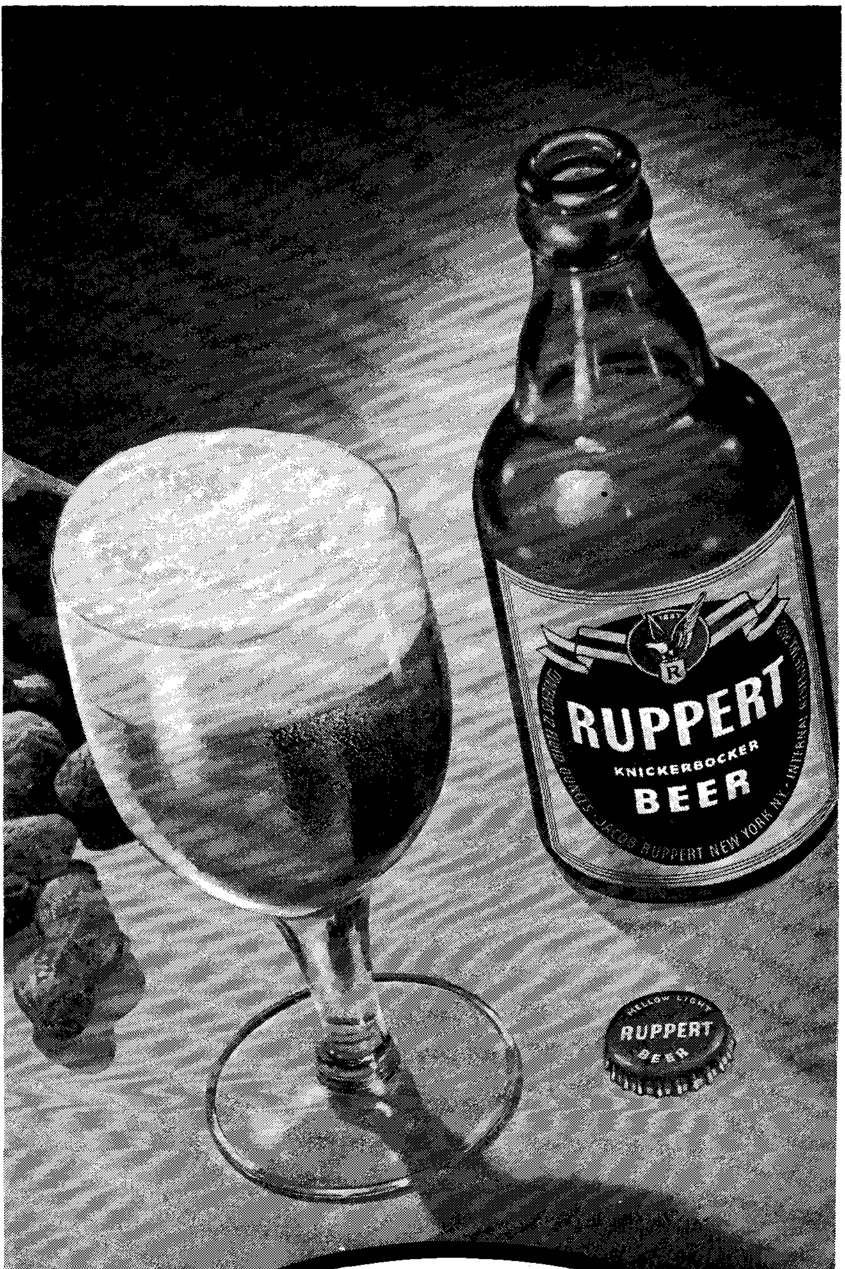
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but recognizable, perched precariously on the cushion of a brocaded chair. Her mouth hung open, and her eyes stared steadfastly into the camera.

His fingers stopped again at a snapshot which was not of Marion. It showed a good-looking young man with heavy hair and a sensitive mouth standing beside a well-used Packard phaeton of about 1928. The young man had on striped sports trousers.

"I'm a little sorry that had to turn up," she said.

"Why?" he asked with genuine surprise. "We've talked about him enough."

"Yes."

"And since it is unlikely that I'll meet him in person—"

"You won't meet him ever. That won't happen."

"Why, then, I have had a little curiosity to see what he looked like. I didn't suppose you had any pictures of him."

"I didn't suppose so, either. I thought I threw them all away before I left Chicago. I don't know how this got among those ridiculous baby pictures."

"Oh." He tried to give the word a teasing sound.

"Don't be stupid, Charles. I'm just sorry it turned up, that's all."

He grew serious. "You said that once before, darling. And I said I didn't see why. What do you mean?"

The baby swung his head away from the half-empty bottle. Boosting him up until he was leaning slightly forward, Marion began gently rubbing the broad of his back. The baby's breath quickened and his eyes turned up toward his father, who kept quiet, his muscles a little tense with the baby's effort, until the bubble came up with hearty abruptness. "There!" both parents said from force of habit.

Marion leaned appreciatively over Jonathan and smiled. "Isn't he a honey?" she said.

Charles turned his back and stood looking out the window. "You didn't answer me," he said stiffly.

"Charles, you're not being silly, are you? Shouldn't you be going over your speech?"

"I'm not being silly. You're requiring me to make some new sort of adjustment where I thought everything was clear."

"Clear? I don't understand. What adjustment to what, darling? You've just seen a picture you hadn't seen before."

"No, it's something else," he said solemnly. "Something's happened." Two balloons, tied to the baby's crib and bob-

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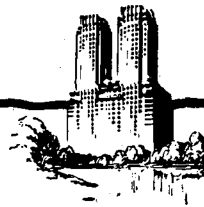

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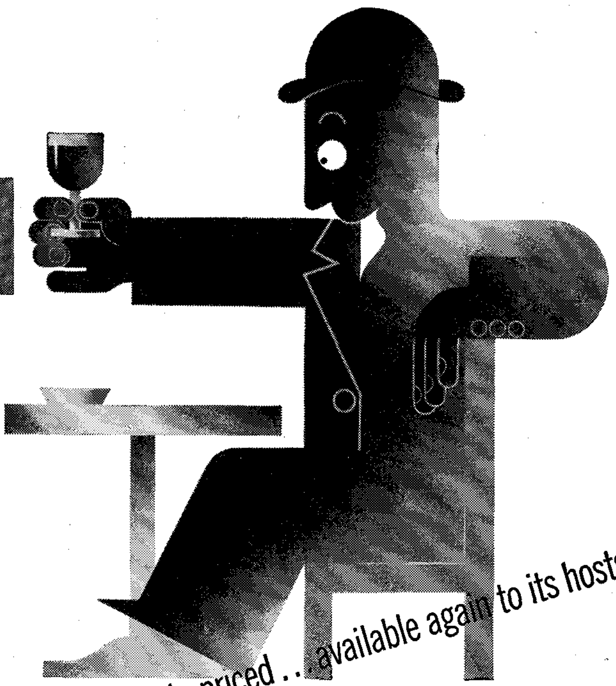

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bing gently near the ceiling, had lost their color in the increasing darkness. Charles was entirely in silhouette now against the window except for the thin band of his white collar.

"But what have I said? I can't make it out."

"It isn't what has been said."

"Then it's the picture," she said impatiently.

"Not the picture but that you should think it would make any difference. That's the point. Don't you see?"

"Oh," she said with relief. "I just thought, frankly, it might make him a little too real."

He turned to her eagerly, excitedly. "That's the whole point. And that's all that disturbs me—not the photograph, of course."

The baby took his mouth from the nipple and mewed fussily. "We're talking too loud," Marion whispered. "Don't you think you'd better go?"

"No, I think this is important, Marion," he said patiently, as if he were explaining to a class. When she motioned with her hand he lowered his voice to a whisper. "This business of something's being too real. I thought you understood we didn't go on that principle. I want to face things exactly as they are. I don't want an edited and abridged text."

"What are you saying? What are you talking about?" she said with a quick, nervous shrug of her shoulders.

"You give me an uneasy feeling I've been dealing with a fiction."

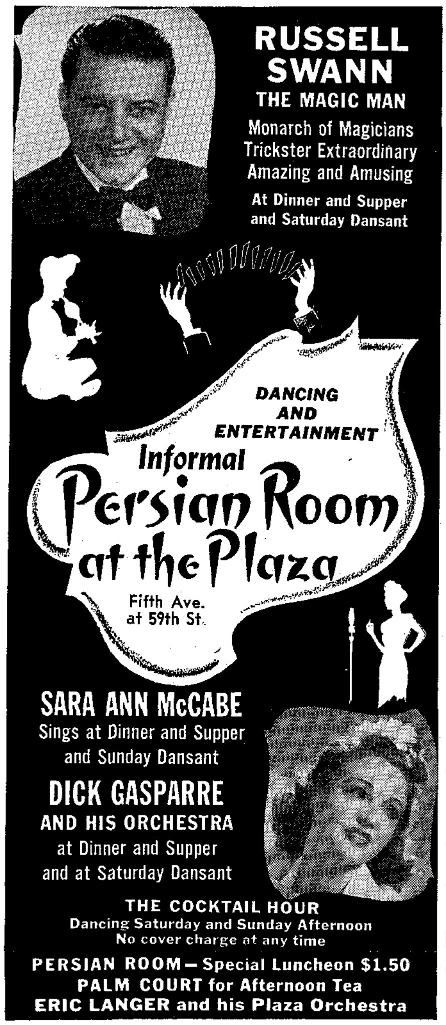
The baby had grasped the bottle and was pushing it in and out of his mouth with a faint, rubbery sound. Marion slipped one of his arms behind her and held the other wrist with her left hand.

"What did you tell me about that Thanksgiving?" he asked reflectively. "You had the dinner you had cooked yourself all ready for the table, you said, when he ran out for a bottle of wine and didn't come back for two and a half hours, and then brought two strangers and a girl you disliked."

"That kind of disorder seemed romantic in that period. It was something to joke about later and tell to friends."

"The time he drove someone else's car across a garden and through a hedge onto the road, and didn't come back with it until the next day. It made a lot of trouble, I believe." As Charles spoke, he reached up and pulled the lamp cord above his head. The radiance was diffused dimly through a blue towel pinned around the shade. He held the picture under the light.

"He had tremendous energies," Ma-



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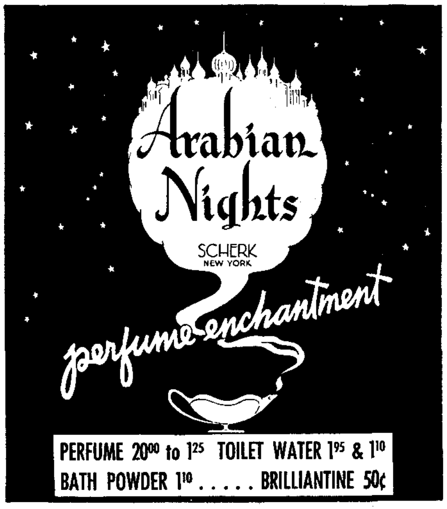

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rion said softly, "but they were almost entirely wasted. They would explode in meaningless bursts when he was hurt or unsure of himself."

"And the time he turned on the radio—Guy Lombardo—while you were playing the piano."

"He was really sick. He'd been through terrible experiences. They were mostly inside him then, but earlier they had been real, almost unimaginable for people like us."

"You said—I can hardly say it—you said he threw a typewriter at you."

"He did."

"I never could believe that. You just wouldn't throw a typewriter. It's too heavy and awkward." He was speaking a little breathlessly now. "It isn't the right shape. It's never what you'd seize impulsively if you were angry."

"And it might injure someone badly."

"Of course," he said eagerly.

"Well, he threw one at me. I told you he did." She glanced up. He was still looking at the picture. She frowned with annoyance. "Charles, for goodness sake, put that away!"

He did not respond. She turned back to the baby. Now there was nothing left in the bottle but a little froth of white bubbles at the nipple.

"Charles," she said, "what is it? What is all this about? Is it just his looks, just that he's good-looking?"

He stared at her open-mouthed, unbelieving.

"I married him, Charles," she said gently, still not looking up. "There would have to be something, wouldn't there? Wouldn't you want there to be? What I mean is he was good-looking and perceptive and at times astonishingly tender—"

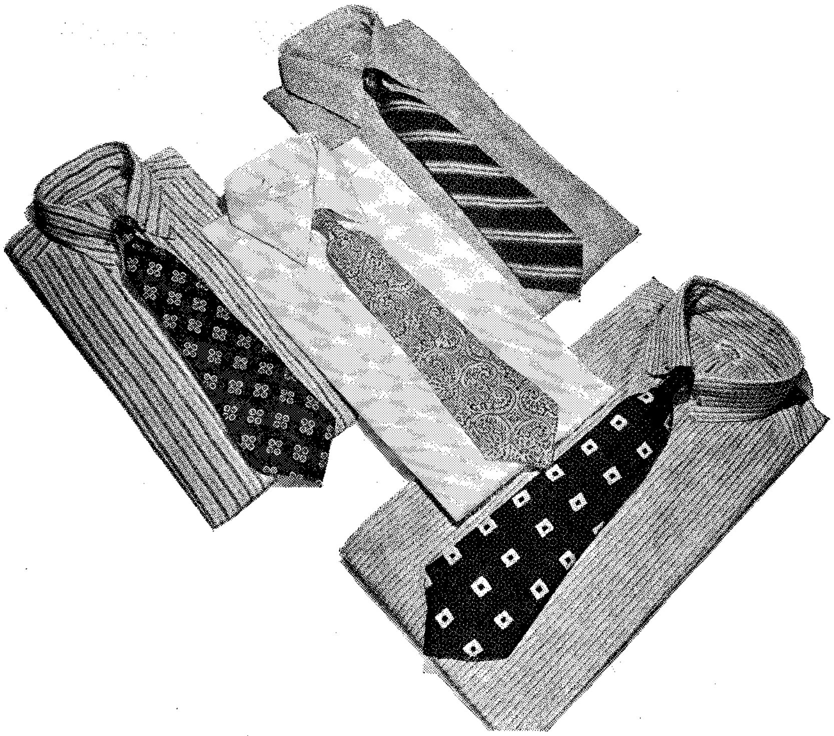
"Stop!" he shouted. "What are you trying to do to me?" He rushed across the hall into the bathroom and slammed the door. The startled baby turned his head against his mother's breast and began to scream. Putting him up over her shoulder and murmuring to comfort him, Marion went out into the hall.

"Darling," she said at the closed door, "when people have what we have."

She could hear the sound of running water. The sobbing baby was squirming on her shoulder.

"Darling," she said, "we change. We've discussed all that. People are new people, new things happen to them, wonderful things."

He opened the door abruptly and went past her and down the stairs. She



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caught the flash of his white face as he passed her.

She followed him in the dark to the head of the stairs. "Charles!" she called. "Don't go like this!" Her call, loud against the baby's ear, again roused his protesting wail. Downstairs she heard the front door close and the sound of running feet on the steps outside.

BACK in the lighted nursery, she began mechanically to take the safety pins from the baby's diapers. When she reached toward the pile for two fresh ones—he wore them double at night—she saw the photograph face up where Charles had left it. She did not need to look at it.

"Removing part of the brain," she said. "No, that would not be enough. That's not mostly where it is."

The house was very quiet now and she could hear a trolley car climbing College Hill.

At the sound of her voice, the baby, lying on his back on the bath table, had begun to struggle for her attention. "Nya nya brrrrrrrrr," he said brightly, with a bubbling tremolo of his lips. He tried a couple of soft coughs and then, when her eyes met his, grinned and made whispering sounds of great delicacy and deliberate charm.

Marion picked him up and brushed her lips through the hair above his ears. "Oh, darling," she cried, "I love you so! I know everything will be all right."

She laid him carefully on his stomach in the crib and began tucking in the bedclothes, layer by layer. The baby resisted with roguish glee, bobbing his raised head and kicking his feet under the covers.

Through dinner, Marion thought, he will be concentrating on his speech. And it will be so good. Everyone will praise it to him. He will come home so confident and excited, wanting to talk about it. I'm sure I can convince him then.

Tired out with his excitements, the baby suddenly yielded deliciously to sleep. He had flattened out like a frog, his hands extended beside his head, his eyes closing as the rhythm of his breathing changed.

"His work, his psychology, means so much to him," she whispered. "Oh, Jonathan, I know the speech will be enough." —ROBERT GORHAM DAVIS

•

At the meeting Private Esley will tell of his experiences at Pearl Harbor which is open to the public.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Haven't they got anybody on that detector yet?

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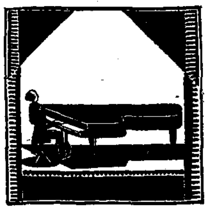
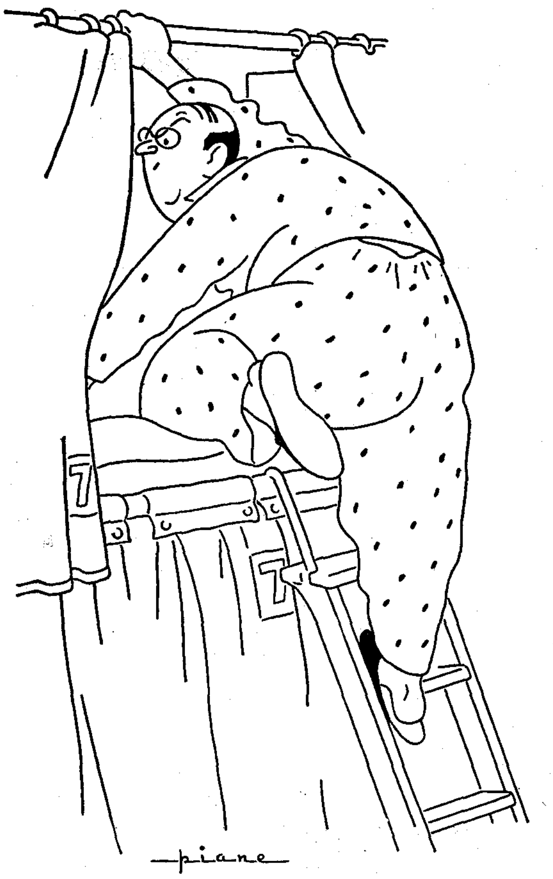


IN the writing business, an essay may be twenty-five words or less, telling why you like a certain commodity (style does not matter and the decision of the judges will be final), it may be a whimsy whose title begins with the word "On" ("On Taking Your Niece to the Art Gallery" or "On the Decline of the Fingerbowl"), or it may be a condensed observation concerning several ideas. Samuel Barber, inventor of the essay in music, operates along the third line. His "Essays" treat a few themes economically, and expertly. His "Second Essay," introduced by Bruno Walter and the Philharmonic-Symphony last week, has no official story or thesis, although it sounds as if Mr. Barber had had something more in mind than a skillful exercise in the development of musical material. There is something thoughtfully heroic about it, and it may be that the thoughtfulness cuts down the work's essential effectiveness a bit. If you discount this element of intellectual reserve, Mr. Barber's latest "Essay" is interesting and vital stuff. Mr. Walter conducted it with just the right mixture of musicianship and salesmanship.

Dvořák's symphony in D minor, Op. 70 (known as "the second" and actually the composer's sixth), was exhibited by Mr. Walter, presumably as part of the Dvořák centenary observation that has been in progress this season. The symphony is worth an occasional hearing, and it was well played, although Mr. Walter emphasized the Brahmsiness of the music rather than its Bohemian characteristics. Brahmsiness, however, was applied beautifully by the Philharmonic to another second symphony, that of Johannes Brahms.

THE Orchestrette of New York, at its final concert of its ninth season, performed two compositions by New Yorkers. One was a brisk toccata by Rudolf Forst, bright writing that got a few clinkers from the instrumentalists as they played it. The other was "Father Gallitzen Remembers Prince Dimitri," a tone poem for strings by Harvey B. Gaul, a native of this city who has been one of Pittsburgh's most eminent musicians for more than three decades. Mr.



Why Mr. Tupper got an Upper!

Obviously Mr. Tupper, being a man who likes to keep his chassis on the ground, didn't take this upper by choice. Frankly it was the only space left when he called for a reservation.

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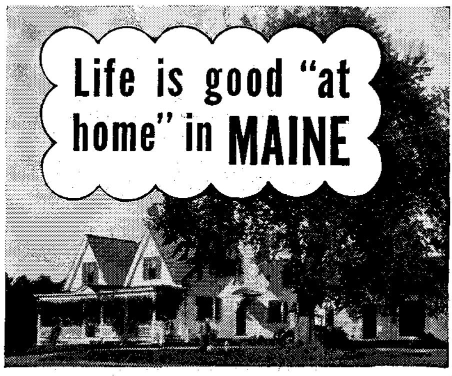

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Gaul's work was simple and melodious and received a handsome demonstration by the Orchestrette and its gifted conductor, Frederique Petrides.

Eight Afro-Cuban songs by Amadeo Roldan, with Judith Litante as soprano soloist, almost turned the Orchestrette into a rumba band. This kind of music calls for a "dirty" sort of playing which no symphonic group has in its repertoire. Miss Petrides, who always serves her clientele with a shrewdly diversified program, also directed a neat accompaniment for the Mendelssohn violin concerto, the soloist being Rolf Persinger, who did a musicianly and unaffected job.

OLD American music was one of the features of the concert by the Lehman Engel Singers, a round-table quintet, directed with engaging informality by Mr. Engel. Although Mr. Engel is an artist, there was nothing arty about his presentations of such items as "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and earlier compositions that might have been sung entirely as curios rather than as music. Incidentally, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," without the usual self-conscious comicality, was as pleasant a bit of group vocalizing as you might get to hear in the course of a season. Mr. Engel's playing of the unretouched 1852 piano accompaniment for "Lilly Dale" was something of a stylistic triumph. It was funny because it was strictly traditional. The strictly traditional often is funny when more serious music than "Lilly Dale" is involved, although the performers aren't usually aware of it. That wouldn't apply to the Engel Singers, who always know what they're doing.

THE busy spring ballet season is being carried on at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Ballet Theatre, and you can see this distinguished group in its familiar repertoire through Sunday evening, April 26th. . . . For those of us who enjoy Strauss's "Die Fledermaus," there have been engaging performances, brilliantly conducted by Robert Stolz, at the Pythian Theatre, 135 West Seventieth Street. Further showings are scheduled for Thursday and Friday evenings, April 24th and 25th. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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Puts on rubber gloves when stealing a
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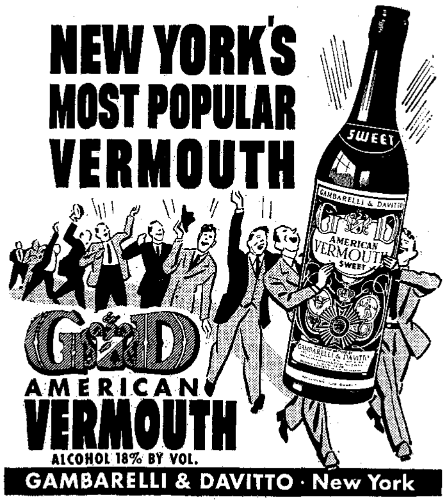

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Clean & brighten up furniture, carpets, draperies. New leathers, colorful textiles, glazed chintzes. Upholstyled slipcovers. Over-night & week-end work. Reasonable. Reliable craftsmen.

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LEIGHTON'S WOODLANDS TAVERN

Saw Mill River P'kway (Dobbs Ferry 2256) Spring is the time to dine at a hunting lodge in the country. Only 12 miles N. of Henry Hudson Bridge. Luncheon. Dinner from $1.35. Dancing.
Art Barker Orchestra

LETTER FROM LONDON

April 19 (by cable)

THE breakdown of the Cripps negotiations has resulted in some sad post-mortems this past week. Even though most people now say they felt all along that the case was an inoperable one, general disappointment over the outcome has been acute. The only cheering features, the public seems to feel, are that the sincerity of England's desire for a workable settlement of the India question is now established without a doubt and that she retires from the whole involved business with a great deal more kudos than she had when she went in. As for Sir Stafford, if he isn't exactly coming back as a conquering hero, he is nevertheless looked upon as a conquered hero who did nobly. What has been said of him in private has only echoed the praise which the Prime Minister expressed in the House of Commons on the day when he also had the less pleasant job of answering questions about the loss of the aircraft carrier Hermes, the cruisers Dorsetshire and Cornwall, and the Malayan peninsula. These funereal items received no floral tributes, unless one so classes Mr. Churchill's defense of the admiral responsible for the dispositions leading to the naval disasters, which all too vividly reminded the M.P.'s of the earlier and bigger losses off the Malayan coast. Because ordinary British people hope to goodness that nothing of this sort is ever again going to remind them of the loss of Singapore, there is considerable public uneasiness over the Prime Minister's flat refusal to hold a full inquiry into that catastrophe and untangle some of its unhappy lessons from the mass of accusations and counter-accusations and the evidence of heart-breaking, heroic muddle which must now be available.

The one lesson which, to the little man outside Westminster as well as to his representatives inside, seems to stick out a mile is the need for a united strategy and for creation of a great General Staff on the German model, headed by a commander-in-chief in supreme control over the land, sea, and air forces. Though this question has often been in the offing, it's now plumb in the foreground, placed there by an admirable article written by Sir Edward

Presenting the NEW

Ambassador Sleep Coat

THE maximum in sleeping comfort with neatness in appearance after a restful night is assured with this new style sleep coat

Ideal for pullman and air travel. Perfect for the summer nights at home

The cool, crepe-finished material is in three color combinations: medium blue, trimmed navy; tan, trimmed copper; navy, trimmed medium blue

$14.50

Sizes A, B, C, D

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Established 1886

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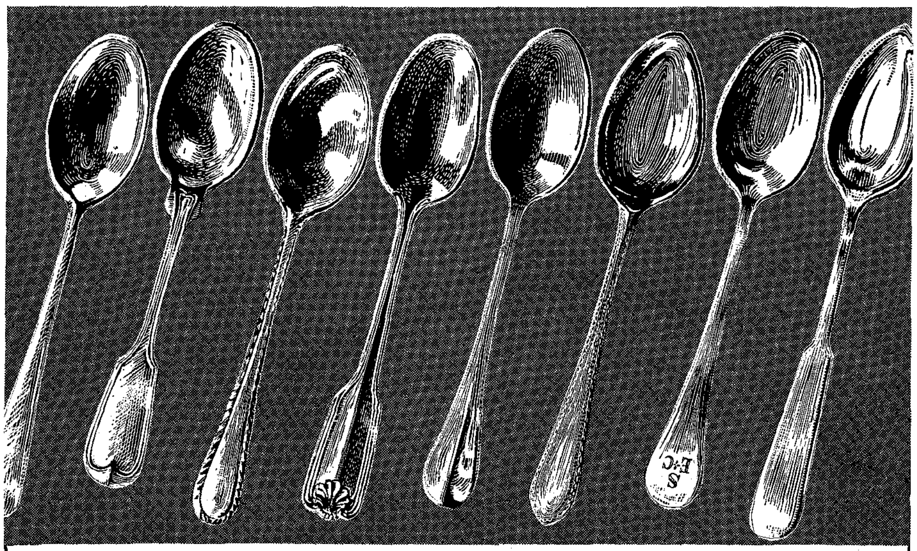
Metropolitan Moments . . . . by Jaro Fabry

"No ferry breakdown can keep *me* from a party where Calvert Reserve is used in Manhattans!"

The party's sure to go swimmingly when the Manhattans are made with Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey has the happy knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And its delightful "soft" flavor has no rival. Have that next Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve . . .*"the choicest you can drink or serve"*.

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.



AMERICA'S HEIRLOOM SILVER

is today as beautiful as ever

These simple designs have already proved to be as lasting, decoratively and artistically, as the metal from which they were fashioned.

The great news about them is that they are exceptionally becoming for *today's* table setting. See our unusual collection of remarkable Reproductions from Fiddle Back to Feather Edge. Made in U. S. A.

Formal Set for eight, 72 pieces, in a suitable chest from **$240.**
Tax included

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. . . . because her Powder is Tourneur, personally hand blended to highlight her individual skin tones. It's finer and more clinging, yet costs no more than ordinary, ready-mixed powders. $2.00. Try it today and see how just a dusting brings an enchanting new sparkle to your complexion.

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SPANISH!

Spanish is easy to master by the Berlitz Method. Join the enthusiastic New Yorkers rapidly acquiring "America's second language" at Berlitz. ***For 64 years Berlitz has never failed!***

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Rockefeller Center (at 50th St.)
and in Brooklyn, 66 Court St.

I WEAR ROYAL RED STAR DIAPERS

The new Crown Tested rayon and cotton diaper—*petal soft luxury.*
Now at your favorite New York Store.

Royal Red Star Diapers

Grigg, former Undersecretary for War, and by powerful editorial support in the *Times*, which nowadays frequently supplies not only thunder but, surprisingly often, thunder on the left. Since the appointment of such a commander-in-chief would lessen Mr. Churchill's importance as Minister of Defense, it's likely that before long England will see a return performance of the recent set-to between Prime Minister, Parliament, and country, with a reorganized High Command as the prize this time instead of a reorganized War Cabinet.

THE big local news of the past week has naturally been the budget, which was introduced on Tuesday, when the public opened its mouth, shut its eyes, and waited shuddering to learn what Kingsley Wood had brought it. The mixture didn't turn out to be quite as bad as had been expected. Rightly, the heavy new taxes are most severe on people who can still afford to buy themselves such luxuries as a fur coat, a bottle of claret, a camera, or "articles"—as the list of other things on which the impost will be raised put it—"made wholly or partly from ivory, amber, coral, mother-of-pearl, jade, onyx, and lapis lazuli." Those who don't have occasion to buy an article made wholly of lapis lazuli from one year's end to the next were more perturbed over the increase on tobacco in these days when the smoking habit has increased enormously, especially among Civil Defense workers, who have had little to do for the past year but sit around, drink a cup of tea, smoke a Players, and wait.

Now that handbags are on the list of luxury goods for which a double purchase tax will be collected, Englishwomen, who have already been asked to pay five or six pounds for modest bags, feel inclined to envy the female kangaroo with her non-taxable pouch. The increase in the duty on wines and spirits transfers drinking from the class of pleasure into one of active pain, and even with Scotch at twenty-three shillings a bottle, there is always the likelihood of being unable to find a liquor store willing to sell. For quite a time past, shopkeepers have been limiting their old customers to a bottle a month, and several stores, such as the Army & Navy, have a ration-card system of their own so that no one can sneak back and draw a second bottle on the quiet. The plight of anybody returning to town after a prolonged absence is doomed to be a thirsty one, since the shops, faced with the nice mathematical problem of dividing a few bottles of drink among a vast number of customers, politely refuse to increase their clientele.

Good wines are practically unobtainable and even bad wines are blossoming out on restaurant wine lists at prices which ought to make their labels turn red with embarrassment. The restaurants are presumably facing empty bins. Advertisements now appear from time to time in the personal columns of the newspapers announcing that such-and-such an establishment is "interested in acquiring stocks of wine," a custom that has started lots of people wondering whether the end of the rainbow may not be buried down cellar in Grandfather's pipe of port. Willy-nilly, it looks as though this nation, which in Fielding's day was one of four-bottle men, is in for a long, sober period of one-bottle men—and that bottle monthly.

The promised restrictions on hotel meals has had a good reception. There has been a feeling for some time that Lord Woolton might take a crack at them with excellent effect, not so much on account of the small amount of food the reform would save the national larder but to get rid of any disquieting feeling that the rich are being asked to make one sort of sacrifice and the poor another. The maximum price that may be charged for a meal hasn't yet been settled, but the suggested figure of five shillings has already raised a wail from West End restaurateurs, who insist that their overheads are too heavy for such a narrow margin of profit. The eleven-o'clock curfew on serving food to anyone but night workers is also causing headaches to restaurant men, who are wondering, among other things, how to tell a genuine night worker when they see one and whether customers can order food before closing time and consume it afterward, as they can with drinks.

At the end of a week containing the bitter budget pill, the news of the reported bombing of Japanese cities was pure jam to which British spirits, already raised by the Philippines exploit, reacted with a bound. Judging by Londoners' faces, everyone felt he had been personally behind those bombsights.

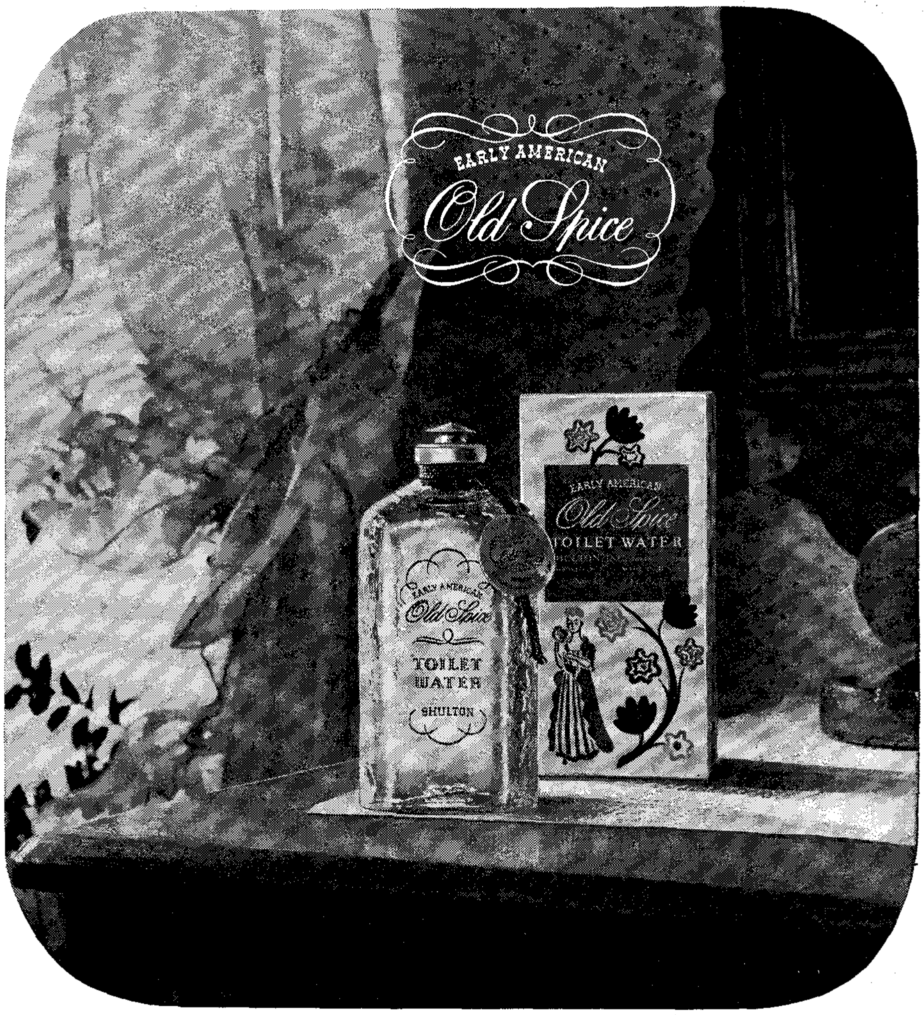
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Sophomore students at Caroline High School in Denton, Md., discarded razor blades for defense. They figure in two years they can get enough steel to make a tank.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Ah, eager youth!

America's Own Fragrance

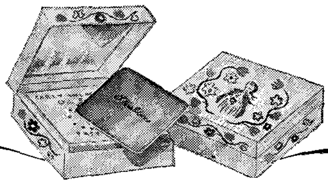


Toilet Water $1.00 and $1.75

Now, more than ever, you'll wear the fragrance that *belongs* to your vital new outlook—the spirited fragrance that's become America's own. For Old Spice, blended of delicate roses and tangy spice, is a fitting symbol of feminine charm and courage—a delightful after-bath requisite to keep you cool and lovely as you carry on.

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

SPECIAL OFFER—To acquaint you with the finer quality of Early American Old Spice Face Powder, we have specially designed a charming paperboard Vanity, complete with puff and mirror, which will be sent you upon receipt of 25¢.



SHULTON, INC., Dept. N-4, 630 5th Av., N.Y.C.
I enclose 25¢ for the special vanity filled with shade checked below

☐ HONEYCOMB Light ☐ NANTUCKET MIST Medium ☐ COURTING DAYS Dark

NAME____________________
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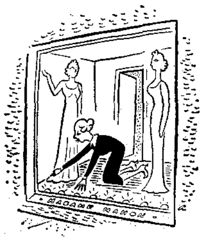
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



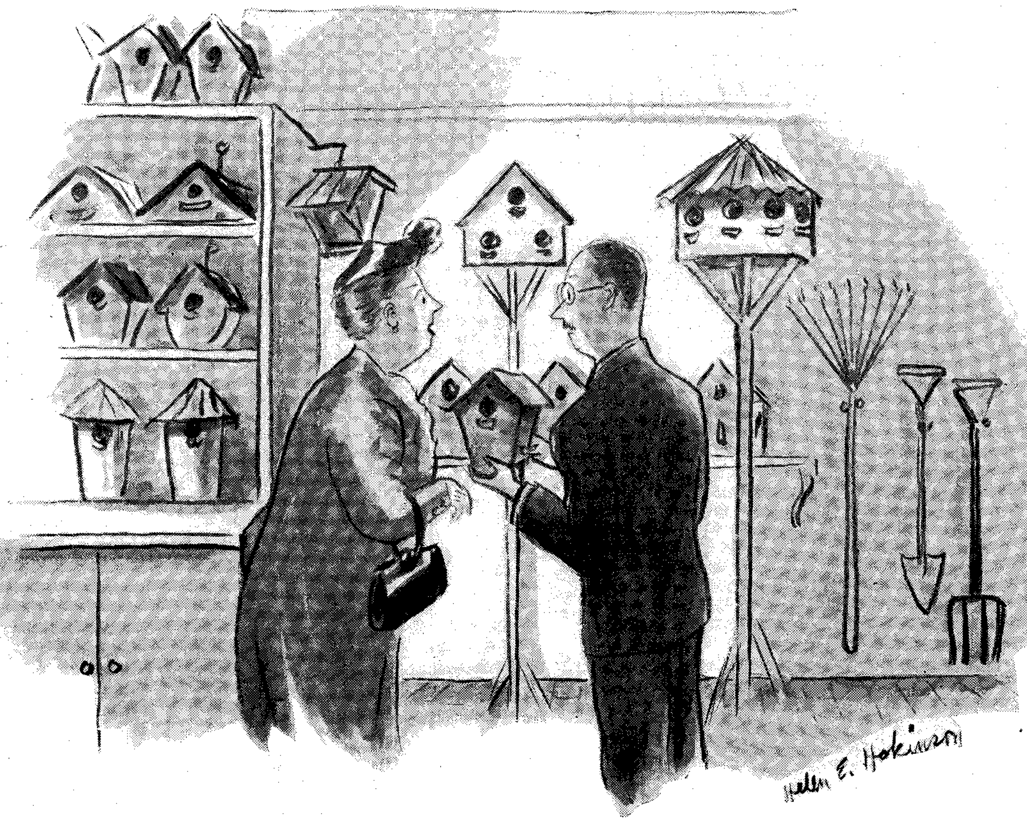
IT would not have been surprising if the government, unaccustomed to dealing with an industry that is reputed to be both frivolous and whimsical, had fastened upon, as an Ideal for the Duration, either an absurd and temporary fashion or one that ran counter to women's desire to look desirable. It would also have been disastrous; a WPB decree fostering, say, ballet skirts for evening would have met with as much defiance as an edict that peasant smocks (scratchy ones) were to be the symbol of patriotism. However, sanity fortunately has prevailed and the moguls have cleared the decks very nicely for action by simplifying the best of current fashions. What will happen, as happened after the last war, when Chanel created what was practically a uniform, is that even the most inexpert eye will become trained to appreciate the subtle cunning of a trick cut or the effect of an odd accessory, although formerly that same eye was conscious only of an obvious eccentricity of line. Uncle Sam has ventured far out of his field, but he has exhibited considerable fashion sense.

Nothing official has been said yet about furs, but for calling the turn as far as cut is concerned I give you the collection at Jaeckel. The things here have, as usual, been expertly designed for the practical purpose of tempting women to buy new furs, but they also happen to be in complete harmony with recent government commands. Sweeping extravagances, like full-length ermine capes, and furbelow nonsense, such as stoles, have been relegated to the background in favor of short fur jackets that will look well over suits, dinner dresses, slacks, or uniforms. As for the more expensive furs, there are little tailored Persian-lamb pea jackets with brass buttons and charming jackets of mink, worked like sable, with wide, scalloped bottoms and wide cuffs on their sleeves. White American broadtail makes a jacket which could be worn as a belted jumper, and black galyak is used in a hip-length Chinese coat that is full and circular through the body and in the sleeves, has a scarf hanging from one side of its band collar, and is as suitable for formal daytimes as for informal evenings. Lots of the jackets have yokes; many have a lovely loop of fur projecting forward at each side of the throat.

It is also to be noted that the things in the Budget Shop at Jaeckel have never looked more beautiful. You can get a sable-dyed guanaco jacket there for $55; $295 buys you a heavenly sable-dyed squirrel jacket with a Johnny collar, turned-back cuffs, and the fur worked like mink. In between, you'll see a collarless jacket that is made of an adequately frosty silver fox and has a tuxedo front (this is $188), and jackets of lynx cat in a tortoiseshell blend of brown and black. For cool summer evenings and cool spring days, look at a jacket of polo wolf, a pale-yellow fur with a frosting of fine black hairs which looks like lynx and is exceptionally soft and durable; $125.

EVEN had there been a sudden order to cut all nonsense from dresses already made in order to conform to rules for the future, Jay-Thorpe would have remained perfectly serene. This shop has some pure-silk dresses in lovely, small-patterned prints at $39.95. Some have a pleated silk frill ascending one side of the skirt to jut out at the hip, many have deep silk folds on each side of their V décolletages, and all are charming solutions of that dressing-for-town-or-country problem which everyone encounters during the summer. (They are also nice worn under wool coats in early spring.) Then there are pure-silk dresses that are definitely of the sports type, such as one with a flower-and-green-leaf pattern and another with a morning-glory design and buttons down the front. These are $29.95 and designed to be worn under the famous Jay-Thorpe topcoats in fleecy, pastel wool at $55. Other summer treats are tailored suits made of herringbone cottons, accompanied by skirts or slacks.

For greater grandeur, you'll find original models from the Jay-Thorpe workrooms at around $95. Among them are a suit of beige shantung with intricate V seaming along its yoke, four buttons down its diaphragm, and pant creases in its slim skirt. A blue-green crêpe day dress has a pulled-up front emphasized by a sash, lined with Chi-



"It has to be large enough for two birds who are in love with each other."

If you knew Susan (THEN)

YOU'LL HARDLY RECOGNIZE HER NOW

The time came when even Susan realized that something had to be done about her hair! It was tragically straight and of no particular color at all. It really had Susan d-o-w-n . . .

So Susan came to Elizabeth Arden's Salon where a staff of experts did really wonderful things for her hair!

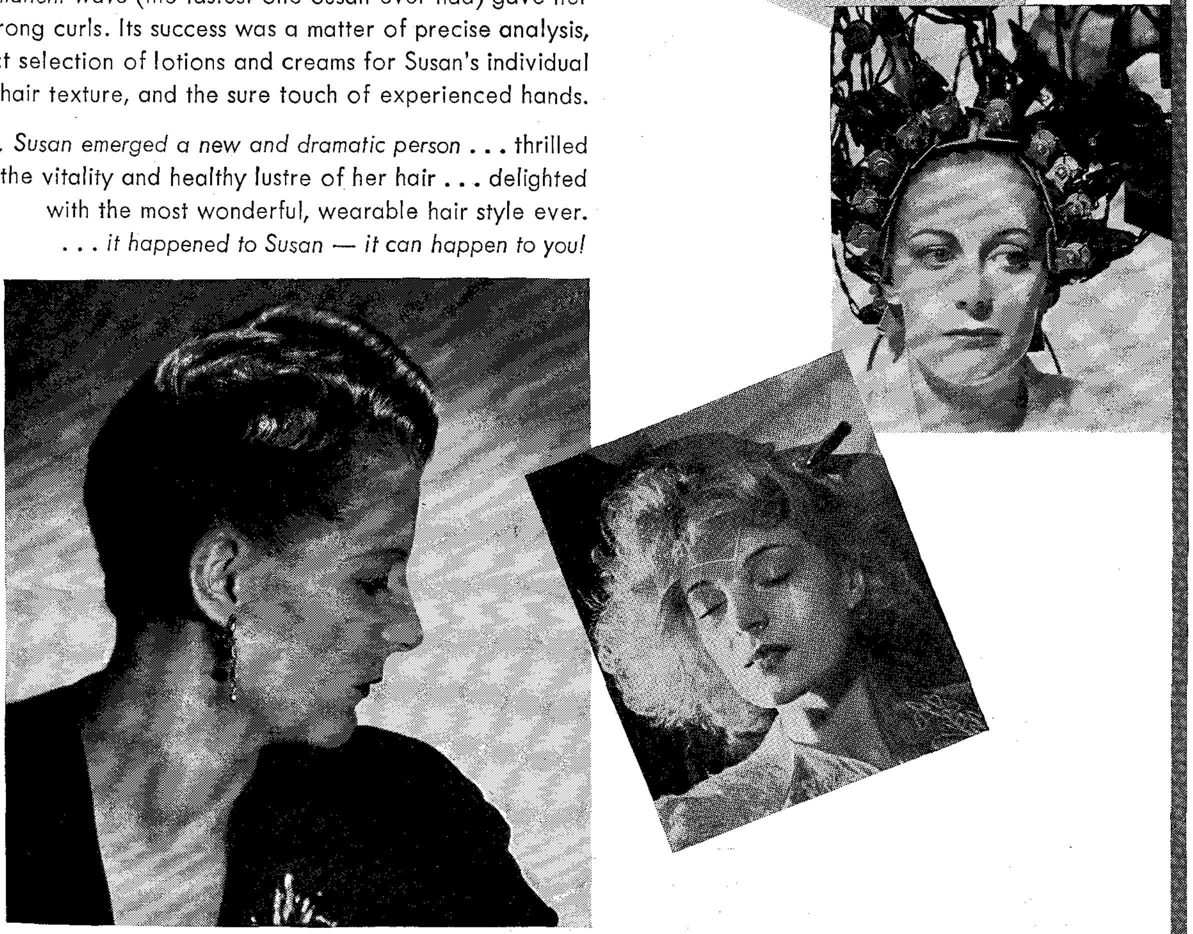
Susan's scalp was tight and dry, her hair lustreless. Strong brushing, special creams and lotions and stimulating manipulations brought the tingle of health to her scalp . . . bright beauty to her hair.

Susan had a Violet-Aire Shampoo and its zephyr-fresh ingredients *wafted away even the most elusive particles of dust leaving her* hair soft and gloriously clean.

A permanent wave (the fastest one Susan ever had) gave her soft, strong curls. Its success was a matter of precise analysis, correct selection of lotions and creams for Susan's individual hair texture, and the sure touch of experienced hands.

Finally, Susan emerged a new and dramatic person . . . thrilled with the vitality and healthy lustre of her hair . . . delighted with the most wonderful, wearable hair style ever.

. . . *it happened to Susan — it can happen to you!*



Elizabeth Arden

691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

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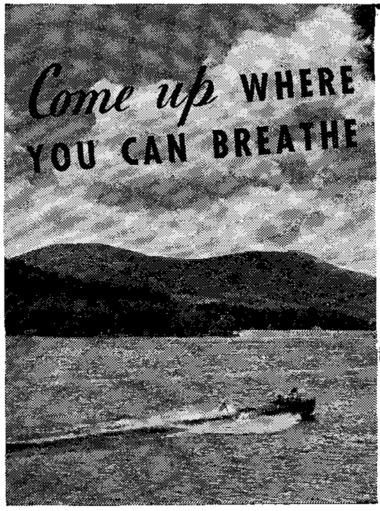
Bendel Exclusive—$15.95.
Washable white pique,
pin-dotted in red
or navy.
Shiny patent leather belt.



Come up WHERE YOU CAN BREATHE

Get away from the smoke, the dust, the heat... and take instead the life-giving air of a cool, high and dry climate. Enjoy the tonic of an open country. Come to play, or just relax... and give the family the treat of their lives!

Come to
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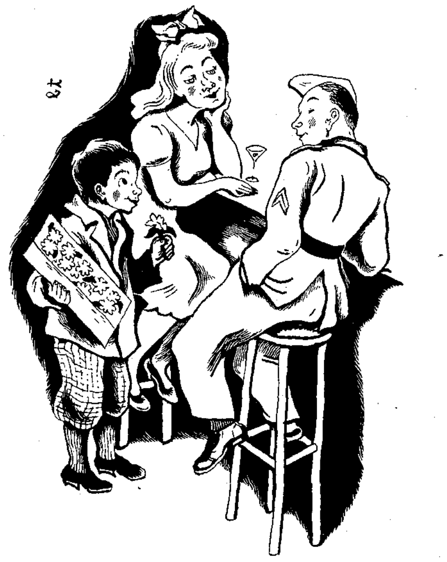
nese-red crêpe, that dangles down the centre front; there is a dinner-dress version of this, too, in a sheer beige material. You'll also see lots of side drapery; sometimes, as in a long-sleeved dinner dress of navy crêpe, it is pointed up by such a detail as a pleated ruffle of red-and-white striped taffeta.

THIS AND THAT: The Hotel Ansonia's Turkish baths are a complete cure for the oh-what's-the-use feeling that afflicts the briskest women at times. You don't have to adjust yourself to hours when men are supposedly at work, either, for these baths, which are open from nine in the morning to eleven at night, are for women only. The Turkish bath costs $1.50. Also on the premises are a swimming pool, a gymnasium, and a beauty parlor to refurbish women who have gained strength but achieved mussiness in the process. The masseuses are strong and competent, and the hose they play on you knocks you around like the surf at Southampton. You don't even have to pack a lunch when you decide you need a whole day to fix the way you feel; there's a tearoom handy.... Elizabeth Arden's newest perfume, Mille Fleurs, has all the romance of flowers unexpectedly received, plus a tantalizing and fruity tang. Divine.... Helena Rubinstein's Mr. Michel is now in charge of her hairdressing salon. He's an obliging creature who will respect your notions about your coiffure if you insist but loves to cut a "flower-petal curl," which is an inch and a quarter long in front and descends from a smooth crown to a length of four inches at the back. The hair is set first, then cut, and it holds its shape well. ... Charbert's Breathless so amazed me that it took me some time to report on it. I don't care for heavy, insidious scents as a rule, but I have found this



one attractive even during a premature warm spell, and other people, who likewise thought they preferred light scents, agree that it is an exception. Particularly good in cologne form. . . . Mark Cross has lately been bragging about a "pitcher" bag, inspired by something the French Canadians use for marketing. This handbag is nearly a foot high (which means it can hold an incredible amount of stuff), is made of grosgrain, comes in several colors, and has a large brass ring catching it together beneath a frilled top. It costs $10.50. There is also a less expensive knitting-bag version in cotton drill lined with taffeta. The same shop offers a handbag in calf, pigskin, or crocodile. The crocodile, particularly in red, is a glorious sight. An adjustable strap makes it possible for you to sling the bag over one shoulder if you like. A matching cigarette case is stitched to one corner. The calf version of this bag is $18.50. For gadgets, look at red or pink feather roses, in small or cabbage size, for the lapel or the shoulder of your evening dress. Leather ornaments for the same purpose, so finely done that there is no suggestion of heaviness, appear in the shape of tulips, zinnias, green thistles with white leaves, and the like. —L. L.

•

THE LONG BROWN PATH

[*From the National Association of Retail Druggists' 1942 Almanac*]

Before you start on your vacation, see that you are provided with the following items, obtainable at any drug store:

Adhesive Tape
Ammonia Water
Ant Killers
Antiseptic Solutions
Aromatic Spirit of Ammonia
Astringents
Atomizers
Bandages
Bathing Suits
Bathing Slippers and Caps
Body Powders
Boric Acid
Cameras
Camphor Ice
Canned Heat Outfits
Cleansing Tissues
Cologne Waters
Combs
Cuticle Removers
Deodorants
Depilatories
Ear Protectors
Eye Lotions
Face Creams
Face Powders
Film
Flashlight Batteries
Flashlights
Flasks
Fly Destroyers
Foot Remedies
Golf Balls
Hair Brushes
Hair Dressings
Hair Nets
Hair Tonics
Hand Lotions
Hay Fever Remedies
Headache Remedies
Hydrogen Peroxide
Insect Liquids
Lip Creams
Lip Sticks
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Mosquito Bite Cures
Mosquito Killers
Nail Files
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Nail Polish Removers
Paper Cups and Plates
Pipe Cleaners
Pipes
Playing Cards
Poison Ivy Remedies
Pomades
Razor Blades
Razors
Rouge
Rubbing Alcohol
Shampoos
Skin Lotions
Soaps
Sponges
Styptic Pencils
Sunburn Preventives
Sunburn Remedies
Sun Goggles
Sun-tan Preparations
Tincture of Iodine
Tobacco Pouches
Toothache Drops
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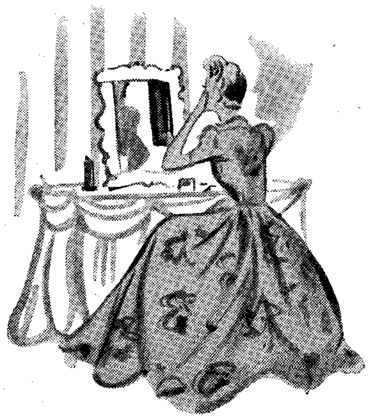
DOROTHY GRAY
South American Red

Be as enticing as those lovely women of South America

DEEP warm color to wear with "good neighbor" fashions. Dorothy Gray *South American Red* peppers your reds, greens, blues. You need this strong red lipstick so the season's bold costume colors won't overpower your complexion tones. *Lipstick*—wonderfully creamy, indelible as can be—$1, $1.50. Matching in name and shade: *Compact Rouge, Cream Rouge,* each $1. *Nail Polish,* 60¢. *Plus Tax.*



For a sparkling spring complexion
Masque Frappé Treatment at the Salon

Come to the Dorothy Gray Salon for a tingly-cool, refreshing Masque Frappé Treatment. Sink back in a luxuriously comfortable chair...while skilled fingers lubricate...pat away that wintry, dry-as-dust look. Soothing back massage, latest spring make-up included. One-hour treatment, $5. Course of six, $22.50. Complimentary consultation. Phone: WIckersham 2-6109.

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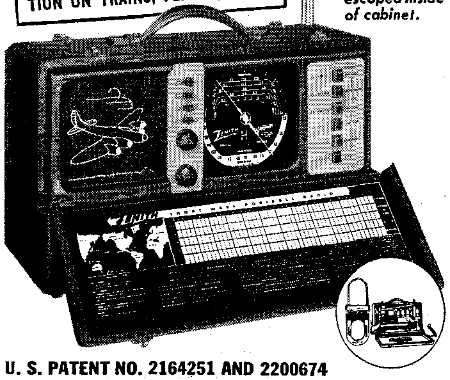
683 FIFTH AVENUE...NEW YORK CITY
American design of Beauty
ON SALE AT SMART DEPARTMENT AND DRUG STORES

SENSATIONAL NEW TRANS-OCEANIC PORTABLE RADIO

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS!

• THE FIRST AND ONLY PORTABLE RADIO GUARANTEED TO RECEIVE EUROPE, SO. AMERICA OR THE ORIENT EVERY DAY, OR YOUR MONEY BACK. IT ALSO BRINGS IN FOREIGN SHORT WAVE RECEPTION ON TRAINS, PLANES, SHIPS.

COLLAPSIBLE WAVE ROD
When not in use can be telescoped inside of cabinet.



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Wavemagnet and Shortwave Magnet
Built-in Movable for standard and short wave reception in trains, planes and ships

In local radio broadcasting blackouts and electric power shutoffs, this new portable radio enables you to listen direct on its own battery power to America's powerful short wave stations which may be your only source of instruction and information during emergencies.

FIRST TIME! Personal short wave radio reception from our own or foreign continents—at home and while you ride in planes, trains or ships!
FIRST TIME! A portable radio that gives domestic short wave reception in locations where broadcast does not penetrate in the daytime.
FIRST TIME! The miraculous time and band buttons. Pre-set the pointer—"Press a button ... there's Europe."
FIRST TIME! On conveyances—on land—sea—air—choice of portable radio reception with built-in movable broadcast Wavemagnet and *Shortwave* Magnet.
FIRST TIME! Band Spread makes foreign station tuning on a portable radio as easy and simple as ordinary radio broadcast tuning.
FIRST TIME! Logged at the factory on short wave broadcasts ... A convenient logging chart on inside lid of cover is pre-logged by factory experts. Shows exactly what stations are found on each wave band and at what number on the dial.
FIRST TIME! Zenith Famous Radiorgan Tone Device on a portable radio.
POWER—from self-contained battery and standard lighting current ingeniously interchangeable at a second's notice. Also, Telescope Whip Aerial for use in getting *extra* distance.
WATCH your Zenith dealer's window. Don't miss this NEW ONE!
EARPHONES for privacy. Special low impedance earphones for sporting events, traveling and the hard-of-hearing (extra equipment).
WORKS on light socket or battery.

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AMERICA'S OLDEST MANUFACTURER OF FINE RADIOS FOR THE HOME

NOTES ON SPORTS

M. D.'s (Doctors of Morale)

IT is the purpose of this department, which herewith makes its blushing bow, to consolidate a number of more specialized treatments of sports which have previously appeared in this magazine, retaining the most admirable features of each and throwing in a word now and then on sporting subjects not hitherto covered in these pages. This merger is largely a wartime measure, based on the belief that many sports, either through loss of their leading figures to the armed forces or owing to the mere fact that a war is on, are no longer worth the individual attention they have been getting. While we are about it, it is probably well to issue a statement of this new department's laudable policy. It is unalterably opposed to sharp practice; gunplay and white slavery must be banished from diamond and gridiron alike. It is squarely behind the Little Fellow, be he Robert J. Kaufman, who coxes the Columbia crew, or Bryan M. Grant. It staunchly supports the underdog whenever the price is right. It is, in short, in favor of the democratic system, which tolerates college baseball and permits Yale to field a team that in one inning last Saturday allowed four runs on two hits, two errors, three walks, and a wild pitch.

MAJOR-LEAGUE baseball, which promises to minister to the nation's morale, began its season with the makings of a flourishing practice; about 200,000 customers took the cure on opening day. A group whose morale was one of the most rickety, the loyal Giant rooters, perked up nicely on that day and stayed pretty well perked for the rest of the week. It wasn't that the club set any pennant-winning pace or that its pitching staff showed signs of rising above the old familiar mediocrity. In fact, Carl Hubbell, once known as the Meal Ticket, seemed to be worth little more than a bowl of Wheaties in the opener against Brooklyn. What brought the roses to the cheeks of the Giant fans was the slugging that went on. Ott, Lieber, Mize, Danning, and Marshall got a total of eight home runs in the first five days. Ott, incidentally, appeared to be a more acceptable manager to the fans in general, and the Brooklyn ones in particular, than Bill Terry, whom he has replaced this year. Terry used to complain that whenever the Brooklyn supporters came to see a game with the Giants, they would each buy a cupcake and eat half of it and throw the other half at him as soon as he stuck his head out of the dugout. Ott was a target for no foodstuffs, but then again, there's a certain amount of hoarding going on these days.

Speaking of managers and the slings and arrows they are subjected to, the new National League rule which forbids a manager to leave the bench to argue with an umpire under penalty of expulsion from the game is thought by some observers to be directed right at the shy noggin of Leo Durocher of the Dodgers. Leo has long been given to crouching near his seat in a racing start, ready to go at the first close decision. Well, the acid test came last Thursday, when one of his boys got mixed up with Umpire Jocko Conlan over a called strike, and Durocher was out on the field like a whippet. Conlan got ready to exercise his shiny new prerogative, but Durocher cut him dead, went over and spoke to the player instead, and then went back to the bench with his figurative thumb to his figurative nose. The first National League manager to be actually bounced was the mild-mannered Ott, who was ordered out of a game in Boston for coming down like a wolf on an umpire, not from the bench at all, but from his position in right field.

THE Navy crew nursed its own morale last week by outrowing Princeton in the teeth of a gale that might have been imported from Cape Horn. The Navy had lost a shell a few days before in the rough waters of the Severn River, and when the boys ran into the same sort of going on Lake Carnegie, they must have figured that the thing to do was graduate quick and get out on a destroyer in the North Atlantic, where the surface is comparatively glassy. —DAVID LARDNER

•

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—With sacrifice in the air, people are giving things away like mad. Eddie Hillman's giving away polo ponies as though they were mothballs. Andy Lawler is giving away an autograph of King Carol of Rumania.—*Hedda Hopper in the Des Moines Register.*

Which comes as close to a mothball as you can get.

THE SKY LINE

New Era

THE upper reaches of the New York sky line were stabilized around 1933. The towers and the price indices fell together, and an era that had lasted more than half a century ended. Only the other day one of the most distinguished architects of the boom period, Ralph Walker, in a mood of happy repentance told the Municipal Art Society that there should be more open spaces in New York, and it is not unlikely that his wish will come true. Furthermore, by 1943 we shall probably be back in the building era of 1873, before steel columns and elevators changed the city's profile. Any new building that may still be necessary will be done in brick, the same material that made ancient Babylon possible.

For the present, WPB orders prohibit all private construction. The birthrate, however, is going up and the supply of rubber tires is dwindling. This almost surely means that the suburbs will soon disgorge their urban refugees, since there is fortunately a surplus of dwelling space in the centres of our cities. In another year the authorities may have to make a choice between overcrowding people in dingy, antiquated dwellings or permitting enough rebuilding and remodelling to cope with their need for quarters near their jobs.

This will apply particularly to the upper ranks of the middle classes, who are not working in war industries and are not entitled to any priorities. When they come back to the city, they will probably have to bring their bathtubs and cooking ranges with them. If they don't, architects and manufacturers will have to use their ingenuity more freely in designing substitutes. The late John Bright, the Philadelphia architect and city planner, used to point out that the greater part of the human race still cooked on charcoal; a tile or brick stove may be fashionable before the war is over. Good cooks, incidentally, will not weep a tear.

All in all, architects will have a fine chance to get back to essentials, including, as Mr. Walker hopes, elbowroom. In another five years we may be wondering how we ever managed to tolerate so many mechanical knickknacks, all

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Curious how that name has worked its way into the clothes-talk of America . . . Peck & Peck's Hadley sweaters. They've become a byword casually accepted as a synonym for beautiful cashmeres. They're made-in-America sweaters, but the yarns are the same flawless Indian cashmeres you've always treasured so highly. Their workmanship, fit and detail all pay tribute to American genius, American ingenuity. Cardigan, 10.95; slipover, 8.95.

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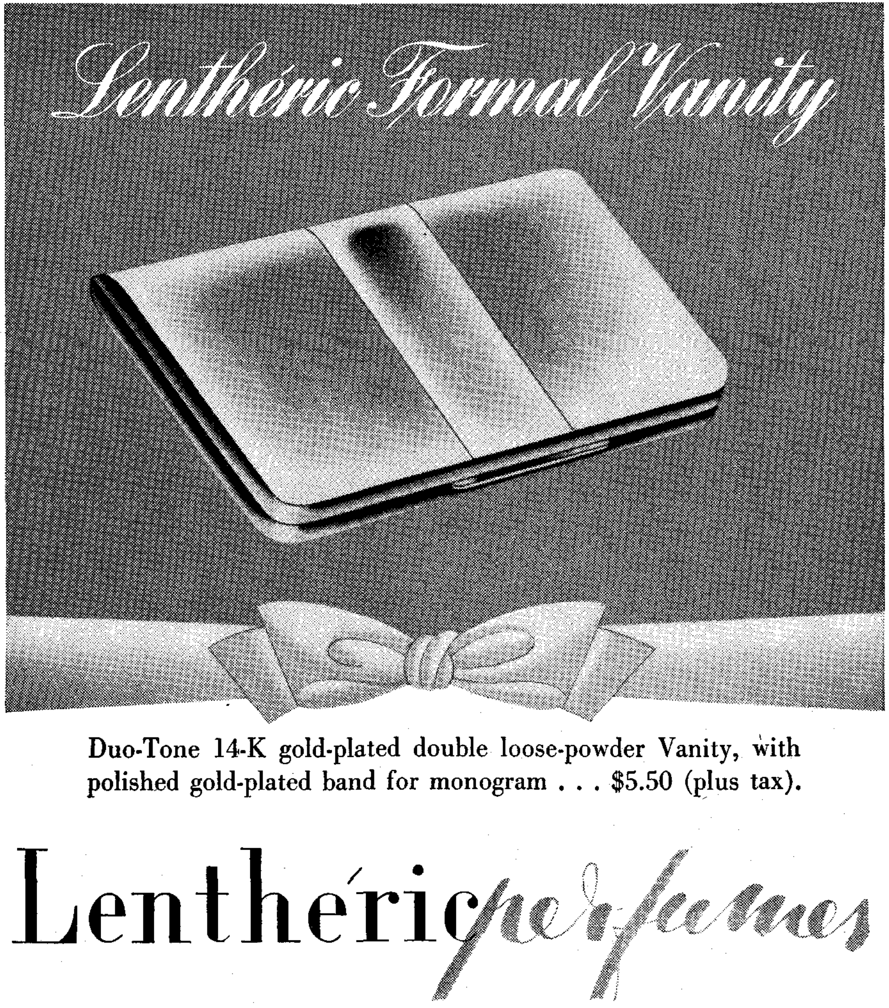
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IN a certain rock-bottom simplicity of treatment, the new apartment building on the East River at Eighty-first Street (River Edge House) represents the present transition to the post-mechanical age. The best indication of its war character is that the windows, arranged mainly in banks of three, are not steel but the old-fashioned, wooden-frame sash sort, with old-fashioned, undivided panes. Nothing is lost by this reversion to a simpler type.

On the river front of this apartment house, the architect, William Hohauser, has provided three vertical tiers of balconies, one at each corner and one in the middle. These balconies are large enough to hold comfortably a few chairs. If anything specially indicates the ineptitude of architects and builders during the last two decades, it is that such a large-scale use of balconies is, on the river fronts, an innovation. I am glad to note, too, that Mr. Hohauser used plain, solid-looking ironwork to rail the balconies without taking away too much of the view; one should, after all, be able to enjoy a vista without fear of vertigo.

MORE a foretaste of what is to come, however, is a handful of freshly built or rebuilt residences one can discover on the East Side. They may not be precise models for the future, but they are more so than any skyscraper apartment houses can hope to be. All of these new or altered buildings are remarkable for their large panels of windows. The very best of these remade residences is the four-story one at 124 East Seventieth Street.

For the main portion of this façade, the architect, William Lescaze, has used white brick, with smoky-gray bricks at the street level to emphasize the recessed entrance. White brick is much more pleasing and durable than stucco, and though it will presently become gray brick, it nevertheless will absorb its defilement from smoking chimneys and garbage incinerators a little more bravely. The entrance door, in bright chrome yellow, has the effect of a sudden patch of daffodils in an otherwise dormant garden; it gives a promise to the eye that is brilliantly carried out within.

From the street, the three upper floors are defined by three banks of windows that reach almost all the way across the front. The largest panel is on the first of these floors, illuminating the library. This panel, like the one on the floor above, consists of a transparent window in the centre flanked by glass tiles. On the top floor, casement windows form a narrower rectangle of wholly transparent glass. These changes in the size of the windows and in the proportion of transparent glass to opaque tile not merely have a direct functional justification; they also give animation to what might otherwise be a slightly dull front.

The interior plan of this house is as ingenious as the exterior is prepossessing. In this part of the East Side, well-to-do families, in their need for more commodious interiors, have almost universally reduced the size of their gardens. Indeed, in some blocks the houses have grabbed so lustily for space that they are set practically back to back, and there is so little light and air in the rear that they would long ago have been condemned as unfit for human habitation if anyone had ever thought of forming an Association for Improving the Condition of the Rich.

That was the situation in the block in which this house is situated. Mr. Lescaze, apparently realizing that the hemmed-in garden at the rear of the plot was just so much waste space, set about remedying the situation. He built a one-story, single-room structure in the garden and connected it with the dining room, at the back of the ground floor, by an enclosed passageway. The top of this L-shaped extension provides a sun deck and a roof garden, reached directly from the second-floor living room of the house. The roof garden is at the rear of the extension. The ground space between the extension and the dining room has been made into a patio and planted with hardy bushes that can get along well enough without much sun. The whole treatment is a trifle audacious in its unconventionality and the total effect is charming.

One further innovation must be noted: the addition of a thin slice of space to the rear rooms of the second and third floors by moving the rear wall back about two feet at one end. As a result, it joins the side walls on the bias instead of at the traditional right angle. The admirable sense of visual expansion achieved by this trick is out of all proportion to the actual floor space that is thus added.

In remodelling a house of this kind, the essential problem is that of increasing the amount of interior space for the family without reducing the amount of available light and air and visual elbowroom, and this ingenious plan is about

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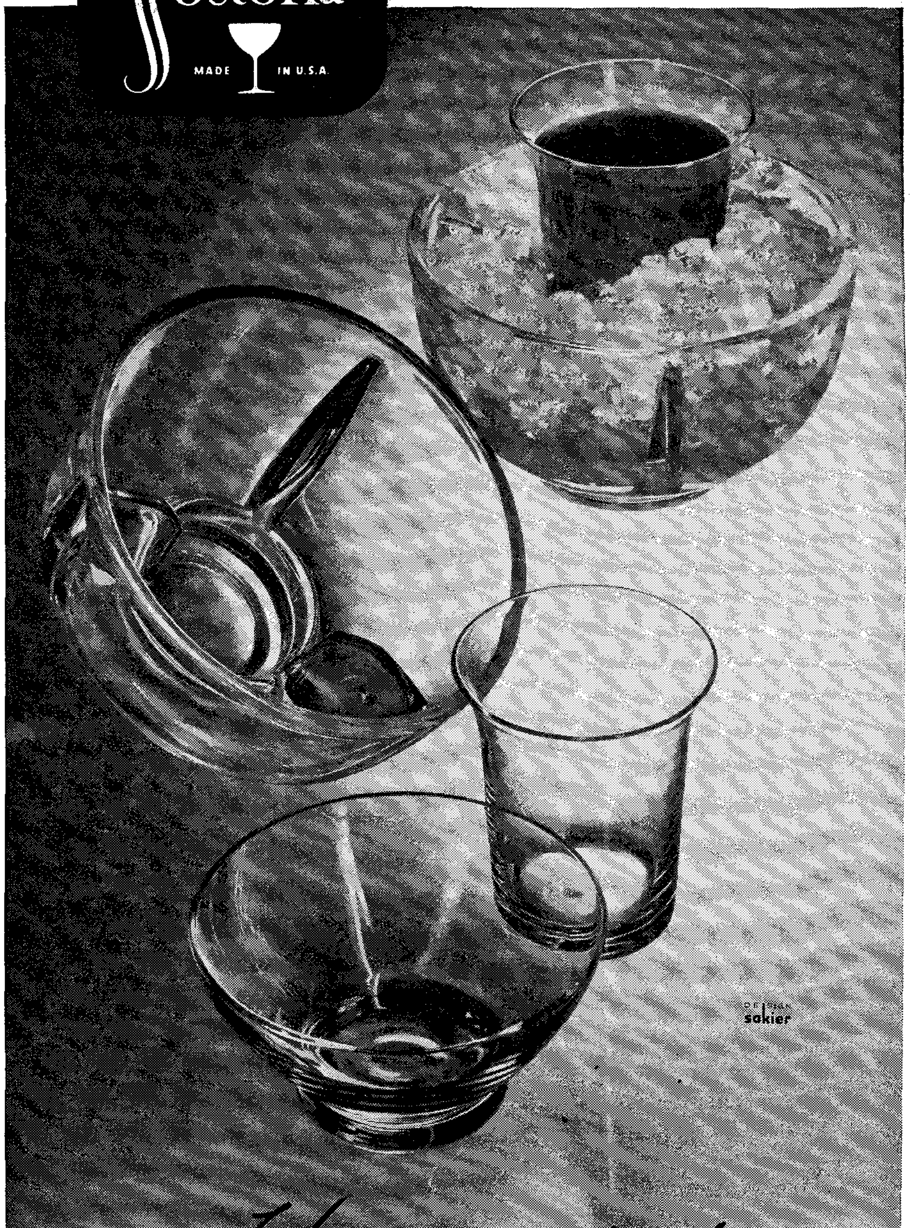

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the best solution that can be arrived at within the limits of a single building lot. Though some of the materials that were used in this piece of remodelling will not be available a year or two from now, that is not a serious obstacle to duplicating the more important innovations in other houses. If anyone thinks that architecture stops short in an age of social disintegration and technical collapse, he has forgotten how much more interesting Romanesque architecture is than the classic forms out of which it developed. At just about the time the great Roman baths closed up, because there was no wood for warm water, the Ravenna mosaics pointed the way to St. Sophia. Think of that the next time the plumber says, "No washbasins and no pipe."

THE new parking lot opposite the Modern Museum, on Fifty-third Street, adds to the amount of green visible from Fifth Avenue, for it is surrounded by a comely hemlock hedge. The little white shelter at the entrance, with the word "Parking" in black letters plainly readable from Fifth Avenue, is what such a feature should be; it is as well done as some of the filling stations one sees a lot of in California. There is no reason for treating parking lots as inevitable eyesores. In a little while the automobiles may desert the parking lots, as the buildings deserted these same lots before them, but this green hedge will still be good to look at, and as we repopulate our urban wasteland, we may even at last understand that the only way to keep the city from becoming a stony desert is to turn it into an oasis. —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

I saw the bombs falling from each plane as it tore down and then veered up and away. The large red circles were plainly visible on the wings in the early morning sunlight, and although I had never seen a Jap plane before and had never seen "real stuff" bombing, something clicked and I knew at once that the war was on.
—*Princeton Alumni Weekly.*

Nothing like a Princeton education.

•

WHAT HEARST PAPER D'YA READ

She [Mrs. Evalyn McLean] has moved to a new palace, quite as elaborate, which she has dubbed "Mount Hope," presumably in honor of the Hope Diamond, which she owns and wears, even in bed.—*The Mirror.*

She is the owner of the Hope Diamond, among other trinkets. . . . A modest woman, Mrs. McLean never wears the Hope except when she has guests.—*The Journal & American.*

THE NONCONFORMIST

AT the time of the founding of the Green Hills unit of the Women Volunteers for Freedom and Victory, no one dreamed that Dolly Abbott would turn out to be in any way difficult. She was young, well liked, capable, and interested in her war work. Within six months she had thoroughly mastered the techniques of first aid, advanced first aid, obstacle and blackout driving, A.R.P., map reading, and canteen work. Far Acres, her Long Island country place, was run with such efficiency that the servants never seemed to leave or her three small children fall ill—or at any rate too ill for Nanny to handle alone. Therefore Dolly was able to report, rain or shine, for duty. What is more, she always did.

In June, 1941, Dolly presented a mobile canteen to the unit. In October of that same year she was appointed chairman of the finance committee and thus became automatically a member of the board of directors.

It was not until November that Mrs. Horace Green, office manager of the W.V.F.V., discovered that Dolly was the only board member who had not yet ordered a uniform. She brought up this matter the next time Dolly strolled into the local headquarters. "I know you're dreadfully busy, Mrs. Abbott," the manager said, "but if you'd just fill out this form, I'd mark it 'Rush' and send it into National. Board members have priority on these orders, you know. The rank and file have to wait for *their* uniforms."

"Thank you, Mrs. Green," said Dolly, with her usual politeness. "It's nice of you to mention it, but I'm not planning to buy a uniform. I haven't the slightest need for one." Dolly then strolled out of the office.

Mrs. Green stared after her incredulously for a moment before picking up the telephone to tell the other members of the board about this unforeseen difficulty.

The next afternoon the Chairman of Canteen met Dolly just outside of headquarters. "How about having a cup of tea with me, Dolly?" she asked casually. "We haven't seen each other, except at meetings, for ages."

"I wish I could," said Dolly, genuinely regretful, "but I'm on my way to town to pick up a few clothes. I've been so busy that only a few days ago I realized I haven't a rag to my name."

The Chairman of Canteen considered this an almost perfect opening for what she had been told to say. "You're illogical, darling," she said. "Why bother with *clothes* when you'll be in uniform most of the time from now on?"

"My uniform is a sweater and skirt. Or slacks, when I'm under a car," said Dolly. She stepped toward her station wagon, which was parked at the curb, and added, "Did I tell you I've just finished teletype and communications? I got ninety-eight in my final examination." She jumped into her station wagon, waved at the Chairman of Canteen, and started the motor. In no time at all she was out of sight.

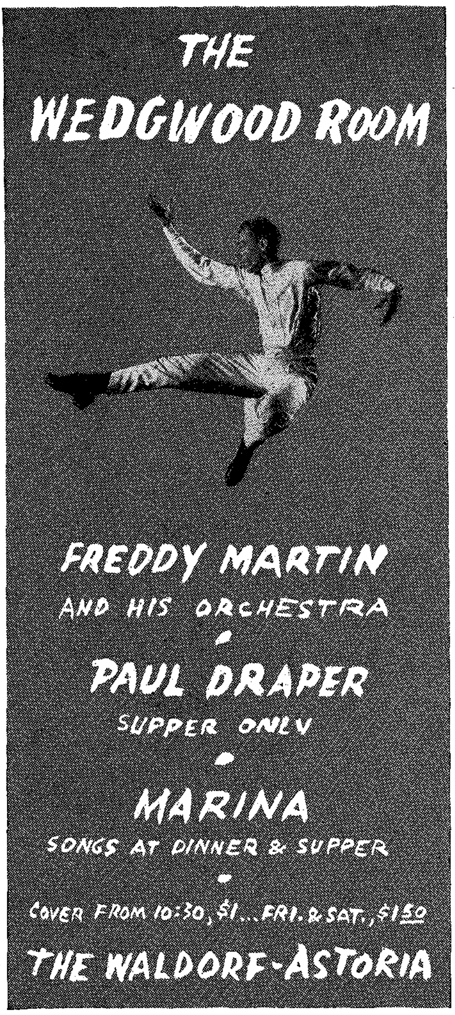
EARLY in December the uniforms for most of the unit had come through from National Headquarters. By January 10th, the mistakes in sizes had been straightened out and a majority of the W.V.F.V. appeared regularly in well-tailored green gabardine, complete with Sam Browne belt and peaked cap. A few members had even wangled topcoats, modelled on those of the Army, and wore dispatch cases slung casually over their shoulders. Those who had sewed on their chevrons upside down were asked to remedy this mistake, and it was explained tactfully to some of the others that they should not buy captains' bars when on duty at the Army field. Dolly, in an imported sweater and skirt and five-year-old fur jacket, continued to work quietly and efficiently.

ON January 15th, an informal little meeting at the country club was attended by all of the board members except Dolly.

"We'll have to do *something* about getting her out of mufti," said the Chairman of First Aid nervously. "One person can spoil the morale of a whole group by not conforming."

The Chairman of Disaster Work looked unhappy. "The regulation that uniforms must be worn applies only to those doing Army driving," she said, "and Dolly didn't seem to feel she had time for that."

"We could make a new regulation," said the Chairman of A.R.P., "that all



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board members must appear in uniform at all times."

"Dolly would resign," said the Chairman of Nutrition. "I roomed with her at boarding school and I know."

After a minute of silence the Chairman of Teletype spoke up. "I think that as a mark of esteem and gratitude for Dolly's long and faithful service, the unit might present her with a uniform," she said.

"Or at least a canteen apron," said the Chairman of Canteen. "She does wonderful work when we feed the spotters. She even stays to wash the dishes afterward, which is more than most—"

"Dolly wears a size-fourteen dress," said the Chairman of Nutrition quickly. "I'll put through the order for her uniform immediately."

On February 21st, Dolly's uniform arrived at local headquarters. To the dismay of the board members, National had, as usual, blundered. The uniform was size eighteen. It was returned with a sharp note, so effectively phrased that on March 30th (the day on which Dolly completed her course in nutrition) a uniform of the proper size was received. The Chairmen of Motor Corps, Disaster Work, and Nutrition were in the office at the time.

"We'll take it right up to Far Acres," said the Chairman of Nutrition, "before I've entirely forgotten my speech of appreciation and gratitude."

The three ladies, looking rather smug, drove rapidly out to Far Acres. When they arrived the butler informed them that Mrs. Abbott was busy talking to a *person* just then but that if the *ladies* would wait in the small sitting room Mrs. Abbott would be down shortly. A few minutes later Dolly appeared, accompanied by a sallow, dark-haired young woman in a cotton house dress.

"Hello," said Dolly. "Nice to see you. Have you met Mrs. Barasch?"

"Indeed I have," said the Chairman of Motor Corps graciously. "She is our crack driver. The instructor told me she could probably do a double somersault with her car and come out of it right side up."

Mrs. Barasch blushed and looked anxiously in the direction of the door.

"Don't go," Dolly said. "We're not having a meeting here, are we, girls? Just a cup of tea and a visit."

The Chairman of Nutrition, trying to conceal a large dress box behind her back, said no, it wasn't a meeting at all, but in spite of this assurance Mrs. Barasch stammered thanks in Dolly's direction and backed out of the door into

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On your toes? Let's go. First, slice the meat into inch-long slabs of quarter-inch thickness. Heat two tablespoons of cooking oil in a frying pan, unship the meat onto it, cover the pan and cook *slowly* for half an hour, flipping the meat once or twice. (If the pan dries out, just add more oil!) Next, add a pound of mushrooms and cook for 10 minutes more.

At this juncture remind yourself that all meat and no drink not only makes a dull Jack and Jill but also a dull evening. So yell over your shoulder for one of the do-nothings to rummage around after the bottle of Three Feathers Reserve you wisely cached away for this special occasion. When he (or she) finally comes up with it tell him (or her) to start mixing a flock of Three Feathers Highballs. Now there's nothing simpler than throwing together whiskey, ice and soda and calling it a highball... but when you use Three Feathers Reserve, all similarity ends right there, period! For Three Feathers is Flavor-Protected to give the whiskey an added depth of flavor, a richness you never thought existed and the smooth lightness of a feather in motion. (Poetic notion, what?) Uniquely, too, you can dawdle all you like with a Three Feathers Highball and find that same delicious, full-bodied flavor teeming luxuriantly to the last.

Yes, Three Feathers is quite a whiskey, a Three Feathers Highball is quite a drink — but how about the meat? Well, you place the cooked meat and mushrooms in a double boiler (be sure there's water in the lower section or your wife will take you out and quietly shoot you). To the savory juices remaining in the frying pan add one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, ironing out the lumps as you stir. NOW we can tell you about the sour cream! Stir a cupful of it into the sauce and cook it slowly, without boiling, until the very fragrance of it weakens your resistance to zero-zero. Then pour this succulent "Strogonoff" over the "Beef," double-boil it awhile more—and Beef Strogonoff is not only ready to serve on piping-hot toasted muffins, but ready to teach your taste-buds a brand new thing or two in flavor-thrills! Incidentally, Three Feathers Reserve does, too—as if you didn't know!

Yours for Flavor Protection,

***TF**

Published in the interests of that hearty exponent of Good Living—the American Male—by Oldetyme Distillers Corporation, New York, producers of *THREE FEATHERS RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof and THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits, 86.8 Proof.

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the butler, who was patiently holding her worn black coat.

"NICE woman," said the Chairman of Motor Corps after Mrs. Barasch had left. "And her husband's the most conscientious handyman in town. Pity we can't use her more."

"We were just arranging for a supply of gas and oil for her car," said Dolly, "so that she can volunteer more often."

"What *would* the unit do without you, Dolly!" exclaimed the Chairman of Motor Corps.

The Chairman of Nutrition, anxious to get down to business, then made her speech, and the uniform, the $49.75 number with hand-sewn detail, was lifted tenderly from its nest of pink tissue paper.

Dolly looked at it for some time in silence. "It was most thoughtful of you," she said finally, in an even voice. "Most thoughtful."

Her friends had anticipated a slight difficulty at this point in the proceedings and wasted little time in words. Dolly never quite knew how it came about that within less than five minutes she was being buttoned into her new uniform by the Chairman of Disaster Work, while the Chairman of Nutrition was buckling a Sam Browne belt around her waist. When an overseas cap had been tilted over Dolly's right eye, the three guests stood back to get the effect.

"Stunning," said the Chairman of Disaster Work.

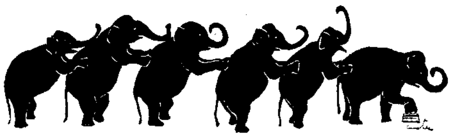
"Knockout," added the Chairman of Nutrition.

Dolly, in uniform, was indeed very presentable. It was clear to everyone in the room that from now on press photographers would have nothing to grumble about when assigned to cover W.V.F.V. Events.

Dolly, fortunately, seemed to take the uniform in the spirit in which it had been given. Her only sign of emotion was that she instructed the butler to serve highballs instead of tea.

"You know," said the Chairman of Motor Corps as she drove her co-workers home at six o'clock, "we may even get Dolly into Army work if we're tactful about it."

THE Chairman of Motor Corps was still happy about the whole affair when, the next morning, she arrived at



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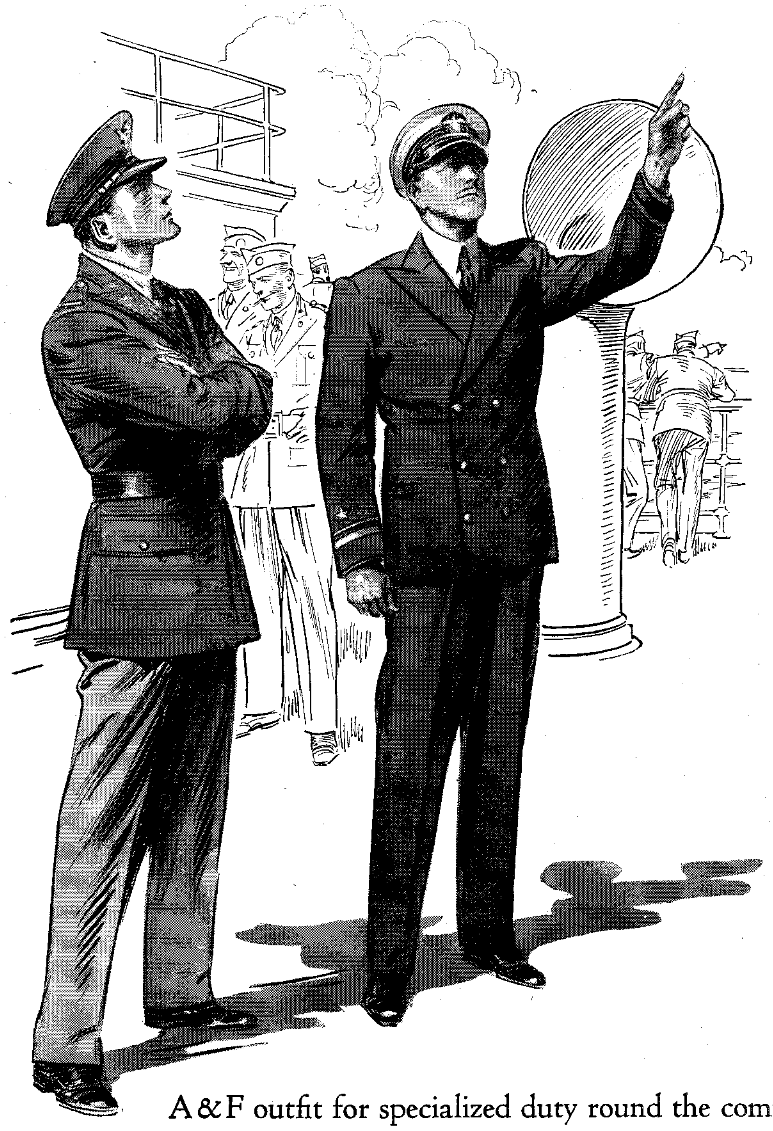

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APARTMENTS EAST of FIFTH

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APARTMENTS EAST of FIFTH

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APARTMENTS WEST of FIFTH

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headquarters to check off the list of women who were to drive at the field that day. As she opened the big black book containing the names of her drivers, she didn't even worry about whether her assistant had been able to round up enough substitutes to fill up the list. Captain Bailey, at the field, was apt to be put out if his entire quota didn't turn up.

The door opened and the first recruit marched up to the desk, clicked her heels sharply, and saluted.

"Private Barasch reporting for duty," she said. "Substituting for Private Dorsey, who has grippe."

The Chairman looked up, her eyes popping at the sight of an entirely new Mrs. Barasch, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes and clad in a uniform which was unmistakably a $49.75 number with hand-sewn detail.

"Don't I look right?" asked Mrs. Barasch, puzzled by her superior's silence.

The Chairman found her voice. "Mrs. Barasch," she said sternly, "did Mrs. Abbott give you that uniform?"

Mrs. Barasch seemed hurt. "Give me? No. I wouldn't take no more from her, Captain. She's been too good to me already. We *share* this uniform. I wear it on the field, Mrs. Abbott wears it when she feels like."

Saluting again, Mrs. Barasch turned toward the door which led into the W.V.F.V. parking lot. "Some war, ain't it?" she called back gaily over her shoulder. —CONSTANCE BELKNAP

•

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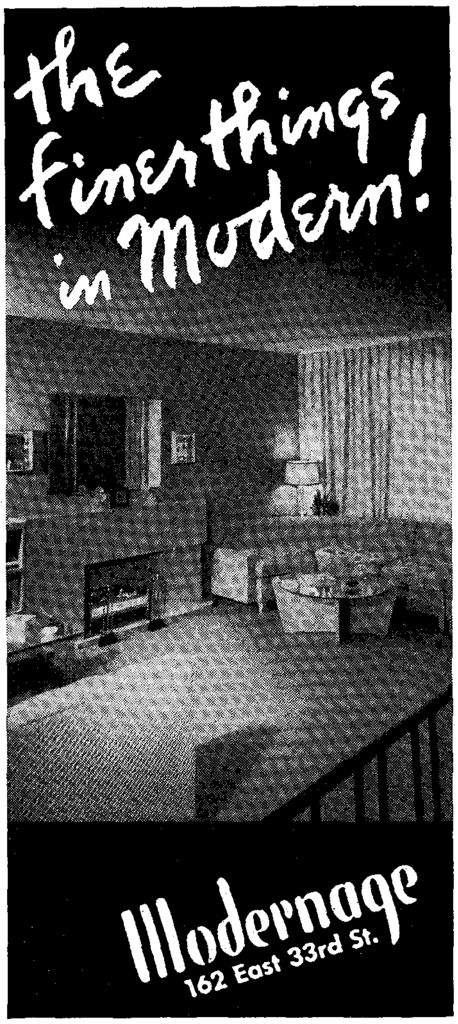

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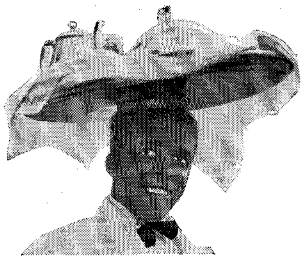
(*176th* YEAR)



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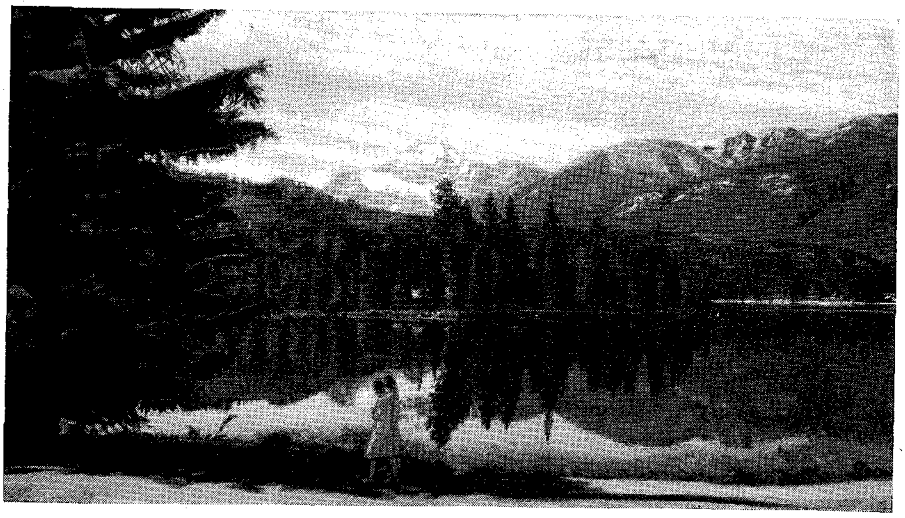

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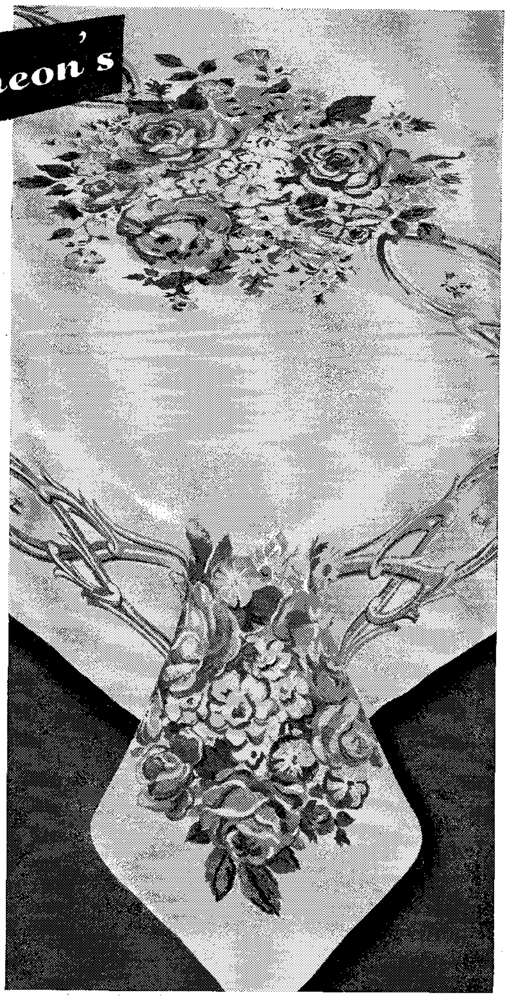

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(All sizes are approximate)

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White Plains • East Orange

THE RACE TRACK

S. R. O.

4TH RACE SCRATCHES

ANY doubts you may have had about the success of racing this wartime season must have been crushed if you took them to Jamaica last Saturday. I say crushed advisedly. A man I know, who went into the betting ring to change a tote ticket whose color he didn't like, was caught in a maelstrom and spun around for a couple of races. When he finally got out of it, he discovered he had lost all the buttons off his coat and seven pounds of overweight.

I'm sure that there never was a larger crowd at the Metropolitan Jockey Club's track. The paid attendance was 36,496, and the owners, trainers, other badge-holders, and members of the armed forces, none of whom have to buy tickets and are therefore not counted, added up to around 2,500 more. Thirty-eight thousand programs were printed, and nearly all were sold. Betting also trudged indomitably to another new high for Jamaica. The pari-mutuel pools amounted to $1,698,099—practically Belmont Park figures.

I HAVE a feeling that a good many people went to Jamaica that crowded day simply to watch Meade and to bet on his mounts. He really had been riding well. Three times since the meeting opened he had ridden three winners in an afternoon, and once four. In fact, his old booing section was now cheering him as Three-a-Day Meade. Just for that, he had only one winner Saturday—Hasty Triumph—but he might have won on Breeks and Boysy if he had had more racing luck. Easily Meade's best performance last week was winning on Speed to Spare. The old beast tired badly half a furlong from home, but instead of whipping him, as most jockeys would, Meade coaxed him on with his hands.

WELL, the Wood Memorial Stakes will be run at Jamaica this weekend. After working out past-performance records to four decimal places, throwing in a divination by mice, and adding a confidential report from a one-eyed clocker, I must say, without a moment of indecision, that my choice is

Apache. I admit I wasn't electrified by the way he won from First Fiddle, another of those Florida horses, the other day, but I suspect that the oftener he runs, the better he's going to be. Right now his most serious fault is that he doesn't pay strict attention to racing; he gawks coltishly at everything as he goes along. (There once was a horse who always studied the odds on the tote board as he passed, but we won't go into that now.) I'm sure that Apache would behave better in blinkers, but he won't wear them in the Wood, for Fitzsimmons, his trainer, says that running for $25,000 is no time to try experiments.

I MAY be wrong, but there doesn't seem to be need for so much fuss over the fact that Colchis beat Alsab twice in a week at Havre de Grace. I'll even make a timid guess that Colchis will do it again next time they meet. My reason for this is that Colchis rested on a farm in Maryland all winter while Alsab gallivanted in Miami. Colchis is by Happy Argo, which is nice naming, too, for, if I remember my "Tanglewood Tales," Colchis was the kingdom to which Jason sailed in the Argo for the Golden Fleece. The animal is owned by Robert Sterling Clark, who raced abroad before the war.

MY two-year-old of the week is Jock Whitney's Four Freedoms, who ran a fast five furlongs at Jamaica. His mother is Nea Lap, a full sister to Phar Lap, the Australian horse who racing people Down Under have been known to insist was as good as Man o' War. Whitney paid a big price for Nea Lap, but she never raced in America. It may interest you to know that she foaled a fine colt by Blenheim II the afternoon Four Freedoms won.

COLONEL MARTINGALE says that the only Four Freedoms the racetrack managements know are the right of a customer to bet straight, place, and show, or, if he must, to stay off a race.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE NEW YORK PRESS

[*From the Nurses' Handbook issued by the New York Hospital*]

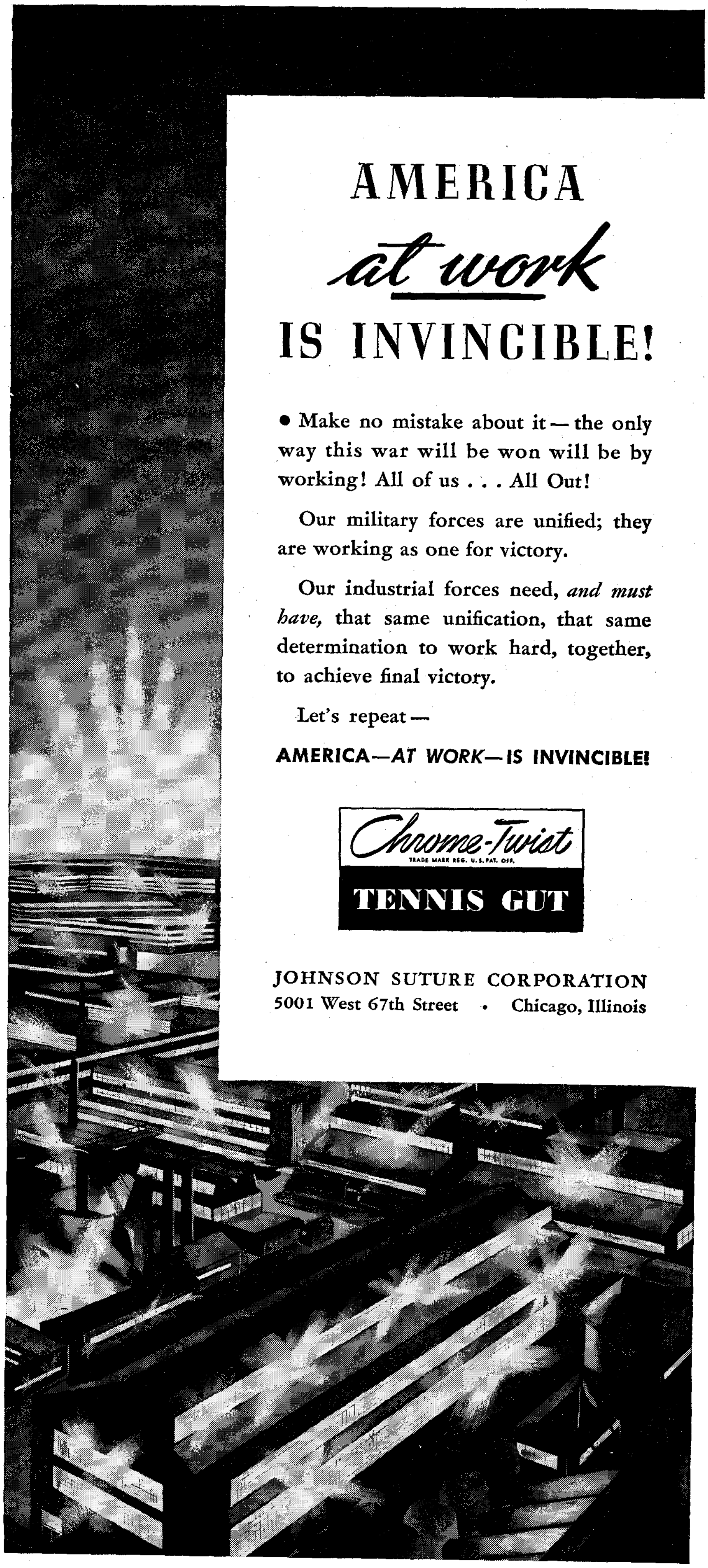
IV—NEWSPAPERS

A. *Reference Library*

The New York Times, a morning paper, is provided daily.

B. *Fiction Library*

The New York Herald Tribune is provided in the Fiction Library.



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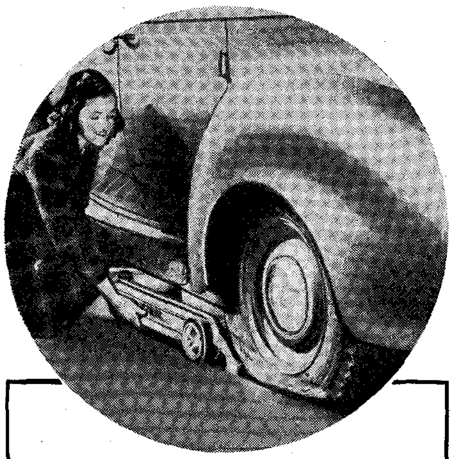

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Murders, Inc.

TRIM, tricky murders and astonishingly ingenious methods of detection, beautiful ladies lacking hearts and packing guns, and handsome gents who go to the best parties and contrive to slip away with the hostess's jewels can assuage our spirits now. Perhaps we have all become a bit like those famous judges of the Supreme Court who are supposed to find their solace in mystery and murder stories. Aware, doubtless, of the tendency of the day, Hollywood is turning mystery films out like pancakes. Recently I have seen three, each with its good points, each more diverting than the comedies to be found following it or at a neighboring house.

We can't be too critical of these films; we must be halfway in the mood for them anyhow, ready to overlook the preposterous or the illogical to some extent. Without deciding that one is any masterpiece or manifestly a product of a far greater mind than the others, I might pick out "Kid Glove Killer" as the choicest of the present list. Its trace of superiority may depend upon Van Heflin's pleasant performance and the rôle devised for him as a laboratory worker in some municipal police department. A background of civic corruption, political intrigue, and the like, always somewhat hazy in a story of this sort, leads at least to a brisk and unexpected murder when the mayor of the community is blown up by a bomb which has been affixed to his car. The exciting scenes are not in the City Hall but, rather, in the laboratory, where Van Heflin, with a pretty female assistant competent with test tubes yet not above romance, at last works out the enigma of the bomb. His method shows invention, though it may smack too much of the barbershop for some, as it is a kind of scalp treatment, involving a machine which collects dust from the hair of suspects and fine, betraying hairs at the same time. And, of course, any villain who can crawl under a car and tie a bomb to it is bound to lose a hair or two in the scramble, however soigné he may be otherwise.

I enjoyed "A Gentleman After

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Dark," too, perhaps because I was surprised to find Miriam Hopkins cast as such a completely ruthless villainess. One doesn't feel a single pang, actually, at the end when the little woman hurtles through a window to her death. By that time there is no hope for her. As a couple of slick, high-hat thieves, she and her husband had been happy together until the birth of a child stirred something deep, as we say, in the heart of the young father. He wants to go straight, to live on a farm. The very idea gives his spouse the creeps. Miss Hopkins portrays the creeps with force, yet one is surprised that she goes as far as she does and hands him over to the cops. She doesn't seem to have any good side.

"Larceny, Inc.," with Edward G. Robinson, turns out to be "The Night Before Christmas," that play about a luggage shop which Laura and S. J. Perelman wrote for the New York stage. Thieves take over the shop, you may remember, because it is next door to a bank, and they plan to tunnel through into the vaults. There is more of a straining for humor of a whimsical type than is needed in this sketch of jailbirds and thugs, and whimsy has never been Mr. Robinson's great asset. It has its moments, both of laughter and excitement, but the combination possibly doesn't quite jell.

THERE is only one comedy to be noted, a comedy with a collection of big names behind it but not much to show for them. Norma Shearer and Melvyn Douglas busy themselves in "We Were Dancing," which is vaguely derived from one of Noel Coward's playlets in "Tonight at 8:30." A quaint thing about titled phonies who sponge on their friends, it never comes to life. When Mr. Douglas, as a bum of a baron seen mostly in pajamas, decides to go to work and becomes an interior decorator, it, too, might be expected to take a turn toward murder, but it doesn't even do that and simply goes on to a finale which must have been a surprise to poor Mr. Coward.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

LOS ANGELES, March 12.—(AP)—Sorry, boys, but the error was caught in time:

What the city council wanted was to legalize a carrousel. But what it almost got was legalized carousls.

A carrousel, lso spelled crousel, is a merry-go-round. A crousal is a drunken revel.—*Detroit News.*

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BOOKS

Mainly the War

ALEXANDER WERTH is a brilliant English journalist (his mother was Russian and he's bilingual) who passed most of the latter half of 1941 in Moscow and on the Moscow front. He has preserved a record of his observations in "Moscow War Diary." It lacks the sweep, the detail, and the excitement of "Berlin Diary" but is otherwise comparable to it in many respects. Like Shirer, Mr. Werth brings us news that has hitherto been unavailable. He has no sensational revelations to offer, but everything he reports is fresh and warm and vital. Moscow, beleaguered and supremely confident, comes alive in these pages, as it does not, for example, in the cautious, official sentences of Mr. Davies' best-seller.

Mr. Werth's stay coincided with Moscow's black hour. It was the period of Russian withdrawal, of the loss of city after city, of the approach of the Nazis almost to the gates of the capital. He passed through the July raids (a "medium blitz" in his judgment) and he saw the terrible evidences of the wanton devastation of the countryside by the Nazis. During these dark days the citizens remained calm, there was hardly a suggestion of panic; and the notion of defeat seems never to have occurred to anybody. For the Russians this is a supremely national conflict (as it has not yet become for us) and they are fighting it with the same self-sacrificing devotion that any of us would put into defending our homes against a brutal invader.

Mr. Werth throws sidelights, interesting and often diverting, on the complete disappearance of anti-religious propaganda in Russia, on the growing democratization there (here he seems to check with Mr. Davies' findings), on the witty Lozovsky, on Beaverbrook, on Cripps, on Mr. Ingersoll and the Erskine Caldwells, on the fact that the Japanese journalists always left for the country just before a night raid on Moscow.

I commend to the attention of Mr. Steinbeck the following characterization of Hitler's soldiers: "They go in for 'psychological' effects, screaming like lunatics as they charge the Russians; and when they get into a village, they go all demented, killing cats, dogs, sheep, and anything that comes their way."

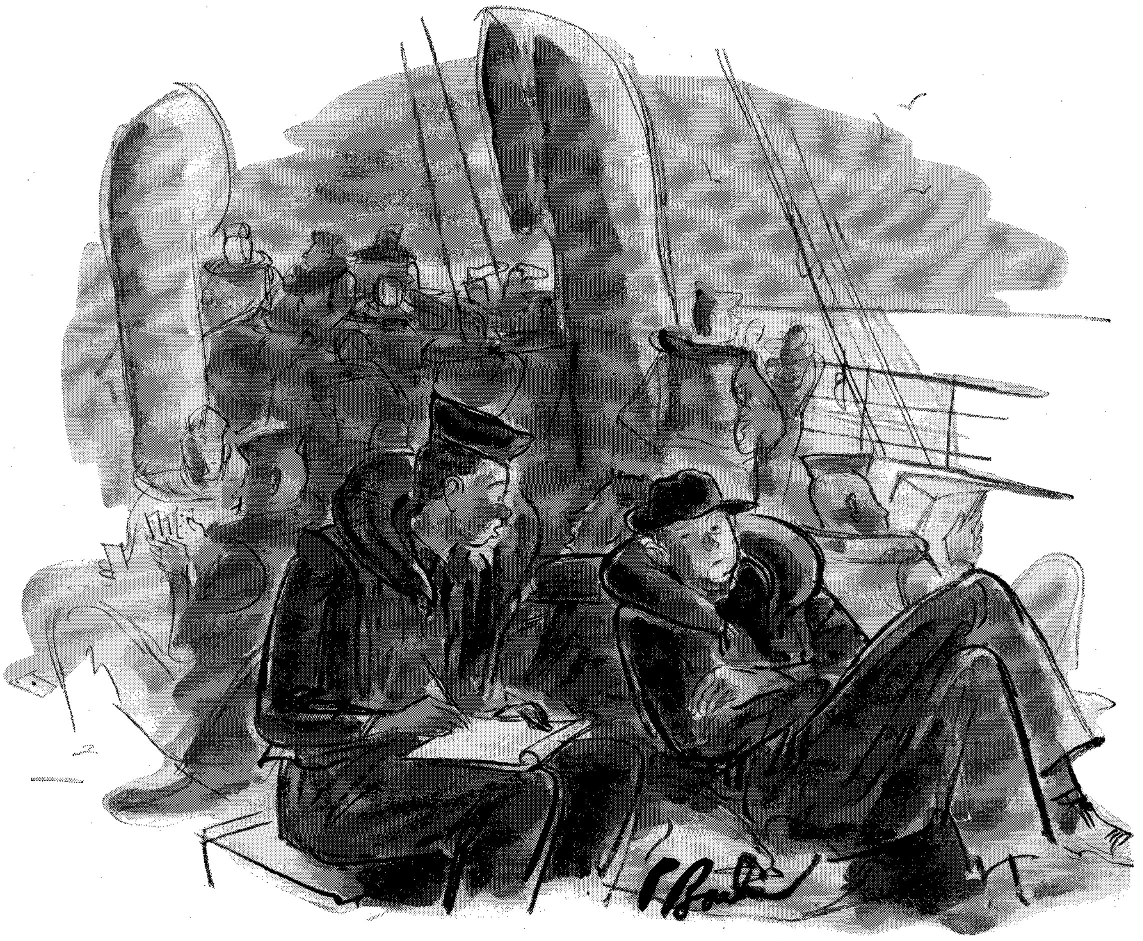
AFTER Mr. Werth, you might try "Russia and Japan," by Maurice Hindus. The two books together should give you a sense of being pretty much up-to-date on our most powerful ally. Mr. Hindus' new volume carries on the argument of his "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia." Events so far have borne out completely his faith in Russian invincibility in the West. Let us hope he will prove an equally good prophet with respect to what he considers the irrepressible conflict between Russia and Japan.

The most exciting sections of this brief book deal with the amazing development of Siberia and the Soviet conquest of the Arctic. A part of this miracle story has leaked out despite Soviet secrecy, but Hindus is the first to give an over-all view of what the Russians have been doing to make the enormous Siberian mainland not merely self-supporting economically but the base for a gigantic independent army and air force. Hindus is convinced that Japan *must* attack (his demonstration is cogent) and that she cannot win, even if Russia's western flank is simultaneously assaulted by Hitler. Siberia, its men and its spaces, will overwhelm her.

Hindus also has some sagacious advice to offer those impetuous amateur strategists who are yelling for the immediate establishment of American bases in Siberia, and he makes mincemeat of the notion that Germany and Russia will ever negotiate a separate, compromise peace.

On the whole, inspiring reading at a time when we can well use some.

MAJOR ALEXANDER DE SEVERSKY would not agree with me, but I don't see how a layman can make



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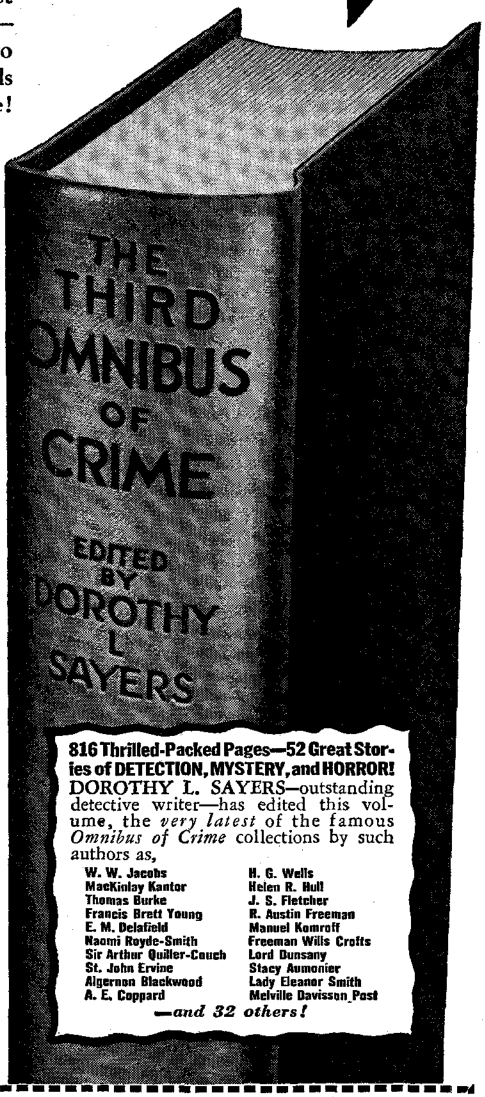
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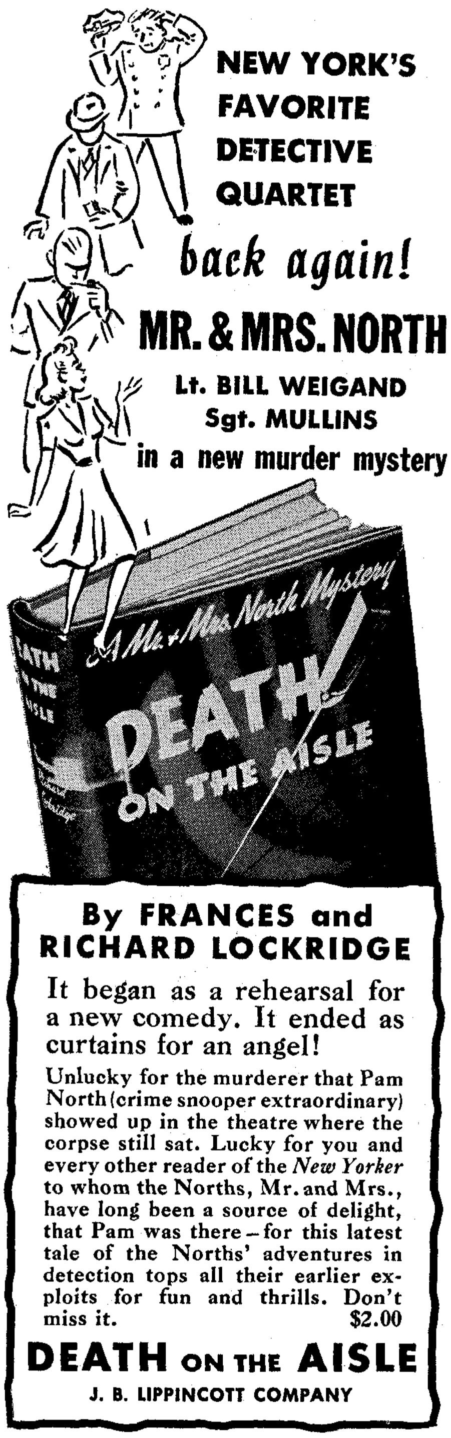
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an intelligent judgment on his startling book, "Victory Through Air Power." All I can do is suggest that it is the duty of every adult citizen who can lay his hands on $2.50 to buy it and ponder its message.

Seversky has spent most of his life designing and flying planes. He is obviously obsessed by them. This book takes little account of any force—political, economic, or social—except that of air power. When you read him, you'll have to keep in mind that he's a bit of a monomaniac. But monomaniacs have been right before, and he may be right now.

Briefly, Seversky argues that air power is *the* decisive factor in this war; that in two years the Atlantic will be eliminated as an obstacle, in three years the Pacific, in five years the circumference of the earth; that if we don't hit first, it is perfectly possible for a Nazi-Jap air fleet to annihilate us by a total destruction of our vital centres; that the major events of the war (Skagerrak, Dunkerque, the Battle of Britain, the Mediterranean, the Bismarck, Pearl Harbor) have demonstrated the overwhelming importance of the air arm; that sea power is passing into its twilight; and that a radical overhauling of the American aviation forces is imperative (Seversky is Billy Mitchell all over again), along with bold, revolutionary, aggressive, strategical thinking, concerning itself not with the occupation of enemy-held territory but with the complete elimination of the enemy through wholesale, carefully organized bombing.

This book should have an explosive effect on our military thought. It goes far beyond the exciting but rather vague generalities of Colonel Kernan's book. It sets a pattern for victory. Perhaps it is not the only pattern. Perhaps it is not the best one. It is at least a concrete one.

AT last the secret of H. L. Mencken's mellow good humor is uncovered. For the past twenty-five years he has been collecting quotations, a hobby that inclines one to a mood of amiable contemplation. The quotation collector, surveying the manner in which mankind over thousands of years has contradicted itself, grows more and more tolerant of folly.

Some of the fun Mr. Mencken must have had in composing his "New Dictionary of Quotations" (1,347 pages) is communicated to the reader. The selections are often unorthodox, the rubrics surprising. As Mr. Mencken puts it,

1600-1914

A book dealing with old Family papers by S. Fish.

From 1600, the various branches of our family have been owners of land in this country and Canada. Through the years these ground briefs and patents were religiously preserved. The chests that contained them were quite naturally used to store other documents of value.

From these papers and deeds, I have tried to reconstruct the living conditions of 13 generations of American families, now scattered through the length and breadth of the United States and Canada.

The original papers that have fallen to my lot will be given to public institutions for safekeeping.

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Features: no index, no table of contents; arrangement on chronological (Mr. Mencken, for some odd reason, calls them historical) principles; emphasis on sense rather than platitudes; much more prose than verse; plenty of American stuff; unfamiliar sayings from Shakespeare and the Bible; a rich haul from Mr. Mencken's favorite devil's advocates, such as Ed Howe, William Graham Sumner, Ambrose Bierce, and the like; a paucity of material dated after 1920; and new translations of old Greek and Latin saws.

Probably less useful than Bartlett, it is a dozen times as entertaining and contains far more true wit, true wisdom, and salutary nonsense.

SHREWD, tender, and diverting is Max Eastman's "Heroes I Have Known," informal essays—talks, really—about his mother, Carlo Tresca, Eugene Debs, Isadora Duncan, Art Young, Thomas K. Beecher (a lesser member of the Beecher clan), Anatole France, Charlie Chaplin, John Reed, Leon Trotsky, Sigmund Freud, and John Dewey. Mr. Eastman is remote from the obscene hero worship of that early Nazi, Thomas Carlyle. On the other hand, he is sensible of the far-reaching effects individual characters may exert, and he limns his heroes with love and irony.

JAMES GUNN packs into "Deadlier Than the Male" four murders, one near murder, one torture sequence, one bit of near incest, one nymphomaniac, one scientist monster, one homicidal maniac, one dipsomaniac, and any number of bedroom scenes of varied degrees of temperature. His novel is on the James Cain order, but bloodier, nastier, tougher, and about three times as absurd. However, it contains a brace of old harridans who are not unamusing and a couple of passages that, if you don't find yourself snickering, may chill you pleasantly. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SEVENTEENTH SUMMER, by Maureen Daly. Miss Daly, who started her literary career at fifteen, has now got up to being a college senior and writes about first love. The girl, seventeen, will go to college in the fall; the boy, eighteen, drives a bakery truck. Just a couple of kids in love, and Miss Daly seems to be about the right age to

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make it sound real and touching and quite important. Or maybe she's a good writer—more than likely, in fact.

Rivers to the Sea, by Lucien Hubbard. Robert Fulton was, of course, not the only man who invented a steamboat. There was Nicholas Roosevelt, in Pittsburgh, in 1811. Around Roosevelt's steamboat, the New Orleans, the author has quite skillfully built a romantic, easy-to-read tale of life on the Ohio and Mississippi in those rip-roaring days.

Trouble Is My Master, by Darwin Teilhet. A lively tale of a small boy in Philadelphia in 1805. In addition to the more familiar complications of school, small-fry feuds, interfering grownups, and a romance that needs straightening out, the boy is involved to the ears with another inventor (see "Rivers to the Sea") who is making a boat actually propelled by steam. Good fun all around, with a thin background of historical fact.

Children of Abraham, by Sholem Asch. Twenty-nine short stories, their scenes varying from Rome in the Middle Ages to Hitler's Germany. The people are equally varied: an old man in New York, an innkeeper in Poland, a farmer in Lithuania, a young girl in Warsaw: all Jews, all serious, suffering, patient, and religious. Sounds more like history than fiction.

Night and No Moon, by Jerome Odlum. One of a group of tough private detectives is framed in a murder case. The district attorney is in cahoots with the thugs who actually did the killing; one of the hero's friends gives him away. Mr. Odlum mixes it up and then sorts it out excitingly with the aid of the false girl, the true girl, the overheard conversation, and so on.

GENERAL

Salsette Discovers America, by Jules Romains, translated, with an introduction, by Lewis Galantière. The author of "Men of Good Will," in a mood of tender gaiety, unveils the wonders of America for his newly arrived friend Salsette, an exiled university professor, through whose fresh and not uncultivated senses we reappraise our food, wines, subways, womenfolk, Myrtle Avenue, Jones Beach, and the New England countryside, among other things. Certainly one of the most charming books a visitor has written about us, and so consciously flattering, on the

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INISHED TASK, by Lewis he author proposes that we new economic constitution r the revival of small business the conversion of mo- into a new sort of public on producing for use and ered jointly by management, id government. Overlong too well organized, but in in excellent job nonetheless. of the book have been published various magazines.

OF THE PACIFIC, by Hal- nd. Journal of a 40,000- around the Pacific just be- an struck, in which a veter- Eastern reporter interweaves tion he has collected since his iome with his rapid impres- war industry in Australia, MacArthur, the character Japanese, and so on. Some it background material, too. written and in certain respects bitterly frank. Parts of the ave appeared in one magazine ther. Illustrated.

UNS OUT, by Henry J. Tay- nother American correspond- ho travelled through a large f blacked-out Europe just be- ve entered the war, recounts observations in England, Fin- Germany, Switzerland, Vichy e, and Spain. Much new in- ation, some gossip, and a few olitical slants.

ATION CHUNGKING, by Han . Warmhearted, rather naïve int of the experiences of a young iese couple caught in the tur- of wartime China from 1938 to 1. The description of Chungking under the Japanese bombs is no- le.

LAST TIME I SAW PARIS, by El- Paul. The author of "The Life Death of a Spanish Town" gives a microcosm of the France-that- as in some genre recollections of a

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ADVENTURE WAS THE COMPASS, by Alma Heflin. Two girls set out to explore Alaska in a light sport plane, and have themselves a time with sourdough yarns, new acquaintances, gold dredging, two minor crackups, and other cheerful adventures. Miss Heflin knows her airplanes. Sketches by Martha Powell Setchell.

HOUSMAN: 1897-1936, by Grant Richards. A necessary volume for all students and admirers of A. E. Housman, by his publisher and friend. Not by any means profound, but complete as far as all superficial observation can go, and of the greatest documentary value. With an introduction by Housman's sister, several appendices, scholarly and otherwise, by different hands, and a portrait drawing by William Rothenstein (1906).

ROBERT BRIDGES: A STUDY OF TRADITIONALISM IN POETRY, by Albert Guérard, Jr. Bridges' qualities and talents dissected and displayed. Particularly thorough in its appraisal of the lyrics and its analysis of "The Testament of Beauty."

•

AURORA, N.Y., March 14—Miss Georganne Funsten, 43, has been elected May Queen at Wells College.—*The Times.*

The youngsters have probably all gone off to war.

•

All Hollywood is upset, so it says, about the proposal that the skirt line be trimmed to 17 inches above the knee, because that is an odd and unsightly length, and Hollywood is all set for making skirts shorter.
—*The Post.*

Luckily there are a *few* level heads left.

•

THE LAW SMELLS A RAT

[*From the Chicago Sun*]

The attorney general told a press conference that careful, scientific studies have established that ideologies of the bund conform more closely to the Nazi pattern than they do to the American way. He asserted that exhaustive investigation has shown that membership in the bund is pretty strong evidence of disloyalty to the United States.

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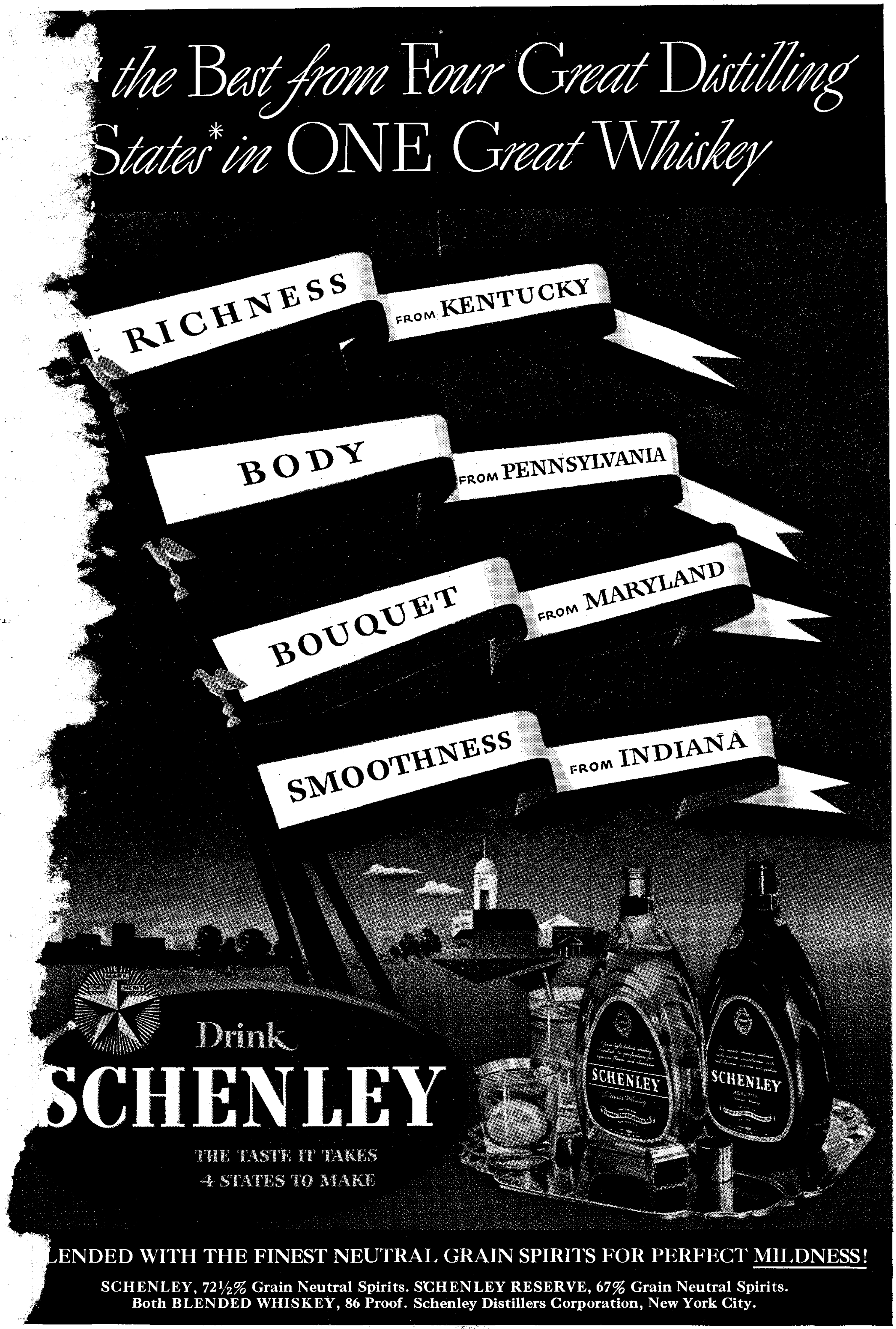

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